



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Educ P 113, 2

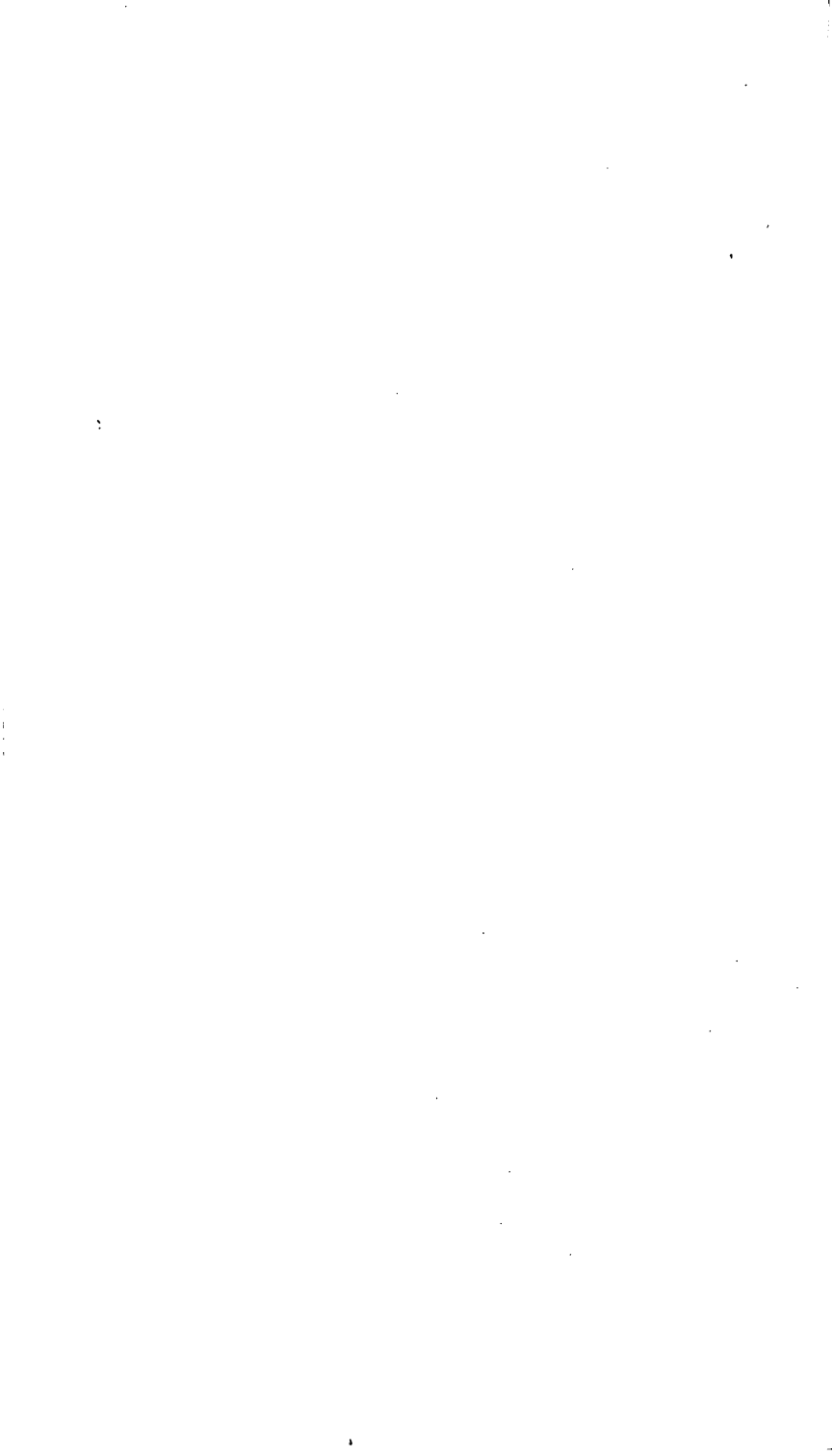


Harvard College Library

FROM

Haverhill Public
Library





THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION:

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY.

**INTENDED FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS FROM TEN
TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.**

BY CAROLINE FRY.

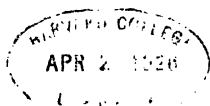
VOL. III.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS BAKER, 18, FINSBURY PLACE;
AND D. BROWN, EDINBURGH.

1824.

Educ P113.2

v



Haverhill Public Library

6702.

836.31.

26-44
15-10

CONTENTS TO VOL. III.

	PAGE.
BIOGRAPHY.	
Archbishop Leighton.....	11, 75, 146, 189
BOTANY	38, 105, 163, 224, 286, 339
ESSAYS.	
On the Power of God	55
On Reason	118
On Female Education.....	168
On the Love of God	230
On Gaming	240
GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.	
Africa.....	109
America	343
HISTORY, A SKETCH OF GENERAL	
Of Phœnicia, Syria, &c., to the Jewish Captivity.....	1
Of Greece to the same date	61, 121
Of Carthage to the same date	181
Of Rome to the same date	241
General Summary to the same date	301
HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.	
The Twin Roses	42
On 2 Tim. iv. 6	43
The Fallen Tree	44
A Morning Song	45
On John ii. 4.....	ib.
The Snow-Drop.....	46
Evening Hymn	112
The Mediator	ib.
Hymn on Entering Church.....	114
The Grave	115
Retribution.....	171
The Night-blowing Cerus	173
Hymns	174
On Hebrews vi. 11, 12	235
On hearing it said there is no satisfactory happiness on Earth	236
A Summer's holiday	239
The Vine Branch	292
On a Thunder Storm	293
What is Life?	294
Hymns	295
Lines to a Friend after the Death of a Sister	347
Rest is not here	349
Reflections on a View from Ore Church.....	ib.
The Withered Heath	351
The Sabbath	352
The Offering	353
LECTURES ON OUR SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT ..	98, 154, 214, 236, 316.

CONTENTS TO VOL. III.

LETTERS.	PAGE.
To a Young Lady on Leaving School	22, 273, 326
To Ignota	346
LISTENER, THE	29, 88, 135, 200, 277, 322
PERSPECTIVE DRAWING	41, 108, 167, 236, 291, 349
REFLECTIONS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.	
Rom. xv. 3	26
1 Cor. iii. 18	27
3 Rois xviii. 21	28
Job ix. 12	84
1 Jac. v. 26	85
Psalm civ. 34	86
John xiv. 19	87
1 Cor. xv. 59	88
Luke xv. 8.	130
Mark viii. 4	131
Gal. vi. 20	132
Deut. viii. 2	133
Rom. xiii. 14	134
— xiv. 1	135
Malachi iii. 6	196
— iii. 18	197
2 Cor. i. 3	198
Psalm iv. 4.	ib.
Eccles. xvii. 29	199
Hosea iv. 17	259
— vi. 1	260
Job xlii. 2	261
Jeremiah xxxi. 3	262
Prov. viii. 13	311
— xxiv. 19	312
Rom. x. 10	313
1 Thess. v. 4	314
Psalm. xxxiii. 8.	315
REVIEW OF BOOKS.	
Southey's Book of the Church	47
Craig's Pastoral Addresses	55
The Bible Atlas	116
Duncan's Modern Traveller	117
Bunyan explained to a Child	175
Chalmers's Sermons	176
Tales from Afar	296
Smith's Guide to Composition	299
Malan, Nouveaux Cantiques	354
Capt. Lyon's Private Journal	356
SKETCHES OF CHARACTER	119

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

JULY, 1824.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from Vol. II., page 299.)

TO THE JEWISH CAPTIVITY, 588 B.C.

PHOENICE.

WE have traced up to the year B.C. 588, the period of the Jewish Captivity, the history of the three great kingdoms then subsisting on the earth—those of Israel, Egypt, and Assyria: it now remains only to take such notice as we can find of other and lesser nations subsisting at that period; ere we go forward in the history of the world. Among these we find the Phoenicians, a people as ancient as those of which we have spoken, and contemporary with them in power and civilization: this is therefore the time to mention them.

Phoenicia, or more properly Phoenice, was a very narrow slip of land of small extent, on the coast of the Mediterranean, immediately to the north of Palestine, bounded on the north and east by Syria. The inhabitants were Canaanites: and it is sometimes included in the appellation of Canaan. In this little nook of earth were many kingdoms—there were kings of Tyre, and kings of Sidon, and kings of Biblus, Aradus, and Berytus—but as these mighty monarchs had but one city each and some few roads of earth around them, we do not think it worth while to name even such of them as are upon record. Yet is Phoenice by no means wanting in greatness or

renown, according to the meaning of those terms at the present period of our history. The famed city of Tyre resisted the great king of Babylon thirteen years; and afterwards resisted a greater king than he. Sidon was a city of no small fame for its temples, gardens, and other mighty works; though all comprised in very narrow compass: for it does not appear that either was more than two or three miles in circumference. We know nothing of their laws and government: in religion they differed little from their neighbours. Descended from Canaan, they must have sometime known the God of Abraham—but either he was forgotten, or conjoined with various other deities of earth and heaven in their idolatrous worship. The names of Baal and Astarte are rather general than proper names, and do not designate a single deity: Astarte, queen of heaven, was probably the moon. Whatever they were, these deities had abundance of priests and prophets, since there were four hundred and fifty priests of Baal at Jezebel's table only. They were accustomed to offer burnt-offerings and sacrifices to these gods, and danced and skipped as if in frenzy round their altars, cutting themselves with knives and lancets; in times of extraordinary calamity not hesitating to immolate to these dreaded lords whatever they most fondly loved. To these were added the most profane and unhallowed rites to Adonis, whose fabulous story it is not worth our while to tell. The world was already old enough to have reached the grossest excess to which human wickedness can be carried. We have cause to be amazed indeed at the forbearance and endurance of Him, who for the fulfilment of his own most merciful and eternal purpose, beheld and suffered it.

The Phœnicians are said to have been learned and scientific—perhaps their excellence was rather in manual arts, and useful inventions. The great source of their wealth was a famous purple dye, extracted from a fish caught abundantly on their shores, and perhaps there

only—and there it is either no longer existing or no longer known. They were famous too for the manufacture of glass, from the sand of their shores. This is the first mention we have made of glass, which is considered, with probability, to have been invented by the Phœnicians, though we cannot say at what period. The weaving of fine linen is also named as their invention, and it is certain they early excelled in it. The cedar and other valuable woods with which they so abundantly supplied their neighbours, were cut, no doubt, in the forests of Lebanon that bounded their territories. Commerce and navigation were the great boast of the Phœnicians, and that in which they surpassed all other nations of their time. As the result of this, their towns were the resort of strangers; and various places on the shores of the Mediterranean were colonized from their small domains. Our readers cannot but be acquainted with the story of Dido or Eliza, who flying from the tyranny of her brother Pygmalion, king of Tyre, founded the illustrious city of Carthage, on the shores of Africa. This, and the founding of various other colonies, was previous to the time of Nebuchadnezzar: Phœnice must have been very populous, to send forth so many wanderers from her narrow limits. Tyre and Sidon were much the subject of prophecy in the Holy Scriptures, and the successes of Nebuchadnezzar against them were exactly foretold: but though taken, they were not held by the Assyrians, and recovered for a time their wealth and fame.

SYRIA.

The boundaries and dimensions of this kingdom have varied at different periods—as the contemporary of the nations of which we have spoken, we may describe it as bounded by the Mediterranean on the West, extending thence about three hundred miles to the river Euphrates and Mesopotamia on the East: to the South lay Phœnice, Palestine, and Arabia, whence it extended to Mount

Taurus on the north, in length between three hundred and four hundred miles. The Hebrew and original name was Aram, from Aram, the son of Shem, which marks the antiquity of the settlement.

We hear of Syria very early in Sacred History, and throughout it very frequent mention of the kings of Hamath, Zobah, Geshur, and Damascus, all comprised within the limits of Syria: but for more than the Scripture tells us we must seek in vain—every ancient writer tells a different story, and gives us an altered list of kings. They were the frequent and inveterate enemies of the Israelites, sometimes successful, sometimes defeated, as when, under their king Ben-hadad, they fled before the arms of Ahab, B.C. 908. We have no more of the history of Syria than its beginning and its end, with the slight notices taken of it in the history of Israel. One after another the states into which it was divided, were taken possession of by the Assyrian, its greater neighbour—till in the year B.C. 740, Damascus, the last, fell into the hands of Tiglath-pilesar, king of Babylon; and thus ended the Syrian empire.

In this district is the famous Mount Libanus, or Lebanon, where, amid the snows that cover the mountain tops, a few cedars only remain of the forests that must have existed there at the period of this history, since thence were supplied the splendid wood-work of all the boasted edifices of that period. The cities of Heliopolis, now Balbeck and Palmyra, or Tadmor, so famous now in ruins, perhaps were then as famous in their splendour—but as this is mere conjecture, and our business is not with their present state, we refer our readers to the works of modern travellers for the description of these extraordinary ruins; of which the most extraordinary circumstance is the enormous size of the stones which formed the walls of Heliopolis, some of which are remaining sixty feet in length; they were put together without any sort of mortar or cement.

Of the laws of this empire we have no information—

probably they were various as its kingdoms and changeable as its destiny. The religion certainly was so, partaking in turn of the various modes of idolatry of its neighbours and conquerors. The amazing number of images of which the vestiges are remaining in their cities, are doubtless the work of different ages, formed for ornament as well as for worship. The temples were numerous and magnificent, and within their inclosures were kept sacred animals, oxen, horses, lions, eagles, and many others, all tamed and harmless. We are told of a pond, too, in which sacred fishes were kept, and in the centre an altar, to which numbers of people were always swimming, and on which incense was always burning, in honour of the great Syrian goddess: who she was does not appear, though we are minutely informed of the rites offered, and the magnificent buildings dedicated to her in Hierapolis. Plutarch mentions that in his time the Syrians were an effeminate people; as they are so still, it is probable they always were so. Their mode of mourning for the dead was by excluding themselves from the light in caves and dens for many days together. The Syriac language is considered by some to have been the parent of all the oriental languages. The written characters are very ancient, (like all other Eastern tongues their alphabet was at first destitute of vowels.) By some the Syrians are supposed to be the inventors of letters, an honour more frequently ascribed to the Phoenicians—but whether due to either we know not. Like their neighbours on the coast, the Syrians excelled much in navigation, and there is no doubt that in all knowledge, science, and skilful arts, they were as much advanced as any part of the world at this time of our history.

MEDIA.

We have now to mention a nation which we believe has not hitherto been noticed in our history of this rapidly increasing world, lying eastward of those already spoken

of, having Assyria as its western boundary, the Caspian Sea on the north, and Persia on the south; on the west lay Parthia and some other kingdoms, of which we must speak hereafter. Media is supposed to derive that appellation from Madai, the son of Japhet, and of course claims to have been a people as early as any one of its boastful neighbours: and if it does not come so early into the notice of the historian, it is perhaps because it lay more distant from the only source of authentic history, the land of Israel.

The history of the Medes, like every other we have essayed to trace, begins in absurd and useless fables: the first we know of it authentically, is as a conquered province of the Assyrian empire, to which it remained in possession till the time of Sardanapalus, when the empire of Assyria became one with that of Babylon, and Media, as we are told by some historians, became independent under its first king, Arbaces. It is hopeless to trace the names that follow, of princes who either did or did not reign, for nothing is certain here. More authentic history informs us that the Medes, having freed themselves from the control of the Assyrians as early as the reign of Sennacherib, chose one Dejoces for their king, who established them as an independent nation, and reared for his seat of government the splendid city of Ecbatan, the rival of Nineveh, and other boasted cities of the East, B.C. 699. He is said to have reigned fifty-three years without any attempt to extend his dominions by warring with his neighbours.

He was succeeded by his son Phraortes, the contemporary of Nebuchadonosor, king of Assyria, with whom he entered into unsuccessful contest, and by whom the short-lived city of Ecbatan was stormed and levelled with the ground.

In the year B.C. 624, Cyaxares came to the throne, the contemporary and ally of the famous Nebuchadnezzar, to whom he married his daughter Amyite. The successes of these allied monarchs, whose dominions

were immediately adjoining, we have already noticed in the history of Nebuchadnezzar. Egypt, Phœnice, and the Holy Land, with the various surrounding provinces of lesser note, Armenia, Pontus, Cappadocia, and many others, became the victors' spoil, and swelled the Median and Assyrian empires to their utmost extent of greatness, one of which was shortly to become the other's prey. For the present we take leave of them at the death of Cyaxares, B.C. 584.

The northern part of Media, lying near the Caspian mountains, was cold and barren, and the climate unequal—the more southern parts are now rich and productive, and perhaps were formerly yet more so, especially in grapes. Warlike in their early history, the Medes became afterwards among the most effeminate of the Eastern nations: they are said to have taught the art of war to the Persians, as also the luxurious and corruptive habits that worked their final ruin. In war they poisoned their arrows with Naphta, a bituminous liquor abundant in those parts: the arrow steeped in it burned the flesh with a degree of pain nothing could allay. It is also told of the Medes that they bred a race of large dogs, to whom they were accustomed to throw the bodies of their dying friends and relatives; it being deemed disgraceful to die in their beds or be committed to the ground. With the Medes originated the custom, afterwards so prevalent, of sealing contracts with the blood of the contracting parties. When the Medes were to make an alliance, they tied together with a bandage the thumbs of their right hands, till the blood, starting to the extremities, was by a slight cut discharged. This they mutually sucked, and the league thus mysteriously solemnized with blood, was considered most sacred and inviolable. Of the laws and religion of the Medes, we shall defer to speak, as they were the same as the Persians, with whom they are very soon to be incorporated. Their monarchs assumed the title of the Great King, or King

of Kings, as did also the Persian. Of their arts, learning, and trade at this period we have no information.

PERSIA.

This country, like most others, has been called by different names at different periods—Moses calls it Elam, from Elam, the son of Shem, the father of its first inhabitants: in other parts of Scripture we find it called Paras or Phars. Not less varied have been the limits of the empire. At this period of our history they extended southward of Media to the Persian Gulph. As a kingdom Persia still exists—but we are not to suppose the boundary of the modern kingdom in any way to agree with that of the ancient, of which only we are here speaking. The ancient empire at its greatest, is said to have extended about two thousand miles in one direction, and two thousand eight hundred in the other. Very little is known of the state of Persia till the time of Cyrus, wherefore we shall not at present pause upon its history. We have read in Scripture, that in the days of Abraham, Chedorlaomer was king of Elam, or Persia, and that he was very powerful, according to the estimate of power in those days. In all probability, though we hear no more of them, they were afterwards subject to the Assyrians—we know that they were conquered by Nebuchadnezzar and Cyaxares, king of Media, though the throne appears to have been still filled by their native monarchs. A few uncertain names are given us, but they are not to be depended on. A king named Cambyzes married Mandane, the daughter of Astyages, king of Media, and gave birth to the renowned Cyrus, but this is something later than the present period of our history, and not considering the Persian empire as yet at its height, we defer entering into a particular mention of laws and customs, and other particulars. Our readers may consider that up to this period of our history, we know nothing of it but its existence as a nation, sometimes independent, but generally in subjection to more

powerful neighbours. We thus leave Persia in obscurity, B.C. 588, the period of the Jews going into captivity.

SCYTHIANS AND CELTS.

We have already had occasion to name the Scythians as a people beginning to be formidable, and as usual making their first appearance on the stage of history as the invaders of the established kingdoms with which the world begins. And it is little more, indeed, we can at present say of them. They were descended from one of the sons of Japhet. As the earth immediately surrounding the spot of man's creation, of all its surface, perhaps, the finest and the richest, even when Paradise was no more, and the deluge had made all alike a desert, became too narrow to contain its rapidly increasing inhabitants, they were obliged to betake themselves to more inhospitable regions. Northward of all the countries we have yet named, forming the southern part of what is now the Asiatic Russia, a people appear in the records of history under the name of Scythians, though whence they derived that name does not satisfactorily appear, as they are supposed to descend from Magog, the son of Japhet. At this period of time they probably dwelt only on the borders of the Caspian Sea, the southern part of their afterwards immense regions: for we shall hereafter find, not only a large portion of Asia, but also a part of Europe, occupied, or rather traversed, by this wild and unsettled race. We defer till then all further mention of their peculiar manners and inhospitable climes; and have but named them here, that our readers may be prepared for their appearance as formidable enemies to their more polished neighbours—with them, too, we may name the Celts, other descendants of Japhet, who ere this had peopled great part of Europe.

PHRYGIA AND THE SMALLER PROVINCES OF ASIA.

Besides those already mentioned, there were in Asia

at this time many petty kingdoms, or rather provinces, sometimes claiming a separate sovereignty, and leaving on record the names of their obscure princes, but more generally the prey and the possession of the greater states. Such were Lydia, Mysia, Cilicia, and others: but there is one which requires particular notice, as a very ancient, though never a very powerful nation, rendered famous by the so much celebrated siege of Troy. Our readers will understand, that all the above-named provinces and many others, such as Cappadocia, Pontus, Bithynia, Paphlagonia, &c., occupied that tract of land, of a peninsular form, which we call Asia Minor, lying between the Buxine or Black Sea and the Mediterranean. The exact space which each one anciently claimed cannot be traced, and there is much difference of opinion whether the appellation of Phrygia applied to one or many of these districts. According to some, Troas does not appear to have been a part of Phrygia; but it is certain that the Trojans are termed Phrygians in all ancient writings.

The Phrygians accounted themselves the first established kingdom of the world, but their origin cannot be traced: we understand them to be of the posterity of Japhet. They are generally described as a voluptuous and effeminate people, giving very little trouble to their more warlike neighbours. Not disposed to repeat the fables of Gordius and Midas, and other Phrygian princes, we pass to a brief mention of the kingdom of Troy, situated in Phrygia Minor, the story of whose fall, though intermixed with fable, is universally received as authentick history. Troy is said to have been founded by Tros, B.C. 1368, the period when the Judges ruled in Israel.

We must leave as fictitious, or at least uncertain, all story of him and his numerous progeny. The city of Troy remained a separate kingdom, and came into the hands of Priam, B.C. 1235. We scarcely need to repeat the story of Paris, his son, who carried off Helen, the beautiful wife of a Grecian prince, a sort of theft

by no means unusual at that period: we are informed that the stealing of women was so common a practice, they could by no means live in safety on the sea-coasts. In revenge for this insult, and to recover the lost princess, the numerous kings of Greece, reigning, we suppose, each one over a few miles of ground, assembled a large force of ships, to convey their united forces to the Phrygian shore. The number of vessels is reported to have been above a thousand; and carrying over upwards of one hundred thousand men. Against this army the city of Troy held out ten years, and fell, at last, as the poet tells us, by stratagem. Whatever be the origin or meaning of this story, it is received as truth that the city was plundered and destroyed by the Greeks, B.C. 1184, about a hundred years, if these dates are authentic, before Saul was made king of Israel: the period too, where Roman History commences, if we believe that Æneas, escaping from Troy, betook himself to the shores of Italy—but this is in all probability a fable.

We have thus brought up to the period of the Jewish captivity under Nebuchadnezzar, the history of all the Asiatic nations as well as we can trace them: but the world's affairs were no longer confined to this small space, and history must now extend itself to Greece and Rome in Europe, and to Carthage in Africa, kingdoms already growing into consequence some considerable time before the event at which we have made a pause in the histories of these earlier nations.

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

(Continued from Vol. II., page 308.)

CHARLES II., who seldom wanted judgment, though his passions and pleasures usually interfered with the exercise of it, perceived the advantage of selecting such

a man as Leighton to conciliate the rigid covenanters, who with a great deal of absurdity and prejudices, and with a great deal of turbulent disaffection, mixed much of really pious feeling, and that quick sensibility of wrong that ever belongs to true religion. Perhaps had all the bishops now appointed to this unruly church been such as Leighton, the result would have been other than it was, and episcopacy might not have been obliged to retire with disgrace and confusion from the northern division of our kingdom. But the coadjutors of Leighton in this difficult task, were men of opposite tempers and yet more opposite characters. Burnet thus speaks of the unpromising commencement of the work. "All four (bishops) were then consecrated publicly in the abbey of Westminster. Leighton told me, he was much struck with the feasting and jollity of that day: it had not such an appearance of seriousness and piety, as became the new-modelling of a church. When that was over, he made some attempts to work up Sharp to the two designs which possessed him most; the one was to try what could be done towards uniting the presbyterians and them: he offered Usher's reduction as the plan upon which they ought to form their schemes. The other was to try how they could raise men to a truer and higher sense of piety, and bring the worship of that church out of their extempore methods into more order; and so to prepare them for a more regular way of worship, which he thought was of much more importance than a form of government. But he was amazed, when he observed that Sharp had neither formed any scheme, nor seemed so much as willing to talk of any. He reckoned they would be established in the next session of parliament, and so would be legally possessed of their bishopricks, and then every bishop was to do the best he could to get all at once to submit to his authority; and when that point was carried, they might proceed to other things, as should be found expedient: but he did not care to lay down any scheme. Fairfoul, (another of the

new bishops, selected for the see of Glasgow,) had always a merry tale ready at hand to divert him; so that he avoided all serious discourse, and indeed did not seem capable of any. By these means Leighton quickly lost all heart and hope; and said often to me upon it, that in the whole progress of that affair, there appeared such cross characters of an angry Providence, that how fully soever he was satisfied in his own mind as to episcopacy itself, yet it seemed that God was against them, and that they were not likely to be the men that should build up his church; so that the struggle about it seemed to him like a fighting against God. He who had the greatest hand in it proceeded with so much dissimulation, and the rest of the order were so mean and selfish; and the earl of Middleton, with the other secular men that conducted it, were so openly impious and vicious, that it did cast a reproach upon every thing relating to religion, to see it managed by such instruments."

Leighton was right in his judgment of the result—such instruments, of whom he only cared for the interest of religion, though all were violent for what they thought the interests of the church, could not conciliate a people already knowing far better than they could teach them, and who with all their eccentricities, might well have shamed their vicious and immoral course of life: the result has also proved that Providence did not intend the Scots should be induced or compelled to change the form of church established for them at the Reformation.

Burnet thus proceeds—"All the steps that were made afterwards were of a piece with this melancholy beginning. Upon the consecration of the bishops, the presbyteries of Scotland, that were still sitting, began now to declare openly against episcopacy; and to prepare protestations, and other acts or instruments against them:—some were talking of entering into new engagements against submitting to them."

"The bishops came down to Scotland soon after their consecration, all in one coach. Leighton told me he be-

lieved they were weary of him, for he was very weary of them: but finding they intended to be received at Edinburgh with some pomp, left them at Morpeth, and came to Edinburgh a few days before them. He hated all the appearances of vanity: he would not have the title of Lord given him by his friends, and was not easy when others forced it upon him. In this I always thought him too stiff: it provoked the other bishops and looked like singularity and affectation; and furnished those that were prejudiced against him, with a specious appearance to represent him as a man of odd notions and practices. The Lord Chancellor, with all the nobility and privy counsellors then at Edinburgh, went out together with the magistracy of the city, and brought the bishops in, as in triumph. I looked on; and though I was thoroughly episcopal, yet I thought there was something in the pomp of that entry, that did not look like the humility that became their function."

Burnet is undoubtedly right in his remark on Leighton's singularity of conduct, as a general principle, because a man is bound to support the external dignity custom has attached to his office—but in this particular instance, when the desire was to conciliate a people in whose ideas the pomp of the episcopal church was among the greatest of its abominations, there might be more judgment in his conduct than at first appears.

The new prelates took their seats in the Scottish Parliament; but "Leighton went not with them, as indeed he never came to parliament but when there was something before them that related to religion or to the church. The first act that passed in this session, was to restore episcopacy, and place the whole government and jurisdiction of the church in the hands of the bishops, acting with the advice and assistance of such clergy as were of known prudence and loyalty, and all who held any benefice in the church were required to submit to their government." This was making the will of the bishops quite arbitrary, as their advisers were to be of their own

choosing, and it was remarked, that though the act required they should be loyal and prudent, piety and learning, the first qualifications of a minister, were left out of the question.

It was the custom, justly revolting to our feelings at the present day, to express from the pulpit every feeling of opposition, or political and personal enmity—"Soon after that act passed, some of the presbyterians were summoned to answer before the parliament, for some reflections made in their sermons against episcopacy: but nothing could be made of it; for their words were general, and capable of different senses. So it was resolved in proof of their loyalty, to tender them the oath of allegiance and supremacy." This oath was large and not easy to be understood, and those who were to take it justly required an explanation of it, which the parliament refused. "This was the first time Leighton appeared in parliament: he pressed that it might be done with much zeal. He said the land mourned by reason of the many oaths that had been taken: the words of this oath were certainly capable of a bad sense: in compassion to papists, a limited sense had been put on them in England: and he thought there should be a like tenderness shown to protestants, especially where the scruple was just, and there was an oath in the case, in which the matter ought certainly to be made clear: to act otherwise looked like laying snares for the people, and making men offenders for a word. Sharp took this ill from him, and replied upon him with great bitterness; and said it was below the dignity of government to make acts to satisfy the weak scruples of peevish men: it ill became them, who had imposed their covenant on all people without any explanation, and had forced all to take it, now to expect such extraordinary favours. Leighton insisted that it ought to be done for that very reason, that all people might see a difference between the mild proceedings of the government now, and their severity: and that it ill became the very same persons

who had complained of that rigour, now to practise it themselves; for thus it may be said, the world goes mad by turns." We perceive throughout all this distraction of counsels, the different feelings and sentiments of a man really possessed with a principle of religion and a love for his fellow-creatures, from those of others pursuing the same object with mere selfish motives and on worldly principles. Sharp and Leighton were indeed equally unsuccessful; for while the counsels of the latter were rejected, those of the former prevailed and succeeded not: but the end of these prelates was as opposite as their tempers. "So the ministers' petition was rejected, and they were required to take the oath as it stood in law, without putting any sense upon it. They refused to do it, and were upon that condemned to perpetual banishment, as men that denied allegiance to the king:—and by this an engine was found to banish as many as they pleased; for the resolution was taken by the whole party to refuse it, unless with an explanation. So soon did men forget all their former complaints of the severity of imposing oaths, and began to set on foot the same practices now when they had it in their power to do it." The remark is just, and such is but the history of the world incessantly repeated,—those in power are ever complained of, and those who supersede them, ever do the things of which they before complained. It is painful to observe it has been so in the religious as well as in the political affairs of mankind.

Another act now declared all the presbyterian ministers who held livings to which they had not been appointed by the bishops, to be unlawful possessors, and they were required to come to the prelates, and receive them again from their hands. "But the resolution taken by the main body of the presbyterians, was to pay no obedience to any of the acts made in this session, and to look on and see what the state would do. The earl of Middleton was naturally fierce. He and all about him were at this time so constantly disordered by high entertainments

and other excesses, that even in the short intervals between their drunken bouts, they were not cool or calm enough to consider what they were doing. He had also so mean an opinion of the party, that he thought they would comply with anything rather than lose their benefices, and therefore declared he would execute the law in its utmost rigour. On the other hand, the heads of the presbyterians reckoned, that if great numbers were turned out at once, it would be impossible to fill their places on the sudden; and that the government would be forced to take them in again, if there were such a vacancy made, that a great part of the nation were left destitute, and had no divine service among them. Both sides were deceived in their expectations. The bishops went to their dioceses; and according as the people stood affected, they were well or ill received: and they held their synods every where in October. In the northern parts very few stood out; but in the western scarce any came to them. The earl of Middleton went to Glasgow before Michaelmas: so when the time fixed for the act was passed, and that scarce any one of all those counties had paid any regard to it, he called a meeting of the privy council, that they might consider what was to be done. Duke Hamilton told me, they were all so drunk that day, that they were not capable of considering any thing that was laid before them, and would hear of nothing but the execution of the law, without any relenting or delay. So a proclamation was issued, requiring all who had their livings without presentations, and who had not obeyed the late act, to give over all further preaching, or serving the cure, and to withdraw from their parishes immediately; and the military men that lay in the country were ordered to pull them out of their pulpits, if they should presume to go on in their functions. Some opposed this, and represented that much the greater part of the preachers in these counties had come into their churches since the year 1649; that they were popular men, both esteemed and beloved of their people; it

would be a great scandal if they should be turned out, and none be ready to be put in their places ; and it would not be possible to find a competent number of well-qualified men to fill the many vacancies this proclamation would make. The earl of Middleton would hear of nothing but the execution of the law ; so the proclamation was issued out, and upon it above two hundred churches were shut up in one day, and above one hundred and fifty more were to be turned out for not obeying and submitting to the bishops' summons to their synods."

"There was a sort of an invitation sent all over the kingdom like a hue and cry, to all persons to accept of benefices in the west. The livings were generally well endowed, and the parsonage houses were well built and in good repair ; and this drew many very worthless persons thither, who had little learning, less piety, and no sort of discretion : they came thither with great prejudices against them, and many difficulties to wrestle with. The former incumbents, who were for the most part protesters, were a grave sort of people : their spirits were eager and their tempers sour ; but they had an appearance that created respect : they were related to the chief families in the country, either by blood or marriage ; and had lived in so decent a manner, that the gentry paid great respect to them. They used to visit their parishes much, and were so full of the scriptures, and so ready at extempore prayer, that from that they grew to extempore sermons : for the custom in Scotland was, after dinner and supper to read a chapter in the scripture ; and where they happened to come, if it was acceptable they on the sudden expounded the chapter. They had brought the people to such a degree of knowledge, that cottagers and servants would pray extempore. I have often overheard them at it ; and though there was a large mixture of odd stuff, yet I have been astonished to hear how copious and ready they were in it. Their ministers generally brought them about them on the Sunday nights, where the sermons were talked over, and every one,

women as well as men, were desired to speak their sense and their experience; and by these means they had a comprehension of matters of religion, greater than I have seen among people of that sort any where. The preachers went all in one track, of raising observations on points of doctrine out of their text, and proving these by reasons, and then applying those, shewing the use that was to be made of such a point of doctrine, both for instruction and terror, for exhortation and comfort, for trial of themselves upon it, and for furnishing them with proper directions and helps; and this was so methodical that the people grew to follow a sermon quite through every branch of it. To this some added the resolving of doubts concerning the state they were in and their progress and decay in it, which they called cases of conscience, and these were taken from what their people said to them at any time; very often being under fits of melancholy, or vapours, or obstructions, which though they flowed from natural causes, were looked on as the works of the Spirit of God, and a particular exercise to them; and they fed this disease of weak minds too much. Thus they laboured very diligently, though with a wrong method and wrong notions; but as they lived in great familiarity with their people, and used to pray and talk oft with them in private, so it can hardly be imagined to what a degree they were loved and revered by them. They kept scandalous persons under a severe discipline: for breach of Sabbath, for an oath, or for the least disorder of drunkenness, persons were cited before the church sessions, that consisted of ten or twelve of the chief of the parish, who with the minister, had this care upon them, and were solemnly reprov'd for it. For fornication they were not only reprov'd before these, but there was a high place in the church called the stool or pillar of repentance, where they sat at the times of worship, for three Lord's days, receiving admonitions, and making profession of repentance on all those days; which some did with many tears, and serious exhortations to all

the rest to take warning by their fall: for adultery they were to sit six months in that place, covered with sackcloth. These things had a grave appearance. Their faults and defects were not so conspicuous: they had a very scanty measure of learning, and a narrow compass in it; they were little men, of a very indifferent size of capacity, and apt to fly out into great excess of passion and indiscretion; they were servile, and too apt to fawn upon and flatter their admirers; they were affected in their deportment, and very apt to censure all who differed from them, and to believe and report whatever they heard to their prejudice; and they were superstitious and haughty. In their sermons they were apt to enlarge on the state of the present time, and to preach against the sins of princes and courts—a topic that naturally makes men popular: it has an appearance of courage, and the people are glad to hear those sins insisted on in which they perceive they have no share, and to believe that all the judgments of God come down by the means and procurement of other men's sins. But their opinions about the independence of the church and clergy on the civil power, and their readiness to stir up the people to tumults and wars, was that which begat so ill an opinion of them at this time in all men, that very few, who were not deeply engaged with them in these conceits, pitied them much under all the ill usage they now met with. I hope this is no impertinent nor ungrateful digression: it is a just and true account of those men and those times, from which a judicious reader will make good inferences. I will conclude this with a judicious answer that one of the wisest and best of them, Colvil, who succeeded Leighton in the headship of the college of Edinburgh, made to the earl of Middleton, when he pressed him in the point of defensive arms, to tell plainly his opinion, whether they were lawful or not. He said the question had been often put to him, and he had always declined to answer it: but to him he plainly said he wished that kings and their ministers would believe

them lawful, and so govern men as to expect to be related; but he wished all their subjects would believe them unlawful, and so the world would be at quiet.

“ I do now return to end the account of the state of that country at this time. The people were much troubled when so many of their ministers were turned out. Their ministers had for some months before they were thus silenced, been infusing this into their people, both in public and private, that all that was designed in this change of church government, was to destroy the power of godliness, and to give an impunity of vice; that prelacy was a tyranny in the church, set on by ambitious and covetous men, who aimed at nothing but authority and wealth, luxury and idleness; and that they intended to encourage vice, that they might procure to themselves a great party among the impious and immoral. The people thus prepossessed, seeing the earl of Middleton, and all the train that followed him through those countries, running into excesses of all sorts, and railing at the very appearance of virtue and sobriety, were confirmed in the belief of all that their ministers had told them. All this was out of measure increased by the new incumbents, who were put in the places of the ejected preachers, and were very mean and despicable in all respects: they were the worst preachers I ever heard; they were ignorant to a reproach, and many of them openly vicious; they were a disgrace to their orders and the sacred functions, and were indeed the dreg and refuse of the northern parts. Those of them who rose above contempt and scandal, were men of such violent tempers, that they were as much hated as the others were despised. This was the fatal beginning of restoring episcopacy in Scotland, of which few of the bishops seemed to have any sense.”

We make no apology to our readers for introducing this spirited description of the presbyterians, of whom we read so much that is not true, both in their favour and against them; for we believe that Burnet's description is just and unprejudiced. As he draws their cha-

racter, it is impossible not to perceive their advantage over their opponents in all substantial excellence, though mixed with very much alloy. In comparing them with their contemporaries of England, the puritans, we incline to give them the preference. The puritans in the mass, were convicted of much hypocrisy, and when in power of much vice—the covenanters, we believe, could never be justly charged with either; and perhaps to their rigid discipline and stern morality may be traced much of the decency and propriety of the Scottish populace at the present day. We have given all that we have subtracted from the works of Burnet in his own words—first because we do not know that we could mend by changing them—and secondly, because it is one of our objects to make our readers acquainted with authors of note, whose works entire they cannot yet be expected to peruse. With this view, where we can do it with sufficient brevity, we always prefer to extract rather than to compose.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY

ON LEAVING SCHOOL

LETTER THE SIXTH.

IN entering more minutely on the general observations in my last letter, and replying to your questions respecting the studies I would advise you to pursue, I recur to my former maxim, of preferring always what is useful to what is ornamental, though by no means to the exclusion of the latter. But then the question naturally enough recurs, What is useful? And if we ask too closely of the results, this *cui bono* will send the most of us quietly to our slumbers; for the time must come, and it is near at hand, when little indeed will seem to have been the use of all that now incites us to activity. We

must consider it as admitted, therefore, that all is useful which makes us better and more amiable members of the society in which we are to pass our few brief years of residence on earth, and all that can innocently alleviate our sorrows, or promote our rational and sinless enjoyments. And this, my love, is so wide a field, that rather than be under the necessity of dragging through the weary hours of existence in hopeless dearth of any thing that is worth the doing, we are in danger of being bewildered by the many subjects of interest that offer themselves to our pursuit. For most certain it is that every acquisition of knowledge is a source of enjoyment; brief and insufficient, indeed, as all things earthly are, but still it is enjoyment; and to our little store, however little added, must still be counted something.

But again I am running into generalities, without replying to your particular questions respecting the various talents and accomplishments left to your choice to cultivate or relinquish. Musick and Drawing first. I am decidedly of opinion that whatever adds to your resources at home, and makes company and the excitements of the world less necessary to that relaxation of mind and recreation of spirits which no one can do without, is a very desirable attainment. That drawing is of this description, I have no doubt—it is a home amusement—it may be a solitary enjoyment; so far from leading us into scenes of vanity and dissipation, it is there impossible to bring the talent into action—its pleasures must be left at home, and our dissipated minds must require some degree of sobriety at least before they can be resumed—nor do I perceive any way, unless it were by an exorbitant expenditure of time, in which this talent in the hands of a woman can be made an instrument of sin. Very often we have seen it the resource of long infirmity and wearisome disease, the real solace of unwilling uselessness.

Musick is of a different character, as it is usually pursued and made use of. I doubt if it can properly be called a home amusement: I doubt if society is not essential to its

enjoyment, as far as enjoyment is to be derived from our own performance. I may err in this—but I can call to mind no lady of my acquaintance who, having attained a proficiency in musick, will frequently sit down to amuse herself therewith, when there is none to listen. But then it is true that we live not for ourselves, and I have no doubt that by musical talents, we can afford more pleasure to others than by any acquirable excellence in drawing. Musick is most surely a mental enjoyment of the highest kind, and may be of the purest we are capable of feeling; but it may become most decidedly the reverse—it may become the most dissipating and intoxicating of all pursuits. A writer of very elegant taste, and one who well knew what is in the heart of man, has said, “The lawfulness of music, when used with moderation and in its proper place, is unquestionable; but, I believe, that wine itself, though a man be guilty of continual intoxication, does not more debauch and befool the natural understanding, than music—always music—music in season, and out of season, weakens and destroys the spiritual discernment.” A pleasure so exquisite has not been put within our reach that we may reject it as sinful—of that we may be certain—but being capable of so much misuse, it becomes us to have regard to the manner of our pursuing it. If your enjoyment of your musical talents arises from the pleasure you can thus give and receive in private, in your family circle, or among your friends, it is assuredly a rational and useful pursuit. But if you find the chief gratification is derived from the exhibition of it in mixed companies, and in the zest it gives to your intercourse with the world, be very suspicious of the pursuit. In either, or in any case, there should be such moderation as the value of time bespeaks from us. I cannot think the expenditure of four, six, eight hours a day on musick, can in any case but that of making it a profession, or at any period of life, be other than a most idle and sinful waste of time. But, while I warn you of its possible misuse, I am far from advising

you to relinquish it. We have the sanction of Heaven not only to use musick as a recreation, but to make it a part of our religious service, the expression of our soul's best feelings, the most exalted language of devotion: it is impossible it can be in itself evil or useless; if we make it so, ours is the perversion; as given us from Heaven, it must be a talent worth the cultivating. It were much to be desired, for the repose of all who have an ear attuned to harmony, as well as for the better husbanding of time, that we could ascertain whether we have the talent before we determine on using it—but this is usually decided for us before we come to an age of judgment or preference, and the measure by which our native powers are meted, not uncommonly, is the vanity of our parents or the idleness of our teachers. Most certain it is, the time that has been spent in making performers, to whom no one will listen if they can help it, might have made of those ladies, what some of them are not now, well-informed and cultivated women, and we know not but words of wisdom from their lips, might have blessed the ears their musick is now destined to distract.

And above all things I entreat you, dear M., if you possess and are disposed to cultivate this heaven-descended, heaven-aspiring talent, use it as that for which you must give an account, and do not let the character of Christian you assume, no, not even for the length of a brief song, be degraded by the tone of a Bacchante or the language of a courtesan.

REFLECTIONS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

*Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good,
to edification—for even Christ pleased not himself.*
—ROM. xv. 3.

YET Christians who profess to follow, and do really desire to follow him, seem to think no concessions necessary towards the pleasing of those about them—no yielding of habits, and notions, and unessential peculiarities. We speak to Christians—the irreligious, alas! are disposed to yield too much—duty, conscience, principle, all must go, so the world be pleased, and fashion be not offended. But there is surely danger, in a better course, of being too little conciliatory towards those around us, who by our forbearance might be won, but by our austerity never can. Suppose a particular mode of expressing ourselves is offensive to those with whom we live in near connexion—would no other words do as well to speak our meaning? Suppose the places we frequent and the companions we choose are not approved by those who have a right to influence, if not absolutely to control us—stand those companions to us in the stead of God? Are those the only places where we can meet and hold communion with him? And in less near connexions, in ordinary intercourse with others, if there is any thing in our manners, words, or habits, needlessly offensive to the taste and feelings, nay, even to the prejudices of society, why not put it off? Is our religion so poor a thing as to need such testimony? Perhaps we say these peculiarities of ours are not wrong, we even attach to them some connexion with what is right—then why yield to prejudice what is pleasing to us? Assuredly whatever Christ had pleased, had not been wrong; his choice had been, what ours can never be, most pure and perfect right—yet even Christ pleased

not himself. Do we allege that we are forbidden to conform ourselves to a world lying in wickedness, and therefore should not wish to please?—Ah! would that a compliance with the established forms of civility in the world, its proprieties, politeness, and taste, were the only conformity with which we may stand charged hereafter! Have we examined our hearts to find if we are in equal danger of being conformed to the world in its tempers, its love of contention, its rivalry, and bitterness, and pride, and self-esteem—in the preferring of ourselves before others, appointing ourselves their judges, and, in ideal strength, refusing to bear with their infirmities?

If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise.—1 COR. iii. 18,

THERE is but one wisdom—the rest is a mere seeming. That one wisdom is from God, and has regard to God, and defers to God in all things. There is that indeed beside, which seems like wisdom, and we agree to call it so among ourselves; and when we possess it, we grow great in our own esteem, and perhaps in the esteem of others. It is no bad thing in its uses here; but wisdom it surely is not—nay, it is rather the most egregious folly, since it can so miscall itself; for it is that which can discern the side of our advantage in all things, except in that without which all advantage else avails us nothing. It is this seeming wisdom we must put off—that is, we must despoil it of its proud pretence and borrowed name, and become in our own esteem a fool—one who feels that he has hitherto not known, and therefore needs to learn—that he has been hitherto ignorant, and therefore must be taught—that he has been hitherto in error, and therefore needs to be set right. Happy, in some sense, are they whose simple minds have never esteemed that they were wise, and therefore have not to be taught this humiliating lesson: they have not this seeming wisdom to unlearn. While the wise man dis-

putes, the simple listen, wonder, and believe: and however far we fall, we must all come down to this, or ever we can indeed be wise.

Jusques à quand clocherez-vous de deux côtés?—1 ROIS, xviii. 21.

ON sait bien qu'il faut servir Dieu et l'aimer, si on veut être sauvé; mais on voudrait bien ôter de son service et de son amour tout ce qu'il y a d'onéreux, et n'y laisser que ce qu'il y a d'agréable. On voudrait le servir, à condition de ne lui donner que des paroles et des cérémonies, et encore des cérémonies courtes, dont on est bientôt lassé et ennuyé. On voudrait l'aimer à condition qu'on aimerait avec lui, et peut-être plus que lui, tout ce qu'il n'aime point, et qu'il condamne dans les vanités mondaines. On voudrait l'aimer à condition de ne diminuer en rien cet aveugle amour de nous-mêmes, qui va jusqu'à l'idolâtrie, et qui fait qu'au lieu de nous rapporter à Dieu comme à celui pour qui nous sommes faits, on veut au contraire rapporter Dieu à soi, et le rechercher que comme une ressource qui nous console quand les créatures nous manqueront. On voudrait le servir et l'aimer, à condition qu'il sera permis d'avoir honte de son amour, de s'en cacher comme d'une foiblesse, de rougir de lui comme d'un ami indigne d'être aimé, de lui donner que quelque extérieur de religion pour éviter le scandale, et de vivre à la merci du monde, pour ne rien donner à Dieu qu'avec la permission du monde même. Quel service et quel amour!

Dieu n'admet point d'autre pacte avec nous que celui qui a rapport à notre première alliance dans le baptême, où nous avons promis de renoncer à tout pour être à lui, et au premier commandement de sa loi, où il exige sans réserve tout notre cœur, tout notre esprit, et toutes nos forces. Peut-on, en effet, aimer Dieu de bonne foi et avoir tant d'égards pour le monde, son ennemi, auquel il a donné de si terribles malédictions. Peut-on aimer Dieu, et se contenter de ne l'outrager pas, sans se mettre en

peine de lui plaire, de le glorifier, et de lui témoigner courageusement, dans les occasions qui se présentent tous les jours, l'ardeur et la sincérité de son amour? Dieu ne met ni bornes ni réserves en se donnant à nous; et nous voudrions en apporter mille avec lui. Est-il sur la terre des créatures assez viles pour se contenter d'être aimées de nous comme nous n'avons pas honte de vouloir que Dieu se contentât d'être aimé?

DEATH is no subject to describe; its awful conflict, awful even to the people of God, should be improved by silent meditation, self-examination, and deep humiliation: it is confessedly an enemy, but it is the last, and therefore the dying believer does not lay aside his weapons till angels witness that he makes a conqueror. I am not one of those who love to read the words of dying Christians huddled together upon paper, as though the speech never faltered, or the vital powers never wearied. A holy character, like a lamp supplied with the oil of divine grace, emits a pure light all the journey through; but the flame glimmers towards the last and becomes feeble, until the great Proprietor supplies the vessel with that finer oil, which imparts a light adapted for eternal shining.

UNKNOWN.

As it is not safe walking close by the sea side, when the waves are tumbling out upon the shore; so it is not safe to walk in this world according to the course thereof, when the deluge of God's wrath is certainly breaking out upon it; it is the safest course to get into the Ark and walk therein. In this gospel there is an Ark provided, even Christ: and there is a window opened in the side of this Ark; yea, the hand of mercy put forth at this window, to pull in shelterless doves, that can find no rest elsewhere. Many hover without, till the flood wash them off from the sides of the Ark, and they perish eternally; but happy they that are taught to fly in, by

the wing of faith: and this is what we are called to, namely, to receive Christ Jesus the Lord, and so to walk in him.

RALPH ERSKINE.

THE LISTENER.—No. XIII.

As in the hazy darkness of the scarcely-breaking twilight, every object is indistinct and uncertain, and the more the eye searches the more it is bewildered, and the foot moves uncertainly, unable to discern between the firm green-sward and the darkening chasm—so obscured, so uncertain were the moral perceptions of mankind, ere the day-star of Christian truth arose upon our world. They who talked most of virtue, and professed to love it most, and would perhaps have loved it had they known what it was, mistook the nature of the good they sought, and took evil in its stead. When the great man of antiquity prepared the tissue of moral beauty with which to dress himself for popular applause, pride and selfishness were the thread with which he wove it, the flowers he wrought in it were the evanescent charms of time and sense. Examining the finest specimens of Greek and Roman virtue, what do we find them? The hero was one to whom the world was a plaything and men's lives a toy. His hard bosom was forbidden every kindly emotion, every tender sympathy was imperiously sacrificed to a stern will determined on self-aggrandizement. He was a traitor, a tyrant, and a robber—yet he lived admired and beloved, and died, as he believed, the favorite of the gods—still looking to the laurel wreath as his eternal crown, and the tortures of his enemies as the amusement of his Elysium. The sage, the philosopher, though a more harmless, was a more self-deluding being still. He sought the applause of the world in affecting to despise it, and did but call off his senses, passions, and feelings from the things around him, to fix them solely and entirely on himself. He

mistook for greatness the contempt with which he rejected all the good that God or man could offer, and for magnanimity the defiance with which he braved Heaven itself to subdue him. And these were the high standards of heathen virtue, by others admired at a distance, and at a distance imitated. A self-sufficing pride, an impatient susceptibility that would not suffer the slightest touch of wrong, a bitterness of revenge that never pardoned it—these were among the foremost of a heathen's virtues. In considering the institutions of Lycurgus and other ancient legislators for the education of youth, harsh and unnatural as they appear to us, we are struck with their fitness to effect the purpose designed in them, of rearing their children to what had been accepted as the standard of moral excellence. Having determined that there was more disgrace in the discovery of a theft, than in the theft itself, the Spartans pursued a consistent purpose in teaching their children to steal adroitly: and thus throughout, we shall find the institutions of the wisest of heathen nations, admirably fitted to make their children what they considered that they ought to be—virtuous according to their dark perceptions—heroes and wise men such as we have described.

Perhaps my readers have ere this bethought themselves, and my criticks are making ready to assert, that I am talking instead of listening, and lamenting what has been rather than observing what is. But they are mistaken. Little connected as may seem the subjects, I never should have thought of Cato, or Lycurgus, or Cæsar, or Diogenes, if I had not listened one whole day in mute attention to the progress of education in a certain school-room, and following thence into the world its tutored inmates, traced in idea the results of all the lessons I had seen them learning. When they were taught musick it was expected they should play—when they were taught French it was expected they should understand it—and except in some few unhappy instances, I suppose the results corresponded with the

expectations. But some things I observed were taught them that it was not expected they should learn, or desired they should practise—and if in after life they evinced an unexpected proficiency in these studies, few, perhaps, of their instructors would recognize the fruit of their own labours, the produce of the seed their industry had sown.

Parents who brought their daughters to this school—at least I heard it of so many, that I am inclined to suppose it of the rest—had said either that they were so stupid they could not, or so clever they would not, pursue their studies well at home; and they thought that the emulation excited by rivalry with others would much tend to promote their progress. The governess who should venture to contradict this introductory clause would probably lose her school—added to which it is an admitted rule that what every one says must be true; by parity of reasoning what one is always hearing one must believe—and conscientiously and in pure good faith, this lady undertook what was asked of her, and performed what she undertook—the young ladies were powerfully stimulated by the very means prescribed, and made a very rapid progress in every thing—Alas! yes, in much that was unperceived and unsuspected by those who meant not to teach them any thing but good—unperceived by any one perhaps, but myself, whose peculiar business there it was to look out for what was wrong: not maliciously, as I pray my readers to believe—but as the physician enquires for the symptoms of the disease he fears.

In the centre of a long and carpetless floor, around a coverless table, a cold and uncomfortable prospect that I hope had not the same chilling influence on their faculties as it would have on mine—and in defiance of all consequent spine-complaints, placed upright upon a backless form, there sate a large circle of ladies, not many years a part in age, and considered, I suppose, from their being classed together, on something like a level of at-

tainments. They were receiving, it appeared, a lesson of French from the attending master, and producing for his inspection the lessons conned or written in his absence. A pert-looking little creature, whose confidence bespoke a priority her size could not have claimed, handed up her exercise with all the air of certain and cheaply-earned success, chattered through her lessons as if they had grown upon her tongue, and in a tone of carelessness withal, that seemed determined to shew it cost her no pains. Monsieur, too happy to escape the murderous garbling of his native tongue to which he was perpetually destined to submit, re-iterated his "Bon, bon" "Brave, brave," with many a whispered and broken sentence—"Bien habile"—"tres petite"—"bonne fille"—the last being withal by no means proved. The little lady turned her black eyes round the circle with a look that said as plain as words, "Now, stupid girls, do the best you can, for you cannot help yourselves." This young lady was too well bred to laugh or to mock; but as I watched her through the remaining lessons, a slight movement of the upper lip when any one made a blunder, a certain wriggle on her seat whenever their ignorance caused detention, betrayed sufficiently her impatience of their slowness and triumph in her own superiority.

A pretty, pensive looking girl, taller by half the head than her companions, in whose meek eye a sensitive timidity beamed almost distressingly, had the misfortune to be addressed with a preliminary exhortation to do as well as the demoiselle who had preceded her. This exordium was fatal—a lesson very respectably done and giving evident token of a great deal of pains, was begun and finished with a blush, that, to put the best construction on it, confessed a painful sense of inferiority, and a feeling of shame, that having done the best it was not better. Many others followed—among the rest a heavy-looking girl, whose air of cowed despondency particularly seized on my attention—the helpless blockhead of her class, whose right to be hindmost had never been dis-

puted since she came into it. Her ill-formed lips could no more pronounce the words than her memory could retain them. Yet this poor girl was urged, and upbraided, and reminded how much she was bigger than those who were less, and how little less than those who were bigger, and how absolutely inferior to them all: and the air of discouraging indifference with which the books were thrown back to her, was only equalled by the sullen acquiescence in disgrace with which they were received.

My attention was at this moment distracted by a voice behind me raised something above concert pitch, in reproaches against a child whose ruddy, vacant face, and large blue eyes beamed anything at that moment but a sister's feeling, for having allowed a younger sister to get so much before her; while the sister's swarthy countenance and deep-sunk eye, bespoke a power of intellect with which the little Hebe might have contended long enough. In this corner was a scene of excitement equal to anything the most anxious mother could have desired for the stimulus of her daughter's talents. The ladies here were all upon their feet in a circle round their teacher, answering to questions made to them in succession, and taking places, as it is called, according to the correctness of the replies. It was not on their own proficiency only the victory now depended—all honours must be won upon a rival's blunders; and like the riders on a balanced plank, the uprising of one was proportioned to the downgoing of the other. Never were pugilists met with looks of more determined contention than these gentle wrestlers for literary honour. I could not mark without a pang the look of disappointment in a child who knew the answer when she found the one above her knew it too; and the eager delight with which another heard the blunder that gave scope for the display of her own proficiency. Envy, malice, jealousy, contempt, every evil passion of which their little bosoms were susceptible, played in succession on their features: their

teacher, meantime, as if she took them all for virtues, went on adding fuel to the flame, in praises, taunts, and comparisons, without any heed to the passions she was exciting or the feelings she was perverting.

I heard much more, but I have told enough for my purpose. This is the stimulant which under the gentle name of Emulation, is thought indispensable to the successful education of our children. The term itself is found in Scripture classed with no fair company—but we mind not the term, which we are aware in the original admits of a good as well as a bad sense. Is the thing itself good? It is asserted that children will not learn without it—that competition is essential to their progress. We doubt it much: we see not why the praise absolute, may not be as enticing as the praise comparative. But let this point be conceded, if it must, and be it admitted that a girl will learn more in the hope of outshining or the fear of being outshone, than she can do either from a desire for knowledge, or a wish to please her instructor, or any other motive. Yet is the question not at rest.

The day-star of truth has risen upon our world, and opened to our view a standard of moral excellency such as the heathens never dreamed of. Pride, the very strong-hold of a heathen's virtue, has been discovered to be a soul-destroying sin—the very sin that drove Angels from Heaven, and man from paradise. Strife, resentment, ambition, rivalry, contention, envy, self-preference, have been determined to be sins—the eternal blessing has been pronounced by lips divine, not on the successful contender for this world's praise, but on the meek in spirit and the pure in heart. Our children are Christians, devoted in baptism, and as every pious parent hopes, hereafter to be accepted as the servants and followers of Him, who when he comes to acknowledge them as such, will not question of what they know, but of what they are. Do we act as consistently as heathens did, teaching them that all the attainments and all the knowledge in the world were a dear-bought

purchase at the expense of one right feeling, of one solid Christian virtue? I fear not. Let any one of my young readers but watch the movements of her own heart, and judge of the fact, for she is competent to do so, however young. What is her motive for the extraordinary exertions she is making in some particular study to-day? The wish to gain approbation and esteem, a desire to make the utmost use of the talents given her, perhaps the simple wish to excel in that particular study for her own gratification—or is it the fear that some one will do better, that some one she desires to surpass will come up to her? Suppose the point gained, and herself held up as an example and a shame to those who have done worse, she is delighted; but why? Would she have been equally delighted if every one else had done as well? Or suppose she has failed—why is she depressed? With regret that she did not make more exertion and a resolve to repair it to-morrow, or with despite that others succeeded better, envy of their superior talents, and dissatisfaction with her own? If the former be the case in any of these supposed probabilities, the stimulus of rivalry was clearly unnecessary, for her feelings were independent of all comparison—if the latter, she gained improvement perhaps, she gained an accomplishment perhaps, and she went to bed satisfied that she had done well. But she had been proud, or jealous, or envious, or discontented. Pride, envy, jealousy, and discontent are sins—by every indulgence of them God is offended, by every excitement of them an evil passion is fostered and strengthened.

The nature of this seed is but too surely proved by the harvest it produces. In society, among women especially, a close observer might be astonished, if less inured to it, at the little idea of wrong attached to feelings of this description. There are few women, perhaps not one, who, if she knows herself, can say she was never pained by the praises of another, nor ever depreciated the merits of another in order to enhance

her own. If we say this is natural, and cannot be prevented—yes, but it is hateful, it is sinful, it is diabolical. The Gospel has been sent to disclose to us our state of natural delusion, by the shedding on our bosoms of a purer light, and it has ranked these feelings in the catalogue of moral crimes, most offensive to God and man, and deserving of eternal condemnation. We in our great wisdom keep the opinions of our heathen ancestors and in our great madness act upon them, teach them to our children, and say they cannot be educated without them. Then let them remain for ever ignorant. We strangely mis-calculate, even for our happiness in this world, when we sacrifice character to acquirements of any kind. That is indeed to part from our decent and necessary cloathing for the purchase of some goodly jewel with which to deck ourselves. We surely shall not be suspected of too lightly estimating the advantage of mental cultivation and polite accomplishments. By every proper motive, by every sinless incentive, we would provoke our pupils to exertion—to the gifted we would say, make use by assiduity of what you have—to the less endowed, make amends by assiduity for what you have not; and by praise or blame enforce the precept. But if we must choose between the moral and the intellectual good—if the culture that is to raise the flower, must foster with it the empoisoning weed, we hold the utmost acquisition of human intellect light indeed—its future fruits will never allay the passions excited for its acquisition. When sin becomes the burden and the shame of a bosom struggling and yet unable to repress it, learning and talent will not whisper peace. When the applause, and the triumph, and the approbation of man are past and forgotten, the evil thought, the sinful emotion will remain upon the conscience, and unless mercy blot it thence, on Heaven's eternal records.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(*Continued from Vol. II. page 324.*)

CLASS 11.—DODECANDRIA.

ELEVEN TO NINETEEN STAMENS.

THE eleventh Class differs from the former Classes, in the uncertain number of the Stamina, being an assemblage of plants that contain from eleven to nineteen in each flower; the Orders distinguished as before by the number of Pistils. Some difficulty may present itself to the learner in this Class, from the uncertain number of the Stamina, the variety of Genera, and the little natural affinity between one and the other; but some little experience will remove the difficulty. We shall endeavour as much as possible to describe the Genera, which are altogether but few, by some character that may be recognized.

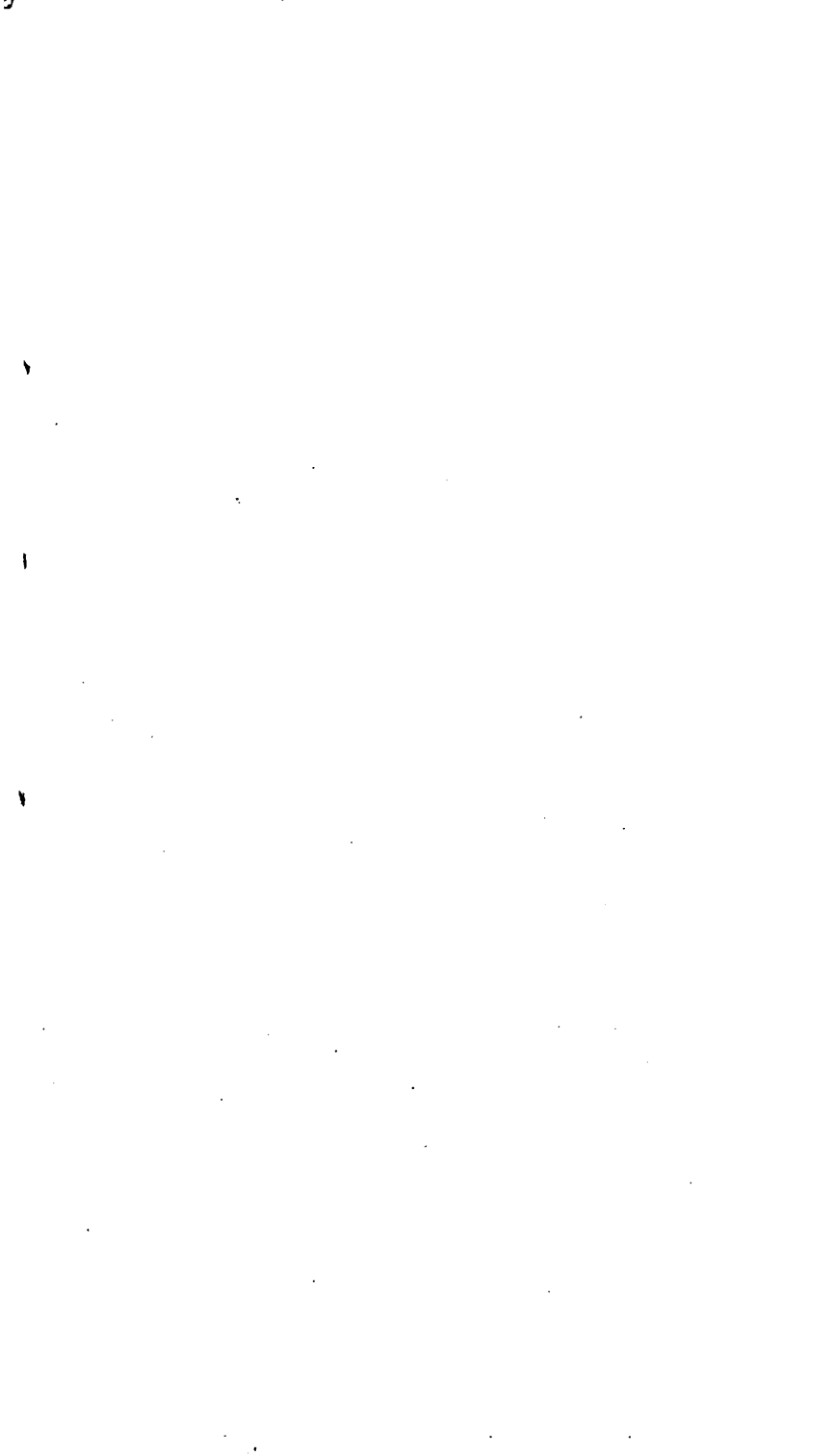
First, as an example of the eleventh Class, we make choice of a very beautiful flower, gathered in damp hedges and not uncommon. Its first appearance is that of a tall, crowded spike of elegant flowers, of a very brilliant purple, inclining to red, rendered more elegant by its many long, red Stamina. Counting these we find them to be only twelve, sometimes no more than ten; the Pistil being one, we place it in Dodecandria Monogynia. Proceeding to dissect it, we find a hairy Calix with from twelve to sixteen reddish teeth, some longer than the others. The long purple Petals, five or six in number, are fixed on the Calix. The stem we find tall, upright, and square, and much tinged with red at the edges. The leaves also are edged and sometimes veined with red. They are long and slender towards the top of the plant, but becoming broad towards the root: sometimes

BOTANY.



Dodecandria Digynia.
Lythrum Salicaria.
Purple Spiked Willowherb.

Walsham sculp.



in pairs opposite to each other, sometimes alternately on either side of the stem: the leaves have no stalks; the flowers grow in tufts from the bosom of the leaves. We think from this description the *Lythrum Salicaria* may easily be recognized; English name, Purple-spiked Willow-herb, or Grasspoly. The term Willow-herb is misapplied, because that belongs properly to the large Genus *Epilobium*, in Octandria, which has no connexion with the *Lythrum*: so that here, as we have often remarked before, the common name only misleads us in our researches.

Besides the *Lythrum* above described, of which there is another species with the blossoms blue, we have in the Order Monogynia, of this Class,

Ceratophyllum, Hornweed, a low, harsh plant, growing half-buried in mud, with very little blossom. The twice-forked, bristly leaves, growing in whirls much crowded together, and lying on the mud, with the thorns on its seeds, will readily distinguish it.

Asarum, *Asarabacca*, has a purplish Calix with three or four clefts, without any blossom—dark, shining, unnotched leaves on long stalks.

In the second Order, Digynia, two Pistils, we find *Carpinus*, Horn-beam—a tree, with smooth, white bark, and oval leaves, pointed and sharply notched. It bears male and female flowers, but without blossom. The filaments of the Stamina divide at the top, and bear two anthers. The wood is very white and tough, and burns like a candle.

Agrimonia, Agrimony—a very pretty flower of a most brilliant yellow, intermixed with a red fringe about the calix that gives it a rich and elegant appearance. The leaves are most beautifully cut and notched, each notch ending in reddish glands. The stem is often of a bright red; and on the whole we cannot but be struck with the gracefulness of its golden spikes.

The third Order, Trigynia, three Pistils, contains *Fagus*, Beech and Chesnut Trees. With these our readers

are probably well acquainted. The former is distinguished by thin, shining, waved, and finely fringed leaves, and a smooth white bark; the leaves remaining dry upon the stem during the winter. Of the Chesnut the leaves are longer, with a long tapering point, and notched into very sharp points. The flowers of both are male and female on the same plant, without blossom, bearing the nut in a prickly capsule.

Reseda, Woad or Rocket, is the Genus of which the *Mignonette* is a foreign species. The two native species resemble it so nearly as to be easily recognized, though without the scent.

Euphorbia, Spurge, is a very numerous race of plants not much resembling any other; therefore, having seen one, the botanist will readily distinguish the rest. By the Stamina it would be very difficult to class them, because the number is uncertain, and those they contain come forth two or three at a time. The whole plant is generally of a yellow green, except when tinged with red. The flower minute, sitting on the large *Involucrum* that surrounds it. The plant contains a milky juice, and bears a threefold seed-vessel, like that of the *Nasturtium*, but very small. The stems that bear the flowers, form an umbel, of from three to eight spokes, and those often forked.

As there are no native plants in *Tetragynia* or *Hexagynia* in this Class, we may reckon *Dodecagynia* as the fourth Order, which contains only *Sempervivum*, House-leek, or *Cyphel*, growing so abundantly on roofs and old walls. It bears from six to twenty-five Stamens, and twelve Pistils. The Petals, too, of uncertain number, varying from one to twenty-four, of a pale red. Leaves thick and fleshy.

CLASS XI.—DODECANDRIA, from 11 to 19 STAMENS.

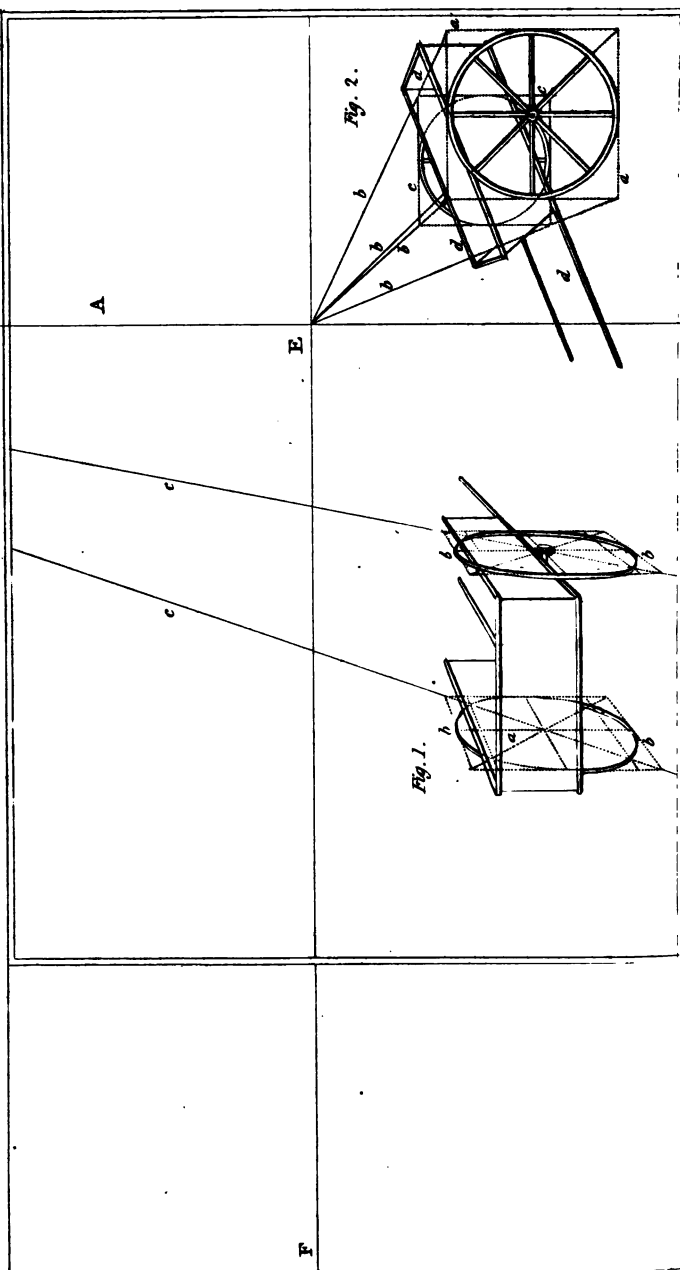
ORDER 1.—MONOGYNIA, 1 Pistil.

Lythrum Willow-herb, Grasspoly
Asarum Asarabacca
Ceratophyllum Hornweed.



PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE XIII.



Pub'd by T. Baker, 18, Finsbury Place.

Printed by T. Hudson

ORDER 2.—DIGYNIA, 2 Pistils.

Carpinus Hornbeam Tree

Agrimonia Agrimony

ORDER 3.—TRIGYNIA, 3 Pistils,

Fagus Beech, Chesnut

Reseda..... Woad, Rocket

Euphorbia Spurge

ORDER 4.—DODECAGYNIA, 12 Pistils.

Sempervivum. Houseleek

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON XIII.—PLATE 13.

ANOTHER example of the use of circles in perspective is in the wheels of carriages, a very frequent subject of the pencil in landscape-drawing. We give in Plate 13 two examples of the application of our former rules to objects of this sort.

Fig. 1, is a cart receding from us in a right line, the back being turned towards us horizontally. Our pupils will observe that this cart is on our left hand, and that it is below the level of the eye. We draw first the perpendicular diameter of the wheels (*a a*) parallel to each other, at any distance the eye directs, and of equal height. From the top and bottom of these perpendiculars, we draw the visual Rays (*b b b b*) to the Point of Sight (*E*); and through their centre the Diagonals (*c c*) to a Point of Distance on the Vertical Line (*A*), as far from the Point of Sight (*E*), as our other Points of Distance (*F*). We trust our readers recollect that we had in our first rules this third Point of Distance above, though we have rarely made use of it. These Diagonals (*c c*), cutting the Visual Rays (*b b b b*), give us the corners of the square which is to contain each wheel. By thirds and diagonals in the manner of our former rules the circles are found, and so much of the wheel traced in the circle as is not obscured by the cart. In this figure we have omitted the spokes of the wheels to avoid confusion.

In *Fig. 2* we have a cart at rest, the shafts on the ground, and the wheels placed horizontally before us. In this situation we have but to make for the near wheel a perfect square (*a a*) of such size as we design to draw our object; and in the square to form a circle, either with compasses, or by diagonals and thirds as before: this is the first wheel. For the second draw from each corner of the first square (*a a*) the Visual Rays (*b b b b*), and between these, at such distance as the width of the cart requires, form the square (*c c*), in which form the second circle as the first. We trust the body of the cart needs no explanation, being but a repetition of former rules—we only need to observe, that in *Fig. 2*, the lines (*d d d*) which if the cart were raised would be horizontal, are here obliquely inclining to the ground—as these lines can be drawn to no point, we must observe to make them exactly parallel with each other, that is, neither approaching nor receding at either end: the receding lines of both carts drawn of course to the point of sight (E.)

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

THE 'TWIN ROSES.

TWINS of one morning, on a single stem,
 Two Roses side by side were growing,
 On each alike there hung a diamond drop,
 Fresh, on its balmy bosom glowing.

I gathered one, the fairest as I thought,
 And on my bosom fondly plac'd it—
 But ere the rapid hour had twice been told,
 Gone was the brilliant blush that grac'd it—

My Rose was dead—and then I vainly wish'd
 I had not cull'd the fresh-blown flower—
 Yet many a sunny day it might have lived,
 With its loved Sister in the bower.

She flourished there as long as Roses may,
By no rude hand untimely gather'd—
She lived—but Oh! 'twas but a little while
Ere she too on her stem was wither'd.

I saw the rain fall cold upon her breast,
I saw the worm her leaf consuming—
I saw her shrink before the northern blast,
From day to day more palely blooming.

They who had grown with her had left her there,
The summer's last and lonely flower—
Methought there grew a sadness in her look,
As if she chid each loit'ring hour.

Nay, then, I did not wrong thee, my poor Rose,
That from the stem I early took thee,
Ere yet the worm had nestled in thy heart,
Or coldness chill'd, or friends forsook thee.

And may we say our Father does not well
Briefly to gather what he planted?
Early to lay his hand upon his own,
And take again the life he granted?

Why drop a tear of sorrow on the grave
Of youthful hope untimely blighted?
They do but reach their home when it is day,
While others here are left benighted.

They do not stay to feed upon the dross
Of pleasure's draught so sweetly tasted—
Time will not bid them mourn their pleasant home
Into a friendless desert wasted.

Care will not wash one bright blush from their cheeks
With tears of trust and hope misgiven—
Sin will no more upon their bosom shed
Its painful venom—they are gone to Heaven.

~~~~~  
*Suggested by reading Toplady's Hymn from 2nd Timothy, iv. 6.*

When this prospect, Lord, I view,  
Bear, oh bear me conqueror through;  
Still the storm, dispel the gloom,  
Smooth my passage to the tomb.

## POETICAL RECREATIONS.

Through this life's uncertain way  
 Guide my footsteps, lest I stray,  
 Cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,  
 Then convey in Jordan's flood.

If, this "vale of tears" gone o'er,  
 I shall land on Canaan's shore,  
 To my God—deliverer—king—  
 Praise, eternal praise, I'll sing.

H. N.



## THE FALLEN TREE.

AND has the pelting of the pitiless storm  
 Assailed thy spreading branches, and laid low  
 Thy leafless crest? I knew thee years ago,  
 Sturdy and proof against the withering blasts  
 Of winter, when those rugged arms could dare  
 The merciless fury of the winds, and fling  
 The biting tempest back: but years have shed  
 Their cruel blight upon thee, and thy grey  
 And sapless trunk is riven: thy topmost boughs  
 Bent down to earth, and on thine hoary crown  
 Descends the "arrowy sleet."—The rabble throng  
 Exultant crowd around thee, and assail  
 Reckless thy prostrate length with rioting  
 And shouts of merriment: the hollow wind  
 Moans as it passes o'er thee, bearing on  
 The Babel din and mellowing the wild cry  
 Of vagrant mirth, 'till on the attentive ear  
 It breaks in pleasing murmurs. While I gaze,  
 A kindly mood steals o'er me, and the thought  
 That I must press the clay-cold earth, and lie  
 As the fallen tree, ere long, sapless and bared  
 Of all my honours. And though friends are rife,  
 And favours glad my heart, Winter will come  
 To "loose the silver cord,"—to bow the head  
 With adverse storms, and quench the little life  
 That yet remains;—abate the "natural strength;"  
 Dismiss the tottering frame to its "long home,"  
 And bid "the mourners go about the street."

Z.

## A MORNING SONG.

THE Sun is glinting through the trees,  
 The lark from its nest is springing,  
 And its tufted top in the rising breeze,  
 The slender reed is swinging—  
 Awake! awake! for the morning Sun  
 Is "walking in brightness" up the sky;  
 The peaceful reign of night is done,  
 And the hour of slothful rest gone by.  
 Wake! for the bird is on the wing—  
 And can you still be slumbering!

The blackbird springs from bush to bush,  
 The dew from the white thorn shaking,  
 And the "music wild" of the merry thrush,  
 The echo of woods is waking—  
 All nature is glad, and yet can you  
 To the "Giver of good" be so remiss?—  
 For "the precious things of Heaven—the dew,  
 "And the deep that coucheth beneath," are his.  
 Wake! for His praise all creatures sing—  
 And can you still be slumbering?

The beetle spreads its filmy wing,  
 In the checquered sunbeam playing.  
 The bee abroad is wandering,  
 And freely the gad-fly straying—  
 Up and away: for all speak his praise  
 Who made "the precious things of earth,"  
 "Seed time and harvest," nights and days—  
 And gave "the lasting hills" their birth.  
 Wake then, and join with "creeping thing"  
 In praise: Oh! wake from slumbering!

B.W.

~~~~~

OCCASIONED BY A MEDITATION ON OUR LORD'S
 WORDS,

"What have I to do with thee?"—JOHN ii.4.

O THOU hast much to do with me,
 Thou sinner's friend, and I with thee;
 'Tis thine to pardon, thine to bless,
 And thine to guide to happiness.

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

If ever suppliant soul might plead
 A Saviour's prayer, to intercede,
 Let me that humble suppliant be,
 And O! my Saviour, pray for me.

Behold a soul deep stained with guilt
 For which thy precious blood was spilt,
 Look on this heart, its sorrows see,
 Say, hast thou nought to do with me?

Dæmons of darkness and of sin
 Have lodg'd this woe-worn heart within,
 'Tis thine to soothe its keen distress,
 'Tis thine the fiends to dispossess.

The child of nature and of woe,
 Without Thee I can nothing do;
 Teaching my soul from wrath to flee,
 Prove what thou hast to do with me.

Lead me to pardon, life, and love,
 Fix my whole soul on things above,
 Banish corruption from my breast,
 And take me to eternal rest.

Be this the work, and thy reward,
 My crucified and risen Lord—
 What shall I render unto thee
 When thou hast done so much for me?



THE SNOW-DROP.

[*From the Plain Englishman.*]

THE Snow-drop, nature's early care,
 In winter lifts its modest head,
 Regardless of the chilly air,
 It rests upon its icy bed.

Sweet harbinger of spring's return,
 In spotless purity it blows,
 In storms unfolds its silver urn,
 And sheltered by surrounding snows.

So may we rise when tempests lower,
And sorrows gather round our head—
Thus brightly shine in that chill hour
When every earthly hope is dead.

For God, who rides the mighty wind
And makes the darkened clouds his throne,
With pity views the sinking mind
And listens to its plaintive moan.

No wintry blast in vain descends,
In vain no tempests idly rave—
For every snowy flake defends,
And every sorrow mounts to save.

L. L.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

AND

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Book of the Church. By Robert Southey.—London, 1824. John Murray.—Price 24s.

WE do not immediately perceive by the title of this work what may be its subject. The term "Church," without an explanatory clause, has meant various things in various ages, and were we to question of its meaning in the present day, we should get very different answers from different classes of people. The Church of Christ, as we believe every unprejudiced Christian will admit, is that number of persons, whether they be many or few, whether worshipping in the rich cathedral or hiding themselves in the caverns of the earth, however called and wherever dwelling, who have accepted as their Saviour the Incarnate Son of God, and worshipped him in spirit and in truth. It is this Church of which Milner has traced the progress with so much fidelity and impartial truth in his invaluable Church History, a work we are glad to take this opportunity of entreating our readers to peruse and re-peruse till the valuable records it con-

tains become quite familiar to their minds. The work we at present notice under the title of "The Book of the Church," has quite a different purpose, though by no means an uninteresting one—that of offering a connected and historical view of the affairs of our national Church from the period when we worshipped in the Druids' temples to the Revolution. In such a work, we have no right to expect what is not professed—it is the temporal and external, not the spiritual Church of which the history is offered to us: this offer makes no promise of a work of decided religious character—but it comprehends subjects of deep and lively interest, and we think the volumes before us amply afford what we may reasonably expect from them. When we give the name of Southey as the author of a work, we cannot have occasion to add that it is elegantly written; and if occasionally dissenting from his views, we cannot imagine any one perusing the present publication without being amply gratified.

The author thus opens the ecclesiastical record of our country.

"The light of God, which at the creation was imparted to man, hath never been extinguished. From the patriarchs it descended to the prophets, and from the prophets to the apostles; but there were many who wandered and lost the light, and their offspring became the inheritors of darkness. Thus it fared with our forefathers. We know not when, or from whence, they reached the British Islands; Scripture hath not recorded it, and it was in times beyond the reach of other history. There is reason to believe they brought with them some glimmerings of patriarchal history. Other tribes followed at various times and from various places, some from the Baltic and from Germany, some from the opposite coasts of Belgium and Gaul, others from Spain; the Phœnicians also traded here: and our fathers being ignorant, and far removed from those among whom the truth was preserved, received the fables and superstitions of the new comers, and blended them with their own, till they fell at length into the abominations of idolatry. Their priests, the Druids, are said to have retained the belief of one supreme God, all-wise, all-mighty, and all-merciful, from whom all things which have life proceed. They held also the immortality of the soul: whatever else they taught was deceit and vanity."

It can neither be uninteresting nor unbeneficial to trace these early records of our nation's misery, for cold in-

deed should be the heart that does not glow with gratitude in looking back on the fearful picture of what our fathers were, and what but for Heaven's interposing mercy we might as well have been.

"It cannot now be ascertained by whom the glad tidings of the Gospel were first brought into Britain. The most probable tradition says that it was Bran, the father of Caractacus, who having been led into captivity with his son, and hearing the word at Rome, received it, and became on his return the means of delivering his countrymen from a worse bondage. There is also some reason to believe that Claudia, who is spoken of together with Pudens, by the Apostle Paul, was a British lady of this illustrious household: because a British woman of that name is known to have been the wife of Pudens at that time. Legends that rest upon less credible grounds, pretend that a British king called Lucius, who was tributary to the Romans, was baptized with many of his subjects. These things are doubtful: "the light of the word shone here," says Fuller, the church historian, "but we know not who kindled it." It is said that the first church was erected at Glastonbury, and this tradition may seem to deserve credit, because it was not contradicted in those ages when other churches would have found it profitable to advance a similar pretension. The building is described as a rude structure of wicker work, like the dwellings of the people in those days, and differing from them only in its dimensions, which were threescore feet in length and twenty-six in breadth. An abbey was afterwards erected there, one of the finest of those edifices, and one of the most remarkable for the many interesting circumstances connected with it. The destruction of this beautiful and venerable fabric, is one of the crimes by which our Reformation was sullied."

Some martyrs for the Gospel truth perished in our country during the early persecutions of the Christian Church—but the Saxons brought with them thither their pagan superstitions, and "Christianity, as a public establishment, disappeared from the kingdoms of the Heptarchy for about an hundred and fifty years."

The author thus speaks of the missionaries, who, with such wonderful rapidity and success, christianized our country towards the close of the Heptarchy.

"The missionaries also possessed in themselves a strength beyond what they derived from their cause, and from the adventitious circumstances that favoured them. They were the prime spirits of the age, trained in the most perfect school of discipline, steady in purpose, politic in contrivance, little scrupulous concerning the measures which they employed, because they were persuaded that any measures were justifiable if they conduced to bring about the good end which was their aim. This principle led to abominable consequences in

their successors, but they themselves had no sinister views; they were men of the loftiest minds and ennobled by the highest and holiest of motives; their sole object in life was to increase the number of the blessed, and extend the kingdom of their Saviour, by communicating to their fellow-creatures the appointed means of salvation; and elevated as they were above all worldly hopes and fears, they were ready to lay down their lives in the performance of this duty, sure by that sacrifice of obtaining crowns in heaven, and altars upon earth as their reward."

We admire the following picture of the first effect of this great change, and the benefit of even monastic institutions in their primitive and uncorrupted state.

"The seed had not fallen among thorns, nor upon a hard and sterile soil; and though some tares were sown with it, the harvest, nevertheless, was for a while abundant. Wherever Christianity has been preached among heathen or barbarous nations, women and old men have been the readiest believers; the former because their importance in society and their happiness are so materially promoted by its domestic institutions;—the latter, because, needing its hopes and consolations, and desiring to pass their days in tranquility, they feel the value of a religion which was announced with peace on earth, and which, while its kingdom is delayed, imparts to the mind of every individual by whom it is faithfully received, that peace which passeth all understanding. All ranks received the new religion with enthusiasm. Many kings, weary of the cares and dangers of royalty, or struck with remorse for the crimes by which they had acquired or abused their rank, abdicated their thrones, and retired into monasteries to pass the remainder of their days in tranquility or in penance. Widowed queens were thankful to find a like asylum. The daughters of royal or noble houses, preferring the hopes of a better world to the precarious enjoyments of this, found in the convent comforts and security, which in those turbulent ages were hardly to be obtained elsewhere; and youths of royal blood, whose enterprising tempers might otherwise have contributed to the misery of their own and of the neighbouring states, embraced a religious life, and went forth as Missionaries to convert and civilize the barbarians of Germany and of the North. To the servile part of the community the gospel was indeed tidings of great joy: frequently they were emancipated, either in the first fervour of their owner's conversion, or as an act of atonement and meritorious charity at death. The people in the north of England are described as going out in joyful procession to meet the itinerant priest when they know of his approach, bending to receive his blessing, and crowding to hear his instructions. The churches were frequented; he who preached at a cross in the open air never wanted an attentive congregation, and the zeal of the clergy, for as yet they were neither corrupted by wealth, nor tainted by ambition, was rewarded by general respect and love."

"They well deserved their popularity. Wherever monasteries were founded, marshes were drained, woods cleared, and wastes brought into cultivation; the means of subsistence were increased by improved agriculture, and by improved horticulture new comforts were added to

life. The humblest as well as the highest pursuits were followed in these great and most beneficial establishments. While part of the members were studying the most inscrutable points of theology, and indulging themselves in logical subtleties and psychological research, which foster the presumption of the human mind, instead of convincing it of its weakness, others were employed in teaching babes and children the rudiments of useful knowledge; others as copyists, limners, workers in wood, and in stone, and in metal, and in trades and manufactures of every kind which the community required."

But if such was at first the beneficial effort of monastic influence, sufficiently revolting are the pictures drawn of the issue, in the lives of Dunstan, Anselm, Becket, and other worthies of that class, sketched with inimitable beauty by the author, and judged with more fairness than is usual in our general histories. Thomas a Becket, we believe, was no selfish hypocrite, but a bold, ambitious man, ready to sacrifice himself in a bad cause, an excellent exemplar of a devoted son of the Roman Church, under the full influence of her worst principles. We could have almost taken the striking picture of Becket's habits, as an emblematical description of the faith he professed.—"The costliest splendour was still displayed in his apparel: beneath his canonical dress he wore the Benedictine habit; under that, sack-cloth well stocked with vermin, (for vermin were among the accompaniments of monastic sanctity;) and within were the daring spirit, the fiery temper, and the haughty heart!"

Papal superstition, oppression and fraud, had reached a height no where greater than in our own country, when the first whispers of reformation were heard. The character of Wickliffe is as usual strikingly and favourably drawn—we have no where read an account so simply fine of Lord Cobham's martyrdom. Believing, as we do, that among the Lollards of that period was to be found the despised Church of Christ, contending humbly for his perverted truth, we yet think that as a body, well-meaning even where mistaken, Mr Southey is not unjust to them when he says—

"Undoubtedly the Lollards were highly dangerous at this time;

there were some among them whose views and wishes did not go beyond a just and salutary reformation; the greater number were eager for havoc, and held opinions which are incompatible with the peace of society. They would have stript the churches, destroyed the monasteries, confiscated the church lands, and proclaimed the principle that the Saints should possess the earth."

It is well, indeed, for the world that the beneficial purposes of Heaven cannot be defeated by the madness and perversity of man: else had our country never reached its present state of religious prosperity through the blunders, and absurdities, and crimes with which the Reformation was effected. How foolish are men, how wise is God, are our thoughts throughout all this interesting detail. We cannot extract any thing from the mass of pious sentiment and beautiful writing contained in the story of our country's martyrs. We remark here as elsewhere the almost universal feeling expressed by the greatest divines that the total abolition of monasteries was to be regretted. "There were some cases in which the neighbourhood petitioned that a religious house might not be suppressed, and the visitors themselves represented it as a blessing to the country. Latimer, with his honest earnestness, entreated that two or three in every shire might be continued, not in Monkery, he said, but as establishments for learned men, and such as would go about preaching and giving religious instruction to the people, and for the sake of hospitality." Another remark we make is that Cranmer, the most gentle, the most holy and devoted servant of God, was the instigator of a most cruel martyrdom under Edward VI. The same fact has been urged with bitterness against Fénelon, to prove that he could not be in spirit and truth a Christian—but such conclusions are too rash—and while we mourn the fallibility of human nature in the best of men, we must hence learn to be more lenient in our condemnation even of the worst, and make allowance in all our judgments of character, for the influence of the times and long-existent prejudice.

Our author has eminently done so in tracing the cha-

acter of Laud : different, we confess, from any thing we had conceived of him before. But it is the peculiarity of Mr. Southey's work, and in our eyes its greatest beauty, that he hath placed every character in a more favourable light than it stood before. Historians in general love extremes—perhaps because they know the reader loves them. They paint one half of their heroes as gods or angels, the other as demons, or something worse than even demons were. But man is neither. We do not believe that Richard III. or Nero himself were the abandoned wretches, without a palliative, that history has made them. A man's actions are good or bad, and we forthwith ascribe to one the best possible motives, and to the other the worst: nearer examination might often convince us that the motives must change places—that the favourite hero of antiquity was a selfish intriguer, and the subject of all infamy an honest though mistaking man. Assured that this is often so, and impressed with Mr. Southey's impartiality and penetration, we are willing to believe, though we never thought so before, that Archbishop Laud was the character he has described. The account of the Puritans is decidedly unfavourable—we wish the author had explained what he meant by the "*superstitious* observance of the sabbath;" there might be such a thing certainly, but we do not like the unexplained expression. We have given our opinion of the Puritans elsewhere. Certain it is, that whatever they were at first, they ended with being oppressors and persecutors as soon as they had the power. "They passed an ordinance by which eight heresies were made punishable with death upon the first offence, unless the offender abjured his errors, and irremissibly if he relapsed." Though we have already extended this review so far, we cannot forbear adding to it a passage so extreme beautiful in itself that whatever were the occasion of it, we could not pass it unnoticed. Among other decrees passed by the Puritan parliament against the practices of the Church, was this: that "no man should presume

to bow at the name of Jesus." We confess ourselves not very fond of the practice, nor desirous of its observance—but those who make a serious objection to it, as if it could be *wrong*, are fitly answered in this extract from the speech of Sir Edward Dering, made in the house on the above occasion in defence of this practice of the church.

"Hear me," said he, "with patience, and refute me with reason. Your command is that all corporal bowing at the name Jesus be henceforth forborne. I have often wished that we might decline these dogmatical resolutions in divinity. I say it again and again, that we are not *idonei et competentes judices* in doctrinal determination. The theme we are now upon is a sad point. I pray you consider severely on it. You know there is no other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. You know that this is a name above every name, *Oleum effusum nomen ejus*; it is the carol of his own spouse. This name is by a Father styled *Mel in ore, melos in aure, jubilum in corde*. This is the sweetest and the fullest of comfort of all the names and attributes of God—God my Saviour. If Christ were not our Jesus, Heaven were then our envy, which is now our blessed hope.

And must I, Sir, hereafter do no exterior reverence, none at all, to God my Saviour, at the mention of his saving name Jesus? Why, Sir, not to do it, to omit it, and to leave it undone, it is questionable, it is controvertible, it is at least a moot point in divinity. But to deny it, to forbid it to be done! take heed, Sir! God will never own you if you forbid his honour. Truly, Sir, it horrors me to think of this. For my part, I do humbly ask pardon of this House, and thereupon I take leave and liberty to give you my resolute resolution. I may, I must, I will do bodily reverence unto my Saviour, and that upon occasion taken at the mention of his saving name Jesus. And if I should do it also as oft as the name of God, or Jehovah, or Christ, is named in our solemn devotions, I do not know any argument in divinity to contest me. I shall never be frightened from this, with that fond shallow argument, Oh you make an Idol of a name! I beseech you, Sir, paint me a voice; make a sound visible if you can. When you have taught mine ears to see, and mine eyes to hear, I may then perhaps understand this subtle argument. In the mean time reduce this dainty species of new idolatry under its proper head, the second commandment, if you can; and if I find it there, I will fly from it *ultra suumatus*, any whither with you."

"Was it ever heard before, than any men of any religion, in any age, did ever cut short or abridge any worship, upon any occasion to their God? Take heed, Sir, and let us all take heed whither we are going! If Christ be Jesus, if Jesus be God, all reverence, exterior as well as interior, is too little for him. I hope we are not going up the back stairs to Socinianism! In a word, certainly, Sir, I shall never obey your order, so long as I have a head to lift up to Heaven, so long as I have an eye to lift up to Heaven. For these are corporal bowings, and my Saviour shall have them at his name Jesus!"

Plain Pastoral Addresses on Regeneration.—By the Rev. G. Craig, A.M. Edinburgh—Baynes and Co. 1823.

WITHOUT promising our readers any thing new or uncommon in this little work, we can well recommend it to them as a plain and useful statement and explanation of the doctrine named in the title page, and of the religion of the Gospel in general. It is brief and plain, and may tend to clear the perception of the uninformed on this important subject, as well as to call the attention of the careless.

ON THE POWER OF GOD.

“GOD hath spoken once—twice have I heard this—that power belongeth unto God,” Psalm lxii. 11,—unto God alone, independently and supremely—since the powers that be are ordained of God. He hath spoken once, yea twice; in the denunciations of his law and in the equally sure promises of his gospel, he hath said, “I am the Almighty God,”—his power is omnipotence: and while against the transgressors of his law this attribute appears armed with all the “terrors of the Lord,” over the happy subjects of the gospel of his grace, over such as receive the truth in the love of it and render to him the willing service of a grateful and an obedient heart, it spreads the wings of his protecting love and care, extends around them the shield of his defence, raises for them the arm of his salvation, and enables them to rejoice in the assurance that he who is thus “great in might,” and “strong in power,” is their Father, their Redeemer, their Friend, and their God.

The first idea of God which enters the human mind is probably connected with an apprehension of his power; for, although such as are accustomed to reason and reflect, will have their admiration more especially called

forth by the exquisite wisdom manifested in all the works of his hands, a different effect will be produced on the untaught and the ignorant; on these, on all whose convictions of truth are rather forced upon them than solicited by them, the proofs of Almighty Power with which they are surrounded, will make a more deep impression, and this impression will be accompanied with fear.

Several reasons may be assigned for this, some of which take their rise from what is felt within, and others from what is seen without: one of these may be a sense of individual or personal deficiency, which must be more or less painfully experienced by all. The ignorant and foolish may be puffed up with the conceit of their own knowledge and sagacity, and the self-idolator may wrap himself round in the web of his own fancied excellence, but the beings thus raised in their own esteem are circumscribed in power: however unbounded their ideas, their active energy is limited; however extended their designs, they are not able to carry them into effect: weak and utterly dependent, man enters upon the stage of his mortal existence: weak and utterly dependent he reaches its close. "The days of his years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow," Psalm xvi, 10; his foundation in the dust, and "crushed before the moth," Job iv. 19. Can such an one boast of *his strength*? Yet signs and evidences of the working of an Omnipotent Power meet him on every hand: he sees it inscribed in the heavens and written upon the earth; he hears it in the storm; he feels it in the hurricane; even the very frailty of his own existence bears witness to the might of that power which upholds his soul in life and before the possessor of which he trembles. And wherefore does he tremble? Doubtless because there is a consciousness not only of weakness, but of demerit, the effect of "the law written in the heart," Rom. ii. 15; under the sentence of which he feels himself condemned as a

transgressor, his conscience bearing witness unless hardened in iniquity, in which case another cause will still operate to produce fear, namely, that wherever he witnesses a comparative degree of power existing among his fellows, he is accustomed to see this power, if unrestrained by higher authority, exercised in oppression; therefore the ideas of power and of oppression become associated together in his mind: every discovery of power will fill him with alarm, and although ignorant of those attributes of wisdom and of righteousness by which the divine power is regulated, ignorant of the *letter* of God's inviolable law, the spirit of that law working on the natural conscience will produce uneasiness and fear—and alas! will this be lessened when the nature of that law is unfolded, its spirituality explained, its penal sanction made known, and the God of infinite Power is revealed as that God who delivers his commandments accompanied with this declaration, that he that doeth them shall live in them, “but the soul that sinneth, it shall die?” He will feel that he has not attained, that he cannot attain to its requirements; he will feel that *here* his weakness is his guilt; and in proportion as his mind is enlightened and his conscience awakened, he will be filled with fear: he will say when he thinks of God, “*Who knoweth the power of his anger?*”—Psalm xc. 11. But it is not only in the promulgation of his law that God has spoken to the children of men. Placing the first transgressor of that law and all his posterity under a mediatorial dispensation of mercy, he caused a ray of hope to beam upon them through the medium of a mysterious promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head,” and thus through successive ages, revealing with yet increasing light by types and shadows, by prophecies, by the various ceremonies of the Mosaic economy, the object thus presented to the eye of their faith, he bade them look for the manifestation of his Almighty power in their everlasting redemption—but “Who hath believed our report and to

whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? was the affecting appeal of one who in the spirit of prophecy foretold the coming of the Redeemer; and few indeed were they whose eyes were open to discern and whose hearts were disposed to welcome his appearing. "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not;" yet miracles, and signs, and wonders attended his entrance into the world and his progress through it. The elements obeyed his voice, diseases, evil spirits acknowledged his authority; he went about doing good: and the simple means he used was the power of his own word—he said "be opened," and the hitherto closed ear received the glad sound of his voice, "who spake as never man spake." At his command the tongue of the dumb was unloosed and poured forth the strains of devout thanksgiving; the eyes of the blind were unsealed, and lifted up to him who was "the Light of the world;" the palsied frame, the withered arm, were restored to health and vigour; the limbs of the cripple were endued with strength and bounded with emotions of joy; his voice was heard in the dark mansions of the grave, and the disembodied spirit obeying his call, returned to animate again its earthly and forsaken tabernacle; he walked upon the agitated waters with equal ease as if they had been solid land; and saying to the winds and to the waves, "Peace, be still," they were still; he fed hungry multitudes with food from his own creating hand, proclaiming himself to be the bread of life; he declared he had power to lay down his life, and power to take it again: and when in the hidden but determinate counsels of God, this life of holiness and benevolence, this life devoted to the glory of his Father and to the relief of suffering humanity, was terminated by a death of ignominy and of agony, he proved his assertion to be true, for death could not hold his mighty captive, corruption could not touch the Holy One of God: bursting the barriers of his rocky sepulchre, he rose: he rose again to save and

to bless, again to heal not only the diseases of the body, but the more fatal diseases of the mind : he rose to give light to the darkened understanding, strength to the fainting spirit, joy to the mourning heart, and life spiritual and eternal to the soul, dead in trespasses and sins. "When he had overcome the sharpness of death, he opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers"—and possessing all power in heaven and on earth, he gives to those who believe in his name the earnest of their heavenly inheritance, by establishing in their hearts that kingdom which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost." Here is the mighty power of God!—a power greater than that which rolled the spheres into their orbits, weighed the mountains, and fixed the foundations of the earth, and gave forth the voice which said to the rushing sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed."—Job xxxviii. 11. In creation God hath shown his power in the production and disposal, the order and beauty of the material elements : in the work of redemption that power is exercised for the recovery from destruction, for the new creating and perfecting in the image and glory of God, of the immaterial and immortal spirit. The preaching of the cross, which is to them that perish foolishness, is to such as are saved the power of God.—1. Cor. i. 18. It is the knowledge of Christ and him crucified that endues the soul with moral strength and beauty, raises and sets it free from the enchantments of the world, the thralldom of sin and the snares of the great enemy of God and his people ; it is the knowledge of Christ as exhibited in his gospel, in his person, his work, his offices, and grace, which by the power of his spirit leads the renewed soul of man to rejoice in the fuller revelation and more perfect apprehension of the character of that God, of whom a partial discovery had filled him only with terror and with dread : and now inspired with high and holy hopes, animated with new and constraining motives, he

runs the narrow path marked out for him by the great Captain of his Salvation, in whom trusting and to whom looking as the object of his faith and the life of his obedience, he exclaims with the fervent expression of grateful devotedness, "Who knoweth the power of *thy love*?"

IOTA.

THE ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

AUGUST, 1824.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

Continued from page 11.)

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF HEATHEN NATIONS TO THE
BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY, B. C. 588.

GREECE.

IN the near vicinity of the Asiatic shores, of those first-inhabited shores on which the important events we have related were principally transacted, and parted from them only by very narrow seas, lay the groups of islands and the adjoining promontory they surround, usually comprehended in the name of Greece. That having reached the extreme borders of Egypt, Palestine, and Phrygia, man's growing race should pass over those narrow seas to settle upon shores almost within sight, is too natural to need explanation. The exact time at which they did so, it is not so easy to determine. Like other European nations they are considered to be the decendants of Japhet; but whether from his son Javan, as is asserted, or from some more remote descendant, must remain doubtful: the most ancient name of Greece appearing to have been Iones. By the accounts of their own historians, this renowned country, that in many respects has never had an equal upon earth, was at the first a wild, uncultivated desert, inhabited by savages but one degree removed from the mere brute; living indiscriminately on every fruit, herb, or root, the soil

afforded them, and with no better dwelling than some cave, or den, or hollow tree. Laws they had none, nor acknowledged rights, except that of the strong to dispossess the weak. They therefore were the safest who inhabited the wildest and most barren spots, while they who held the most pleasant and fruitful seats, were continually dispossessed of them by some more powerful intruder. When they began to form themselves into societies and build them cities to dwell in, the case does not seem to have very much amended—they were robbers by land and pirates by sea, and were obliged to go constantly armed to defend themselves from each other. Agriculture was neglected, and commerce and arts unknown to them; and this at a time when Egypt and other of their neighbours were civilized and polished nations. Neither, if we are to accept Homer's poetry as historic truth, were they much more advanced in the art of war; since whole squadrons of them fled before his Phrygian heroes. They had all things afterwards to learn from Egypt, Babylon, and Persia.

Such was the state of Greece for upwards of nine hundred years after the Flood, to the period, that is, of the destruction of Troy, B.C. 1184. Of what was passing all this time we are not indeed without information, if such it may be called. We have lives of kings and princes, some born of the earth and some of the skies, whose marvellous achievements are only surpassed by their most marvellous wickedness—nor were their Centaurs and Minotaurs, and their many-headed, strangely compounded monsters, half so monstrous as the heroes and deities with whose story they are connected. Great part of these wonderful relations cannot be true, and we would willingly believe the other part is not: but we have seen already that the waters of the Deluge had swept the earth in vain of the wickedness that was upon it—the soil was the same as it had been before; and duly as the briar and the thorn returned upon its surface, so the wickedness of man grew up again in the earth; and

ere the lapse of a few centuries, we find them at an extreme of wickedness than which it was impossible to go farther; and so corrupt in mind, and so blinded in all moral perception, that they were content to worship deities only distinguished from themselves by the greater violence of their passions and their superior means of doing mischief.

The first civilization of the Greeks is ascribed to foreigners, chiefly to Egyptians, who passing over to form colonies on their shores, induced the wild natives, by example and tuition, to settle themselves under more regular governments and adopt more civilized habits. That Cecrops, thus passing from Egypt into Attica, founded the city of Athens, is universally admitted, but few authors venture to affix a positive date to the transaction: it is considered to have been about the year B.C. 1556, thus establishing the kingdom of Attica. The kingdom of Argos is said to have been founded by Inachus, about the year 1856, contemporary with Abraham. Thebes, the capital of the kingdom of Boeotia, is considered to have been founded by Cadmus, a Phœnician or Egyptian, some few years later, who also has the credit of introducing written letters into Greece, as well as the various other useful inventions and discoveries possessed by the more advanced nations. Arcadia appears to have had its beginning as a nation about the same time as Athens, but we know not certainly how or whence. Of Corinth, Thessaly, Phocis, and other kingdoms of Greece, we have but the same uncertainty. Sparta, or Lacedæmon, was founded by a person of that name, about one hundred and fifty years earlier than Athens. There were various other kingdoms of lesser note, which we shall not enumerate: but we may consider Greece as forming itself into settlements from about the time of Abraham, though it was very many centuries after, ere they appear in authentick history as a people of some power and importance.

We have spoken already of the Trojan war, which,

at the time the Judges reigned in Israel, assembled the petty princes of Greece on the Phrygian shores, where their combined forces were insufficient for the capture of the city without the aid of stratagem. For this history, together with the stories of Hercules, and Minos, and Theseus, and various other redoubtable persons with whose names we are so familiar, we must refer our readers to the poets and fabulists of antiquity: observing, as we have done before, that all these marvels were doubtless founded on some fact of actual occurrence, though, as they stand related to us, truth has small share in the information they convey: neither are they for the most part very desirable reading for the young. We pass therefore what are usually termed the fabulous and heroic ages of Grecian History, and in proceeding can but take in succession the different kingdoms or states of which Greece was composed. We have endeavoured as much as possible to connect them into one view: for we begin to be fearful of embarrassing the ideas of our pupils by the many divisions and subdivisions into which our history of the world is now dividing itself. This must be our excuse if frequent repetition of events or dates be found in our history—clearness and the connexion of one history with another is more than anything our object; and we proceed in like manner as in drawing a map of England we trace a part of France, and in a map of France a part of England, to show the relation of one to another.

ATHENS.

ATHENS is the first state we meet with in history under a democratical form of government. Our readers doubtless already understand this to mean a state in which the mass of the people are their own governors: no one having a right to control or rule the rest, except so far as such a right is by themselves conferred, and liable to be withdrawn at their pleasure. Under the idea that all men are naturally equal and masters of

themselves only, some have imagined this to be the original state of civilized society. But every thing in history and in experience proves, we think, the contrary. From the earliest period we find every province, almost every single city, under the guidance and dominion of its king. Athens was a monarchy before it was a republic: and even where, in ancient or in modern times, the form has been that of a democratical or republican government, it seems to us little more than the successive reigns of one or perhaps several persons of superior powers, who by the un-named and unperceived influence of natural superiority, rule the mass at their pleasure, in the full persuasion that they are governing themselves. It was only by degrees the Athenian state passed from a monarchical to a popular form of government. Their first Archons, or chief magistrates, were continued in their post ten years, and the office was hereditary, or at least confined to one family. After some time these magistrates were nine instead of one, and they were annually elected: their rank was unequal, and high titles and many honours were annexed to their offices, and having at first no laws, they decided by their own judgment every cause brought before them. This form of government under nine Archons commenced about the year B.C. 684.

Intercourse with Syria and Egypt taught the Athenians at length the advantage of written laws to control the will and guide the judgment of the magistrates, and Draco, who was Archon about the year 624, was chosen to select and preserve those laws. There is too little really known of Draco's code to allow us to form a correct judgment about it. The laws were undoubtedly severe and cruel, made so perhaps by the lawless turbulence of the people at that age: all faults, even indolence, were alike punishable by death; it is scarcely necessary to add of such laws that they very quickly fell into disuse.

A few intestine commotions and some brief wars with neighbouring cities are all that remain of Athenian history, till the time of Solon, who was Archon about the year

B.C. 597—a few years only previous to the Babylonish captivity. The great qualities of this man have made his name conspicuous in his country's history. He was of noble birth and great endowments, zealous of the honour and welfare of his country. The first achievement that brought him into notice was the recovery of Salamis, which had sometime previously been lost in war. The second was the enterprise and its successful issue attributed to his counsels, for rescuing the territory of Delphi and the sacred Oracle of Apollo from the impiety of the Cirrhœans who ravaged it. In both these enterprises, as in most others of the time, artifice took the place of courage or skill in arms. Most of them succeeded or failed by some happy, though not always honourable stratagem on one part or other. With respect to the taking of Salamis, the stories are so various that it is impossible to decide among them; but it was evidently taken by some disguise or trick. The success against the Cirrhœans, a Greek people, at Delphi, is attributed to the poisoning of their waters with roots of Hellebore. Acts of this sort, which would now be stigmatised as base, or at least pusillanimous, were then undoubtedly accepted as marks of wisdom in the contrivers.

On this first mention of Delphi we shall take occasion to explain to our readers the nature of those Oracles so incessantly referred to in ancient history, without the aid of which nothing could be undertaken and nothing could be achieved. The origin of them it is not easy to trace. The bold desire that has ever agitated the breast of man to look into that futurity which is veiled from his inspection, with some mixture of devotional feeling towards the gods they served, in whose hands they believed were the issues of all their undertakings, and without whose counsel they considered it impious to undertake any thing, were no doubt the motives of men in the establishing and consulting of these Oracles. Whether the answers returned were real predictions of foreseen events, or whether they were the evasive guesses about probable

issues, always couched in terms sufficiently equivocal to be explained many ways, and very often verified only because they were believed; or whether the powers of darkness thus impiously worshipped, were permitted by the Almighty to hold converse with their votaries, and reveal to them what not they, but He had determined should take place, is a question that has divided the opinions of the wisest and most learned. Neither of these cases appear to us impossible. We have seen, on the indisputable authority of Scripture, that miraculous interference with the course of nature, and with the right of nature's God alone to interfere with it, had been on some occasion permitted to those who were his enemies. And in like manner to forward, certainly not to cross his own purposes, he might allow these idolaters to be directed in the course he had appointed them, by some oracular communication from the spirits they profanely worshipped. But we confess ourselves inclined rather to believe that where these oracular predictions were really fulfilled, without equivocation, the impression they made was the cause of their fulfilment. The power of a strong mental impression over the physical forces of men, we believe to be almost illimitable. When a devoted hero, in firm persuasion of the truth of the prediction, consigned himself to death because the Oracle of the God he worshipped had foretold that the army whose leader should first be slain would be victorious, the mental certainty of success that animated his followers, rendered it almost impossible they should fail of victory; whilst the despondency of the opposite side, no less the result of the believed prediction, made them equally incapable of resistance. Where the prediction referred to any act to be committed or performed by an individual, we believe the strong persuasion that they were to do it and must do it, would go far to enable them to find both will and means; for what else, perhaps, they had neither wished nor thought of. But while we give this as our opinion, we do not pretend to determine that it is just; for a great many, if

not most writers encourage a contrary belief, and think that till the coming of our Saviour these Oracles existed, and were the real inspirations of some unseen power. There is little doubt that those who delivered as well as those who received the predictions, believed in the inspiration. We proceed to give our readers an account of the manner in which that of Apollo at Delphos was consulted, which will serve as a specimen of all the rest; this being the most famous, the most accredited, and the most resorted to of all antiquity.

It was necessary for those who came to the temple to consult the Oracle, to bring some splendid present for the god, by which means the riches in these temples became immense. The time for consulting the Deity was at first only one month in the year, on the seventh day; but it was afterwards extended to one day in every month. The applicant had first to offer some sacrifices to the god, and if the omens drawn from these sacrifices were bad, the Priestess refused to consult the god. This Priestess, a woman of a certain age and condition selected for the purpose, and plainly appareled, was called Pythia. When the previous ceremonies had been performed, Pythia washed herself in the fountain Castalis at the foot of the Parnassus, shook the laurel-tree that grew by the side, sometimes tasting of its leaves, and crowned herself with a garland of its bows: this done, she placed herself on the famous Tripod, or Tripus, to wait for the inspiration she expected. What this Tripod was is altogether an undecided point: some think it was a brass pot filled with dust, from whence the miraculous vapour was conveyed; others that it was filled with pebbles, by the movement of which she learned the mind of the deity; and some that it was large enough to plunge herself into it. More probably it was a table or seat on which she leaned, being called Tripod because it had three feet. As soon as she received or fancied the divine inspiration, she began to foam at the mouth, rending her hair and flesh like one in violent frenzy. This paroxysm was

sometimes so terriffick as to frighten away the priests and those who came to consult her: but it was in the midst of the frenzy the Pythia delivered the answer of Apollo to the inquiries made of him, which were to be put in as few words as possible, and were answered by the Priestess in verse. Such was the Oracle of Delphos—there were many others in different countries, something varying in their mode of delivering the inspiration, but in purport the same. Without consulting these Oracles no enterprise, warlike or pacific, was undertaken. Those questions and replies which referred to great publick events are alone left upon record; but doubtless from the quantity of business the priests found, and the immense riches accumulated in these temples, questions of individual and domestic concernment were equally referred to the decision of the god. With a better creed, we might wish that some other persons joined as firm a faith—for though men who worship the one true and living God know assuredly that he has determined all things and can alone direct them to their good, and would by his influence on their minds direct them, though not in words oracular, show a disposition in their difficulties and doubts to consult every thing and every body rather than their God.

It was to rescue this famous temple and its tempting riches from the hands of invaders that Solon advised the expedition against the city of Cirrha, and returned successful. The Athenians were at this time in a very distracted condition. From the badness of their laws and their irregular administration, the poorer class of people had become so much involved in debts to the richer, that they were compelled to sell both themselves and their children to slavery; others were obliged to banish themselves from their country to avoid the oppression of their creditors. From this disordered state the Athenians looked to the wisdom of Solon to deliver them, and would have made him king, had he not refused to assume that dignity. All the offices of a king,

however, he fulfilled, and conferred on his people every benefit wisdom and assiduity could devise. He in some way cancelled the debts existing between the rich and poor, and abolished all the severe laws of Draco, excepting those which related to murder. He then divided the people into four classes, according to their possessions, but the lowest, though not admitted to an office, had each one a vote in the general assembly. He raised the dignity of the court of Areopagus, a sort of magistracy established long before, by enacting that none should belong to it but those who had been Archons; and he established a Senate consisting of a hundred persons from each of the four tribes or classes of the people.

This done, Solon provided a code of laws for the Athenians—the origin, perhaps, of many laws existent amongst us: for it was from these the Romans in after ages modelled theirs; and from the Romans the civil law has been received throughout Europe. Among many wise enactments there were some that appear to us sufficiently curious. Among the most extraordinary was a statute that required every individual on pain of banishment, to take one side or other in times of discord or publick dissention; the motive of such a strange injunction must undoubtedly have been, to bring dissensions to speedier issue by obliging the wise and peaceful to take part in them. He ordained that none should speak evil of the dead, and made severe laws against calumny in general. It was impossible to enact rules against the feeling of anger, but the publick expression of it was forbidden.

Before this time every man's possessions descended of course to his heirs; but Solon gave the citizens power to leave their property as they pleased by will, provided they were not under the influence even of persuasion. An heiress was obliged, if required, to marry her nearest relation. Among other curious enactments respecting women, we find it forbidden for a woman when she travelled to carry with her more than three gowns, or to

have the pannier that contained her luggage above a certain size; neither might she travel by night, unless in a chariot with torches. There was a law, borrowed probably from the Egyptians, against idleness; and a child was released from all obligations to keep his parents in age, unless his parents had brought him up to some employment; in other cases a man was esteemed infamous who refused to maintain his parents. Theft was sometimes punished with death, on other occasions by fines. An Archon who was found drunk was to suffer death, as having degraded the magistracy in the eyes of the people. Indeed, throughout the laws of Solon, the crimes of those in authority were to be more promptly and severely punished than those of ordinary persons. He provided that the children of those who were slain in the service of the state should be maintained at the publick expence till they were twenty years of age. It is remarkable that Solon made very few laws relating to religion. He prevailed on the Athenians to ratify his edicts for a hundred years; and engraving them, a part on wood and a part on stone, placed them where they might be examined by the people at their pleasure.

The citizens of Athens were those only whose parents were both Athenian, and they do not appear at any time to have been more than twenty thousand; the remaining population being either sojourners or slaves. The state of slavery, unnatural as it is, and contrary to every sense of justice and humanity, was at this time universal in the world, and in Athens very severe, even under the wise laws of Solon. Slaves were entirely the property of their masters, to be treated according to their pleasure: they might be branded with letters in the forehead or elsewhere; they might not be called by honourable names, or cut their hair, or wear their clothes like their masters, and were prohibited from worshipping some of the deities. Yet even these were in some respects better off than in other parts of Greece; for they might find the means of purchasing their freedom, which the master

was obliged to grant them, if they could pay a small premium. In every age and under every state of society, we remark the universality of this custom of enslaving one part of mankind to the supreme will of the other, by whom they were treated as beings of a different order, and little better than the meanest animals kept to serve their pleasure. Possibly the first slaves became so by their own act: reduced by idleness or misfortune to the extreme of poverty, they probably sold their persons, rights, and services, for the sake of preserving an existence they found no other means of supporting. So far, a voluntary bargain can scarcely be called an oppression: but from selling their own miserable existence, they proceeded to sell their children and their captured enemies; and long ere this it had in most countries become lawful to seize and sell to slavery a man and all his family for debts that he could not liquidate. Those who were born of slaves were their master's property, and by these means generations were doomed to a condition they had neither deserved nor consented to, as had their forefathers. Natural justice seems never to have revolted at this cruelty: but it is more hard to think of it as subsisting under the clearer light of Christianity.

It was the business of the general Assembly in Athens to choose magistrates, to hear all proposals for the public good, receive foreign ambassadors, and settle the affairs of religion. In this every citizen had a vote, and every one above thirty years of age might speak his sentiments. They voted by casting beans or pebbles into a vessel.

The Senate, as we have observed, consisted of four hundred persons chosen out of the different tribes. Before they took their seats they underwent a very strict examination, and their whole course of life was inquired into; if the least stain was found on their reputation, they were rejected. Each senator was paid a drachm a day for his services. It was their business to propose laws to the people, to punish crime, inspect the magis-

tracy, manage the fleet, and various other important offices.

The highest court was the Areopagus, composed of those who had been Archons. A senator in this court was a member for life, unless he was guilty of any immorality, for which he was immediately expelled: to laugh in this court was an unpardonable offence, and the members were forbidden by law to write a comedy: if an Archon was seen sitting in a publick-house, it was sufficient to prevent his admission. These Areopagites had great power; they could reverse the sentence of the people, had the management of the publick funds, and the direction of youth, for which reason they were present at all marriages and sacrifices, to preserve order and propriety. They had the power of punishing idleness; and for this purpose might summon any one before them, and examine him as to what he expended, and how he procured it. All sorts of impiety, and things relating to the worship of the gods came under the inspection of this assembly, which always sate in the open air, and decided all causes in the dark, that their feelings might not be influenced by the appearance of the plaintiff or defendant.

The Archons were chosen by lot, but had then to undergo an examination as to their descent and property, whether they had been dutiful to their parents, served a certain time in war, and were perfect in all their limbs. They then took this curious oath—"I will be punctual in the observance of the laws, and if I am deficient in this respect, I will for every such default consecrate a statue of gold as big as myself to the Delphian Apollo."—Under these Archons were a variety of magistrates of different ranks—among the rest and much distinguished in history, were the Orators, who received payment from the state, for speaking in publick. Many qualifications were necessary for this office: no man was to be an Orator who had struck his parents or denied them main-

tenance, out-run his patrimony, or refused to serve in the army, and if any not qualified should presume to make an oration, he was to be brought to trial on the spot.

Solon having thus settled the affairs of his native city, left it for many years to visit other countries. He travelled to the court of Egypt, to Lydia, where he conferred with Croesus, and to various cities and islands of Greece. In his absence dissensions arose among the great men of the city, of whom Pisistratus and Megacles were chief. The return of the now aged legislator for a time stayed their tumults; but Pisistratus by his eloquence or other means, gained so much influence over this versatile people as to rule them at his pleasure; some say he even assumed the sovereignty. Solon in consequence left Athens and returned to it no more. At what age this great man died is uncertain—some have said fourscore, others upwards of a hundred: equally uncertain is the place of his decease.

It was during Solon's legislation that Thespis, the supposed inventor of tragedy, introduced it at Athens. Solon went to see this new amusement, and after the performance was over, addressed himself to Thespis in these words—"I wonder you are not ashamed of telling lies before so great an audience." Thespis replied there could be no great harm in giving a specious form to falsehood, so that it were in jest. "Ah!" cried Solon, striking his staff on the ground, "if once we are pleased with your falsehoods in jest, we shall soon have them creep into our more serious affairs." We are not aware that there is any earlier mention of theatrical amusements.

We cannot affix an exact date to Solon's death—but as the usurpation of authority by Pisistratus was in B.C. 560—it must be of later date than the period to which we are bringing up our history, not very many years distant from the time of Nebuchadnezzar's death in Babylon, B.C. 562.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

(Continued from page 22.)

IT is not difficult to imagine how adverse to the feelings of such a man as Leighton must be the harsh and injudicious measures adopted in Scotland against a people prepared and resolved to endure every thing, rather than yield up a contest in which they believed their present interests and eternal welfare were at stake. The spirit of meekness and gentleness that could not be provoked to anger, even when wrong was offered, was the most striking characteristic of this holy man: and it did not forsake him when compelled to act with persons whose temper and designs were directly opposed to his own. Submission to God and forbearance towards man are ever the language of his heart—"Let men judge us, and revile us as they please," he writes, "that imports nothing at all; but God forbid that any thing should possess our hearts but He that loved us, and gave himself for us; for we know we cannot be vessels of honour meet for the Master's use, unless we purge ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and empty our hearts of all things besides him, and even of ourselves and our own will, and have no more any desires or delights, but his will alone and his glory which is our peace, and our life and our all. And truly I think it were our best and wisest reflection, upon the many difficulties and discouragements without us, to be driven by them to live more within; as they observe of bees, that when it is foul weather abroad, they are busy in their hives. If the power of external discipline be enervated in our hands, yet who can hinder us to try, and judge, and censure ourselves; and to purge the inner temples, our own hearts, with the more severity and exactness? And if we be dashed and bespattered with reproaches abroad,

to study to be the cleaner at home: and the less we find of meekness and charity in the world about us, to preserve so much the more of that sweet temper within our own hearts; blessing them that curse us, and praying for them that persecute us: so shall we most effectually prove ourselves to be the children of our Heavenly Father, even to their conviction, that will scarce allow us, in any sense, to be called his servants. As for the confusions and contentions that still abound and increase in this Church, and threaten to undo it, I think our wisdom shall be, to cease from man, and look for no help till we look more upwards, and dispute and discourse less, and fast and pray more; and so draw down our relief from the God of order and peace, who made the heavens and the earth."

A spirit thus severe upon itself and leniently forbearing towards all beside, could not retaliate on the Presbyterians he was sent to oppose, even the illiberality he encountered from them—for however we may feel for them as at that time the oppressed, and for the bishops as the oppressive party, it is certain that at least an equal share of bigotry and uncharitable bitterness was betrayed on the side of the Presbyterians. That the publick conduct of Leighton agreed with his character and private sentiments, we find by historical record—Burnet says, "At that time Leighton was prevailed on to go to court, and to give the king a true account of the proceedings in Scotland; which he said were so violent, that he could not concur in the planting the Christian religion itself in such a manner, much less a form of government: he therefore begged leave to quit his bishopric, and to retire; for he thought he was in some sort accessory to the violences done by others, since he was one of them, and all was pretended to be done to establish them and their order. There were indeed no violences committed in his diocese; he went round it continually every year, preaching and catechising from parish to parish. He continued in his private and ascetic course of life, and

gave all his income, beyond the small expense of his own person, to the poor; he studied to raise in his clergy a greater sense of spiritual matters, and the care of souls; and was in all respects a burning and a shining light, highly esteemed by the greater part of his diocese; even the Presbyterians were much mollified, if not quite overcome by his mild and heavenly course of life. The king seemed touched with the state that the country was in; he spoke very severely of Sharp; and assured Leighton he would quickly come to other measures, and put a stop to those violent methods; but he would by no means suffer him to quit his bishopric. So the king gave orders that the ecclesiastical commission should be discontinued; and signified his pleasure that another way of proceeding was necessary in his affairs.

But Charles was under the influence of worse counsels—new provocations were offered to the Scots, and new insurrections excited. In one of those the resolute Covenanters met the king's forces on Pentland Hill. "Their ministers did all they could by preaching and praying, to infuse courage into them: and they sung the 74th and the 78th Psalms; and so they turned on the king's forces: they received the first charge that was given by the king's guard very resolutely, and put them in disorder; but that was all the action; for immediately they lost all order and ran for their lives. It was now dark; about forty were killed on the spot, and a hundred and thirty were taken. The rest were favoured by the darkness of the night, and the weariness of the king's troops, that were not in case to pursue them, and had no great heart to it; for they were a poor, harmless company of men, become mad by oppression; and they had taken nothing during all the time they had been together, but what had been freely given them by the country people."

The prisoners on this occasion were put to death; some even to torture, in hope to make them betray others of their party. One Maccail was put to the torture, which in Scotland was called the Boots:" for they put a pair

of iron boots close on the leg, and drove wedges between these and the leg. He bore the torture with great constancy: and either he could say nothing, or he had the firmness not to discover those that trusted him. Every man of them could have saved his own life, if he would accuse any other; but they were all true to their friends. Maccail, for all the pains of the torture, died in a rapture of joy: his last words were 'Farewell sun, moon, and stars—farewell kindred and friends—farewell world and time—farewell weak and frail body—welcome eternity—welcome angels and saints—welcome Saviour of the world, and welcome God, the Judge of all:' which he spoke with a voice and manner that struck all that heard it." This is a specimen of the spirit of the Covenanters and of the treatment they received. The ill success of these severities, did at last induce or oblige the king to more moderate measures, and Leighton, the only bishop in Scotland who acceded to them, was allowed to attempt a conciliation with the Presbyterians. Every thing fair and reasonable was offered them, and their obstinacy and prejudice were placed in the strongest light. Whatever was yielded to them they said was a snare, and of whatever was denied them they made a point of conscience. When a number of their expelled ministers, to whom while in disgrace they listened eagerly, were allowed to return to their churches, they called them the king's curates, and refused to listen to them.

Leighton was at this time made Archbishop of Glasgow, but it was a year after before he consented to be translated thither. He came upon this to Glasgow and held a synod of his clergy, in which nothing was to be heard but complaints of desertion from them all. Leighton in a sermon that he preached to them, and in several discourses, both in public and private, exhorted them to look up more to God: to consider themselves as the ministers of the cross of Christ; to bear the contempt and ill-usage they met with as a cross laid on them for the exercise of their faith and patience; to lay aside all

the appetites of revenge ; to humble themselves before God ; to have many days for secret fasting and prayers ; and to meet often together, that they might quicken and assist one another in those holy exercises ; and then they might expect blessing from Heaven upon their labours. This was a new strain to the clergy : they had nothing to say against it ; but it was a comfortless doctrine to them ; they had not been accustomed to it. No speedy ways were proposed for forcing the people to come to church, nor for sending soldiers among them, or raising the fines to which they were liable : so they went home as little edified with their new bishop as he was with them. When this was over, he went round some parts of the country, to the most eminent of the indulged ministers (the Presbyterians restored to their churches) : his business was to persuade them to hearken to propositions of peace : he told them some of them would be quickly sent for to Edinburgh, where terms would be offered them, in order to the making up our differences : all was sincerely meant ; they would meet with no artifices nor hardships : and if they received those offers heartily, they would be turned into laws, and all the vacancies then in the Church would be filled by their brethren. They received this with so much indifference, or rather neglect, that it would have cooled any zeal that was less warm, and less active, than that good man's was. They were scarce civil ; and did not so much as thank him for his tenderness and care." So little acceptable to either party in that contentious age was the peaceful and chastened spirit of this holy man.

Notwithstanding these discouragements, Leighton pursued his task of peace making, and inviting the Presbyterians to a conference, again made them equitable and conciliatory offers. He sent into the western counties six of the most eminent divines, of whom Burnet was one, to persuade the people to accommodate. He says "The people of the country came generally to hear us, though not in great crowds. We were indeed amazed to see a poor commonalty so capable of arguing

upon points of government, and on the bounds to be set to the power of princes in matters of religion: upon all these topics they had texts of scripture at hand, and were ready with their answers to anything that was said to them. This measure of knowledge was spread even among the meanest of them, their cottagers and their servants. They were indeed vain of their knowledge, much conceited of themselves, and were full of a most entangled scrupulosity; so that they found or made difficulties, in every thing that could be laid before them. We staid about three months in the country, and in that time there was a stand in the frequency of conventicles; but as soon as we were gone, a set of those hot preachers went round all the places in which we had been, to defeat all the good we could hope to do: they told them the devil was never so formidable as when he was transformed into an angel of light."

Leighton still earnestly pursuing his object, held several more conferences with the heads of the Presbyterians, and made propositions for the amicable arrangement of their differences. But it is impossible to satisfy those who are determined beforehand to treat all opposition as oppressive and all concession as treacherous. Burnet says—"We had long conferences with them. Leighton laid out before them the obligations that lay on them to seek for peace at all times, but more especially when we already saw the dismal effects of our contentions: there could be no agreement, unless on both sides there was a disposition to make some abatements and some steps towards one another; it appeared that we were willing to make even unreasonable ones on our side—and would they abate nothing in theirs? Was their opinion so mathematically certain, that they could not dispense with any part of it, for the peace of the Church and for the saving of souls? Many poor things were said on their side, which would have made a less mild man than he was lose all patience: but he bore with all." The Archbishop's endeavours, endurance, and his efforts, were equally vain;

the Presbyterians would make no compromise with Episcopacy.

The next scheme for allaying the tumults of the nation, was to restore the ejected Presbyterian ministers, who were now holding conventicles all over the country, and place them two in each parish—"Leighton compared this to the gathering the coals that were scattered over the house, setting it all on fire, into the chimney where they might burn away safely." This was not effectually done, and the conventicles went on as before.

"Sharp and his instruments took occasion from this to complain that the Church was ruined by Leighton's means; and indeed the remissness of government was such, that there was great cause of complaint. Great numbers met in the fields: men went to those meetings with such arms as they had: and we were blamed for all this. It was said that things went so far beyond what a principle of moderation could suggest, that he did certainly design to ruin and overturn the constitution. Leighton upon all this concluded he could do no good on either side: he had gained no ground on the Presbyterians, and was suspected and hated by the Episcopal party: so he resolved to retire from all publick employments, and to spend the remainder of his days in a corner, far from noise and business, and to give himself wholly to prayer and meditation, since he could not carry on his great designs of healing and reforming the Church, on which he had set his heart. He had gathered together many instances out of church history, of bishops that had left their sees, and retired from the world: and was much pleased with these. He and I had many discourses on this argument. I thought a man ought to be determined by the providence of God, and to continue in the station he was in, though he could not do all the good in it that he had proposed to himself: he might do good in a private way by his example, and by his labours, more than he himself could know: and as a man ought to submit to sickness, poverty, or other afflictions, when they are

laid on him by the hand of Providence; so I thought the labouring without success was indeed a very great trial of patience; yet such labouring in an ungrateful employment was a cross, and so was to be borne with submission; and that a great uneasiness under that, or the forsaking a station because of it, might be the effect of secret pride, and an indignation against Providence: he, on the other hand, said his work seemed to be at an end. He had no more to do, unless he had a mind to please himself with the lazy enjoyment of a good revenue: so he could not be wrought on by all that could be laid before him; but followed Duke Lauderdale to court, and begged leave to retire from his archbishopric. The Duke would by no means consent to this: so he desired that he might be allowed to do it within a year. Duke Lauderdale thought so much time was gained: so to be rid of his importunities, he moved the king to promise him, that if he did not change his mind, he would, within the year, accept his resignation. He came back much pleased with what he had obtained; and said to me upon it, there was now but one uneasy stage between him and rest, and he would wrestle through it the best he could." We may well believe how little a good revenue or earthly honours would be objects of ambition to a man who elsewhere writes, and proved ever that he felt it, "Certainly, a great part of the troubling cares of men relate merely to things that are such as have no necessity in them, but what our disordered desires create, nor truly any real good in them, but what our fancy puts on them. Some are indeed forced to labour hard for their daily bread; but undoubtedly a great deal of the sweat and toil of the greatest of men is about unnecessaries. Such an estate, so much by the year, such a place, so much honour and esteem, and rank in the world; these are the things that make some slaves to the humours of others whom they court, and place their dependance on, for these ends; and those, possibly, to whom they are so enthralled, are themselves at as little liberty, but captivated to the hu-

mours of some others, either above them, or that being below them, may give accession and furtherance to their ends of enrichment, advancement, and popularity. Men set on these things forge necessities to themselves, and make vain things as necessary as food and raiment, resolving that they will have them, or fall in the chace, being wilfully and unavoidably set on them. And this is the first thing indeed to be looked to, that our desires and cares be brought to a due compass; and what would we have? Do we think contentment lies in so much and no less? Alas! when that is attained, it shall appear as far off as before. When children are at the foot of a high hill, they think it reaches to the heavens; and yet if they were there, they find themselves as far off as before, at least not sensibly nearer. Men think, Oh! had I this, I were well; and when it is reached, it is but an advanced standing to look higher, and spy out for some other thing. We are indeed children in this, to think the good of our estate is in the greatness, and not in the fitness of it for us. He were a fool that would have his clothes so; and think the bigger and longer they were, they would please him the better. And certainly as in apparel; so in place and estate, and all our outward things, their good lies not in their greatness, but their fitness for us: as our Saviour tells us expressly, that 'man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesses.'—Luke xii. 19. Think you great and rich persons live more content? believe it not. If they will deal freely they can tell you the contrary; that there is nothing but a show in them; and that great estates and places have great griefs and cares attending them; as shadows are proportioned to their bodies. So then, I say, this is first to be regulated; all childish, vain, needless cares are to be discharged, and as being unfit to cast on thy God, are to be quite cast out of thy heart. Entertain no care, at all but such as thou mayest put into God's hands, and make his on thy behalf; such he will take off thy hand, and undertake for thee."

REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Behold he taketh away, who can hinder him?—JOB ix.12.

AND who, but they whom self-will has made stupid, would desire to hinder? The watchful parent takes from his child the thing with which he might amuse himself to his own injury. So God from his misjudging child in pity takes away the dangerous gift, of which the possession might work him ill. But alas! the indocile child resists the deprivation, as if it were some injury done him—he would at all risks keep his plaything, for little else is this world's good at best, and take all consequences rather than be deprived of it. Will our Father yield to us? No, if he loves us, surely not. What should we say of the parent who yielding to his children's tears, would leave in their hands the things that might destroy them? What could we say but that he loved them not? O then when He in heaven hears not our cries and regards not our weepings, and resists our entreaties, let us not say he loves us not. Nay rather give it—he taketh away, let us not attempt to hinder. It is true we cannot—for he is too strong for us: what he will take, he will take whether we will yield or not—but this is not sufficient. Submission is forced, but why not acquiesce? When by some threatening providence he says, “I must take from thee that thing thou lovest”—why hang back, and say “I cannot part from it?—It must be parted from perhaps for thine own safety—Would it not be rather wise to say—“Behold, for I will not hinder?” Surely he loves a cheerful giver, one who yields not grudgingly and of necessity—gives up cheerfully what is demanded of him, though it were the delight of his eyes and the beloved of his bosom; and not with grudging unwillingness because he must, but with entire acquiescence because he feels it good, submits to his providence and does not call it

hard. Man says "I cannot part from it, and cannot do without it"—God says "you cannot keep it." Ah! cease the foolish contest. Who can hinder Him? And who but madmen would? Total strangers to the consequences of every thing, as an infant to the sharp edge of the glittering blade he grasps, our Father does but kindly to force it from our hold, and we do only madly to complain that it is wrested from us, and murmur over that as loss which is no more than rescue.

Celui qui séduit lui-même son cœur n'a qu'une vaine religion.—1 JAC. v. 26.

LES gens qui étoient éloignés de Dieu se croyent bien près de lui dès qu'ils commencent à faire quelques pas pour s'en rapprocher. Les hommes les plus polis et les plus éclairés ont là-dessus la même ignorance et la même grossièreté qu'un paysan qui croiroit être bien à la cour parce qu'il auroit vu le roi. On quitte les vices qui font horreur; on se retranche dans une vie moins criminelle, mais toujours lâche, mondaine, et dissipée: on juge alors de soi, non par l'évangile, qui est l'unique règle qu'on doit prendre, mais par la comparaison qu'on fait de la vie où l'on est avec celle qu'on a menée autrefois. Il n'en faut pas davantage pour se canoniser soi-même, et pour s'endormir d'un profond sommeil sur tout ce qui resteroit à faire pour le salut. Un tel état est peut-être plus suspect, qu'un désordre scandaleux. Ce désordre troubleroit la conscience, réveilleroit la foi, et engageroit à faire quelque grand effort: au lieu que ce changement ne sert qu'à étouffer les remords salutaires, qu'à établir une fausse paix dans le cœur, et qu'à rendre les maux irrémédiables.

Je me suis confessé, dites vous, assez exactement des foiblesses de ma vie passée; je lis de bons livres, et je prie Dieu, ce me semble, d'assez bon cœur. J'évite au moins les grands péchés; mais j'avoue que je ne me sens pas assez touché pour vivre comme si je n'étois plus du monde, et pour ne plus garder de mesures

avec lui. La religion seroit trop rigoureuse, si elle rejetoit de si honnêtes tempéramens. Tous les raffinemens qu'on nous propose aujourd'hui sur la dévotion vont trop loin, et sont plus propres à décourager qu'à faire aimer le bien. Ce discours est celui d'un Chrétien lâche, qui voudroit avoir le paradis à vil prix, et qui ne considère pas ce qui est dû à Dieu, ni ce que sa possession a coûté à ceux qui l'ont obtenue. Un homme de ce caractère est bien loin d'une entière conversion. Il ne connoit, ni l'étendue de la loi de Dieu, ni les devoirs de la pénitence. On peut croire que si Dieu lui avoit confié le soin de composer l'évangile, il ne l'auroit pas fait tel qu'il est, et nous aurions assurément quelque chose de plus doux pour l'amour-propre. Mais l'évangile est immuable, et c'est sur lui que nous devons être jugés. Prenez au plutôt un guide sûr, et ne craignez rien tant que d'être flatté et trompé.

FENELON.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.—PSALM civ. 34.

STRANGELY, in the ears of the thoughtless and the ungodly, sounds the language of a devoted spirit. Say our hearts thus—"My meditation of him shall be sweet?" Of him who takes note of every movement of my soul, and loathes and abhors the faintest touch of evil, and has the power and has the will to destroy what he abhors and to punish what he loathes? Of him whom I have forgotten, neglected, braved? Can it be sweet to meditate on him? It is sweet to meditate on things we love, on things we delight in—on those from whom we expect benefit, and from whom we have deserved it. But how can it be sweet to a sinner to meditate on his God, the great obstacle to his safety and his happiness, without whom he might indulge his propensities and be at rest for the consequence? This is impossible—while there is a debt uncanceled between us and our God, it cannot be sweet to us to think of him: conscience will never be

so stupified, as to leave gladness in our hearts when the avenger of sin is thought of. It must be a very altered state of mind in which this language of the Psalmist is understood and honestly repeated; and it is wonder that men unreconciled to God, do not perceive in reading the Scripture how unsuited to them is the language it puts into their mouths. Surely if they did perceive, they would not go forward so unconcernedly, without pausing to examine why that which must be truth in itself, being the word of God, is not the truth of them. Rather would they exclaim, "Sweet to meditate on God? It is so terriffick I dare not think of him lest it scare my mind to madness. There must be something wrong in this." Yes, and there is wrong—and so long as it remains thus, God and you are of different minds, and he is not your friend, or at least he has not avowed himself as such: for on a friend who loves us we delight to meditate. There is need then of a change; such change as may make the mention of God musick to your ear and gladness to your heart, and the thought of him the sweetest solace of your troubled spirit. This may be so. It is so in heaven, and it is so far so on earth as man is reconciled to his once offended Maker. Whatever be the sense of sin, it is sweet to think that God will subdue it—whatever be the fear of judgment, it is sweet to think that God will avert it. In sorrow, in shame, in temporal and spiritual danger, in time and through all eternity, a devoted spirit has gladness in the Lord, gladness that cannot be found in any thing beside.

But ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.—

JOHN xiv. 19.

As the absence of Christ during the time of his burial, being only three days, was but a little while in respect of the Apostles: so with respect to ourselves, it is but a little while to the end of our life, or even to the end of the world—for every thing passes away as a dream, a shadow, or a flash of lightning. It is a matter of great import-

dour, in the full-dress garb with which taste, and industry, and wealth had clothed her, yet decked in no other beauties than her own. My mind became occupied with admiring, that He who had made a world so beautiful that nothing could be wanting to it, had yet left to its inhabitants the means of improving it, and adding to its charms—for doubtless, even in Eden, it was the business of man to train and beautify what nature made: and now that it has become his harder task to humour the sometimes unwilling soil, and provide against a capricious climate, a mass of the most exquisite materials remain to him, and his toil and care are repaid by every combination of beauty taste can suggest and skill accomplish. While I was thinking all this—one may think a great many wise things in less time than one can say them—and not regarding where I walked, I set my foot upon some low thistles, negligently left upon the path, and while it tingled from their thorns, felt very much inclined to upbraid the thistles that grew where thistles should not, and the gardener that did not dig them up, and the master that did not keep a better gardener. But why did that excite surprise, and almost indignation here, which some short space before did not awaken so much as a reflection?

The world is a wide wilderness. Things good and excellent are strangely mixed in it with corruptions the vilest and the basest. The most enormous crimes crowd round and stifle the most generous feelings. Natural virtues, the broken outlines of that image once impressed upon the heart of man, now indistinct, and faint, and almost gone, are found in such base company, that it is true of nations as of individuals, that on the most brilliant character is marked the foulest spots. We have but to read the history of men in their natural state to learn that this has been so—we have but to study the lives and characters of persons under no other influence than that of natural feeling, to be assured it is so still. But in this wilderness there is a garden made, which he who made it surely takes pleasure in. He has fenced it round, he has

gathered out the stones from it, he has planted it with the choicest vines. Separated from an idolatrous, self-adoring world, drawn round, as it were, with the compass of his most holy word, even as far as the light of his truth has in its spirit reached, the Redeemer has appropriated to himself a people under the appellation of Christians, to worship him, and love him, and as far as in their weak humanity they may, to follow in his footsteps. He has left this fair garden under no ordinary culture: well, indeed, he knows that the soil he made it from is ever what it was, disposed to bear the briar and the thorn that choke the goodly produce of his care. But what could have been done more for it, that he has not done? The mid-day of the Gospel truth shines on it; the most holy precepts and most sanctifying doctrines are shewn forth in it. Like the light dews of the morning that fall we see not whence, the Holy Spirit sheds its influence on the heart—the sweetest hopes and richest promises are whispered abroad for our encouragement. The result is in some respects, what we might expect it should be. It is true that sin springs up every hour in the corrupted bosom, but it is not left to flourish there unchecked; a purer morality takes place of nature's blindness, a stronger principle comes in aid of nature's weakness. Have we not reason then to be more startled and more concerned, if in our walkings through this cultured ground, we meet with wrongs that surely should not flourish there? Is it there we must be cautious of the thistles and the briars that prick and entangle us at every step, and walk as insecurely as among those who know no better guidance than their own perverted will?

It should not be so; but it is so, in one respect at least—there is one evil to which Christianity puts no stop; even real, vital, spiritual religion, as far as I have seen, puts no stop to it; with some few, very few individual exceptions.

So much I have said in introduction, the better to excuse the earnest offence I have taken against what is

commonly treated as a jest. To say I listened is superfluous here; for whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, it is impossible to escape the sound—Slander, Evil speaking—what shall I call it, for it has many names? From one end of society to the other, among the grave and the gay, the wise and the foolish, where shall you escape? You might as well live upon the ocean's edge, and say you will not list the breaking of the waters. We must hear it, and we have heard it so long that I fear we have lost all idea of guilt attached to it. And most of all I fear that our children cannot escape the infection, but must grow up with the same habits of doing insensibly and without reflection what their mothers and grandmothers have done before them. It is for their sakes, if not directly addressed to them, I have chosen the subject—the thistle may be eradicated when it first springs up; but let it root itself, let it get firm possession of the soil, and the task becomes difficult, if not impossible.

Evil speaking—I prefer that word to others, because it includes truth as well as falsehood—pervades every sort of society; the only variation is in the different sorts of things people amuse themselves with saying of each other. In a frivolous, fashionable, polite circle, I observe it has regard to things external—to the persons, fortunes, pedigree, and connexions of its subjects. Somebody's grandfather was something that he should not have been, or at least that he had rather not have been if he could have helped it. Somebody has by no means so much fortune as they seem to have, and some are guilty of having lived more years than any body supposes. Those who sing cannot sing, and those who dance cannot dance, and somebody's nose is the wrong shape, and somebody's hair is the wrong colour, and one lady's diamonds are paste, and another lady's plate is borrowed—one is ostentatious because she talks too wisely, another is weak because she talks too foolishly. I am sure and so do they—but it all amounts to nothing; and saving the loss of time and words, I do not think there is much harm done:

for no one charges the other with any wrong, precisely because they do not care whether she commits it or not—their estimate of evil, makes their evil speaking idle rather than injurious,

In a society a little more rational, as if the rank weed flourished better the better were the soil, it is the character, the conduct, the vital interests of life that are invaded. Every fault exposed, every luckless word repeated, thoughts, motives, and feelings ascribed, where the plain act was all that could be known—this is bad enough; for it loosens the bonds of kindness between man and man, it excites prejudices and suspicions, wounds the feelings and affects the earthly interests—but this is not the worst. There is a sort of society we usually call religious, or serious society—company, that is, from which the mention of God and our eternal interests is not excluded as ungenteel discourse, nor shunned as a melancholy topick, where right and wrong are what God approves and disapproves; where when earth is spoken of heaven is not forgotten, and when wrong is mentioned, sin before God is meant. Is it possible the weed can flourish here? Alas! it is here it has its most bitter, its most cruel growth—for the subjects of slander here are life and death—eternal life and death eternal. The sinner whom God spares and waits for, a fellow-sinner scoffs at and despises—the stain that Jesus washes with his tears, a fellow-sinner eagerly exposes—the penitent bosom that Heaven has comforted, has every wound made to bleed afresh by the taunts and the whispers of his fellows. They whom for their Saviour's sake the Father has declared he will not judge, on earth are more hardly judged than any, by those who stand with them alike condemned and alike obtaining mercy. The errors and inconsistencies the Almighty bears with, men pronounce at once to be decisive. The axe which mercy has suspended yet another and another year, and Jesus in heaven perhaps is even now entreating should be withheld another year to that, man would lay instantly to the root of the

unfruitful tree. Do we say that no real Christian does so? Real Christians—God forbid that I should think them otherwise!—say it—and if their words be so adverse to their meaning, as I am fain to hope they are, is it not time they were better agreed?

We are not here speaking of what these who say it know to be false—that is a crime that bears another name, and though under one false colouring and another, it veils its blackness oftener than it should, no one under its right name will venture to defend it. We have spoken of this elsewhere. Our subject is of that manner of Evil speaking in which we believe what we say to be true. People are apt to think there is no harm in saying what we know to be true: but let them be aware, that the things we know, are very, very few indeed—what we think, believe, conjecture, or hear, we can by no means be said to know. I may know that a person did such an act, or said such a word—in saying that he did so, therefore, I cannot risk a falsehood: but if I add one thing more, if I ascribe a motive, a cause, an intention, a feeling to that word or deed, I cannot know that what I say is truth, for these are things that can be certainly known but to God himself. And if I speak against another in their character and disposition—I may have very good grounds for my decision, and the best I can have; but it does not amount to knowledge. For instance—I hear a person say one thing to-day and the contrary to-morrow, and I presume myself justified in saying she is false and insincere. By no means—it may arise from an instability of character, a rapid transition of feeling, or uncertainty of judgment, which though a great weakness, is not the vice with which I charged her. We know that the same disease will not show itself by the same symptoms in different constitutions, neither do resembling symptoms always imply a similar disease. So the act that with us would be the result of one feeling, in another mind may be the result of a very different one. And alas! we do not even know our own hearts; we are deceived in every

movement, in every motive and affection of our bosoms—How then can we persuade ourselves we know what is passing in another.

But suppose our evil speaking be truth, certain, indisputable truth. Are we justified? Say first, whether you have never done the thing you desire to conceal—never said the thing you would blush to hear it repeated—never thought the thought you would not for worlds that any one should read. If never, then go and tell the worst you know, say the worst you think of all around you. There is One in heaven who knows: He has said, with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again—but never mind, zealous propagator of the truth—go on to tear away the veil with which your neighbour tries to hide his faults—the time is not quite come, when if some one veils not yours, the rocks and the mountains will not serve you for a covering, and truth will be sufficient to prove you deserving of everlasting misery.

Yet is this not all. God is taking account of something mortals overlook. What was your motive for that injurious truth you told this morning? For that remark you made to another's prejudice, too true to be disputed? You will say you had no bad motive: but did you consider before you spoke whether you had or not? It will not do to run a risk in this; while you are keeping the register of others' faults with so much justice, there is One more just than you, who registers your thoughts and every secret motive of your heart. Jealousy is sin—envy is sin—strife is sin—unkindness, retaliation, anger, hatred, variance, all are sins—nay, evil speaking in itself is declared in holy writ to be so. Will you risk the accumulation of sin upon your soul, and swell the dark catalogue that is against you, for the mere sake of setting the characters of men in their proper light, and undeceiving every body as to their neighbours' actions?

That those who make light of sin in themselves and sport of it in others, should do this, we need not so much wonder: but to return again to those who call themselves

religious, distinctively from a careless and unbelieving world. You know, or pretend to know, the extent of nature's corruption—you bewail before Heaven your inability to conquer it—you declare there is absolutely no good in you, and that the remembrance of your sins is an intolerable burden. How then can you venture to appoint yourselves the judges of your fellow-creatures, and take delight in exposing and talking of their faults! Do you not know the difficulty of conquering one native and deep-rooted sin? Do you not know the tears a Christian sheds in secret for the sins he cannot conquer? Do you not know that the path of life is dangerous and full of temptations, they have not in themselves the power to resist? And yet you go on criticizing, censuring, exposing one another, whispering from house to house of this person's inconsistencies, and that person's neglects, and one should not do this, and another should not say that—Oh! it is little, little indeed, with all your profession, you know of your own hearts, or they would surely find you other work. If you think any one is more undeserving in the sight of God than you are, you have a step downward yet to make, ere you reach the place of safety at your Saviour's feet: and when you come there, whatever God, who reads all hearts, may think, you, who read only your own, will believe that it is worse than any other. And Oh! if you did really know, so well as you profess to do, the agony of conscious sin to one who hates it, you would not by your hard speeches add one feather's weight to the intolerable burden. Would you have mocked at Peter when he denied his Lord? When Paul besought relief for the weakness that exposed him to Satan's influence, and was denied, would you have reproached him with it? Yes, you would—but remember that your Saviour did not.

If such is the evil, where is the remedy? What the best principle cannot exterminate, may seem to admit of none. Take up the thistle before it has taken root too deeply. Where there is not a malicious love of mischief

in the heart, which I trust is very seldom, we speak evil because we always have done so, and because we have always heard it done. Let the young be watchful against the habit, and resist the example. To assist them in this, the first thing is to induce a habit of thinking as well of others as they can; for those who think no evil will say none. You hear something you are disposed to blame—but you may have misconstrued the words; the speaker may have used stronger expressions than he was aware of; he may have regretted them as soon as spoken. Accustom yourself to such reflections as these. You see or are told of an action you disapprove—perhaps there was some reason for it no one knows; some temptation that at least extenuates it; some mistake that led to it. Try to believe so. You are shocked by defects and vices of character in others—say to yourself ere you condemn, some neglect of education, some bad example, some physical disorder or mental imbecility may have caused all this—you will be in no hurry to speak the worst while you are thus endeavouring to think the best; and it will beside keep you in better humour with your fellow-creatures, and consequently more amiable in your deportment towards them. The next thing is to accustom yourself to watch your own actions, and the secret movements of your own heart, and to lay by the account of them. Then when you are disposed to censure, there will come the thought, I once felt that evil passion too; I remember when I committed that same fault; I have not that wrong propensity, but then I have this other which is as bad. This habit will make you humble; and whatever makes you humble, will make you lenient. Another preventative is to store your mind with other matters, and provide yourself with better things to talk about: for it is the want of mental occupation that makes us so busy with other men's matters, and the want of something to say that makes us speak so much evil of each other. This is the reason women are so much more disposed to it than men; and would be a

reason if there were no other, for the solid and extensive cultivation of their minds beyond what their immediate duties may seem to require, and it is a reason why religious young women must not neglect their talents and give up their literary pursuits. And lastly—let those who would resist this habit, consider the difficulties, the dangers, the sorrows, that lie on the path of all to their eternal home—the secret pangs, the untold agonies, the hidden wrongs—thus the heart will grow soft with pity towards our kind. How can I tell what that person suffers? That fault will cost them dear enough without my aid. So will you fear by a hard word to add to that which is too much already, as we shrink from putting the finger on a sore. And lastly, accustom yourselves to entreat Heaven for your fellow-creatures, asking the pardon and forbearance of God towards what is wrong in them—then I am sure you will not be eager to expose and hasty to condemn them. Strenuously accustom yourself to all these things from your childhood upward, and it may be that the disgraceful Thistle will not grow.

LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

*And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain:
and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:
and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:—*
MATTHEW v. 1, 2.

IN making choice of this subject for a course of short and familiar lectures, we are aware of having chosen ground gone over already so often that it must seem there is no more to be said in explanation of it, or in comment upon its sacred precepts and hallowed promises.

We paused a time upon this consideration—but there comes to counterbalance it the recollection that we write principally for those who yet have read but little out of the endless stores of divinity our language has to offer them: some remark of ours may come with the force of novelty on their minds, though as parting from ours, it seems but the echo of what we have read and heard times without number. And if what we write have no novelty in it, it may yet have truths that some, though reading often, as yet have never learned: or of which even they who have learned them longest, may need to be reminded. And where can we find truths so simple, so important, so divine, as in this portion of the sacred Scriptures? But before we proceed to consider of the words, it will be well that we consider whose they were, and where and in what circumstances they first were spoken.

“He went up into a mountain”—Who went up? It is a strange tale indeed that answers to that question. We listen with much deference to the words of men, if we are by any means persuaded of them that they are more than commonly good or wise; and alas! our folly is not unloath to listen sometimes, when they whom we hearken to are neither wise nor good, and can no more than please our fancy or excite our passions. And if these words of wisdom and goodness and persuasion be uttered under strange and unwonted circumstance, if he who utters them stands in some new and fearful predicament, under the immediate impression perhaps of some inward emotion or external ill, with how much added eagerness do men gather up each broken sentence, each accidental word, if they can hear no more, and lay them up in store as some good and precious thing. What man has written, and what man has said, crowds our libraries and feasts our intellects, and leads us hither and thither with an eagerness that bespeaks no common interest in the object of pursuit. We do not speak of this with reprobation. Whatever any one can teach of good,

be we still willing and well-pleased to learn. But all is yet no more than the words of man,—man fallible, mistaken, sinful—ever liable to be misled by his own feelings and prejudices, and biassed by the circumstances that surround him.

Different, new and strange was the situation of Him who went up into a mountain to deliver the sermon we are proposing to consider. It was no chosen minister sent forth to preach a word himself had but learned imperfectly, and might likely intermix with his own ignorance and errors. It was not even an inspired prophet, who received directly from above all that he must utter, and therefore could not err. He who sent the message and he who delivered it for this time were one. The promulgator of the law was he who made it, the bearer of the promises was he who was to fulfil them—Maker, Judge, Redeemer of the world to whom he spoke. And if words that fell from lips like his could take any help from circumstance to give them force, in what circumstance and in what strange condition stood that unearthly Being when he thus spoke.

It seems superfluous to repeat what it was—there is no one who reads our pages that does not know—if indeed to hear facts, and repeat them, and disregard them, can be rightly called to know. But have we considered? When setting about, as we must have done so often, to read this holy sermon, have we thought and felt, with awed and astonished seriousness, when, and how, and by whom it was delivered? If we have not, let us do it now—for I fear the very frequency of the repetition has confirmed us in indifference, till the words seem scarcely more to us than the words of any other book or any other preacher.

It was while men were yet abiding in the darkness they had made for themselves, and buried in the pit that their madness digged, well-pleased beside with their condition, that this divine Being came into our world. Created in the innocence and bliss of Paradise, Man, in

the person of him who was the first, and like in nature to all that were to follow, had put away his innocence and forfeited his bliss, had sunk himself in wickedness and sin, and was living in total defiance or forgetfulness of God his Maker. Yet so far from being in a state that might lay claim to pity from their God or make a demand upon his mercy, alas! they had not pity even on themselves. They never mourned their father's sin, or desired to travel back the steps that he had gone astray. If sin and sorrow were their inheritance, they delighted so much in the one, that rather than part from it, they were content to take the other. Some have presumed to say that it is hard to be born without our will to this so perilous and sad condition. But indeed we do not seem to think our condition hard, nor does it seem so much against our will—since when a better condition is offered us, the best in which a created essence can be placed, we like our own so much we cannot be persuaded to the change: we had rather take all risks in remaining what we are. But however this be, such was the condition of the world, lost and not wishing to be saved, when the Saviour entered it, an uninvited guest; when a stranger and unwelcome, he came into his own, and his own received him not. Jesus did not come among the idol worshippers of some pagan temple, who had never heard of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who had never been taught of man's creation or his fall, and could scarcely be expected to receive an unexpected and unknown deliverer, coming in the name of a God they never knew. As if to take the world at its best, he came to the spot in which alone the name of Jehovah had been preserved and his laws enregistered, and where the coming of the Messiah was expected and foretold, and all things might have been supposed ready for his reception—doubtless he meant by this to prove that the depravity of man was the cause of his rejection, and would have been the cause at any time or in any

place, since it was so even in Jerusalem—even among those he had called most especially his own.

Of his errand there, we scarcely can find words to speak. He might have come at first, as he will at last, surrounded by his Angels with their swords of flame, to take vengeance on the despisers of his word: he might at once have brought the fatal book, and read from its pages the condemnation of the whole rebel world. But this he did not. He came indeed to manifest the wrath and execute the justice of God, but it was on his own head, not on ours—he brought with him indeed the sentence and the punishment adjudged, but it was to suffer, not to inflict it—not to demand it of us, but to pay it himself on our behalf. He came, by his own painful obedience to his own holy law, to make up for our defection, and by his death and passion to re-unite us to God, to rescue us from sin and all its attendant sorrows, and secure to us the condition and the bliss of Angels. The world that understood not then, and alas! understands but little better now, the need or the efficacy of his sufferings, gave such reception to himself as it still gives to the record he has left behind him. Some hated, opposed, and mocked him, and finally destroyed him—the greater number looked on with indifference, felt no concern about the matter, nor any thing heeded of what he did or said.

He it was, and at such time, and in such condition, that went up into the mountain to preach to a few who showed a disposition to hear him. A life of disgrace and suffering in retrospect behind him, insult, and injury, the taunts surrounding him, and before, the prospect of an agonizing death, all suffered on behalf of those who scarcely deigned to think him worth a hearing, this Maker, God, Redeemer, Friend, Benefactor, Saviour, opened his mouth, saying—if daily experience did not prove it, if the coldness of our own false hearts did not attest it, it would never be believed—what we do not care to listen to! what we read without interest,

feeling, or concern, or even but so much attention and reverence as we pay to the words of men, distinguished perhaps by a little brief authority, or marked with the transient admiration of a changeful and capricious world! Do we think that this is not so? Do we persuade ourselves we have not been guilty of any such indifference and unconcern, but have humbly and feelingly accepted these words as what they are, and having read them ever with the reverence a preacher such as we describe might well demand of us, have laid them up in our bosoms as holy, perfect, and most precious truths? Happy indeed are they whose conscience can so attest—but we must not take it as a thing of course, for against many of us it will be surely charged that we have done very much otherwise.

Be it admitted that we are all familiar with the words of this sermon, since that can scarcely be otherwise; and admit also that we fully understand them—for indeed they are so plain, so simply forcible, it is scarcely possible to put a wrong construction on any part, unless we err because we will not, rather than because we cannot understand. But do they in the reading and in the understanding affect our minds with any sensation of joy, or sorrow, or hope, or apprehension, such as may intimate that we believe them to be the words of One who spake as never man spake, whose every breath of utterance must be to us a word of vital and eternal interest? This cannot be said to be the case if we continue to think, or say, or do exactly as we should have done if this sacred exhortation had never been addressed to us. Here are a great many things I am enjoined to do—here are a great many things I am cautioned not to do—here are blessings pronounced, and curses uttered—many things are asserted that men by word and deed are habitually denying; as many are denied, that pass current in the world as pleasant and admitted truths? Have I changed my opinions where they accorded not with the opinions here expressed?

Have I changed my habits where they were in opposition to these sacred precepts? Have I cared whether the blessings or the curses are for me, and, because I cared, become other than I was before I read it? You answer "No," perhaps—"for I remember no time in which I had not read it—and my thoughts and feelings were always in conformity to it, therefore no such change could be observed from the reading." We hear of one who was ready enough to say, "All these have I kept from my youth up"—but a wiser than he, who saw through the delusion, pronounced that he wanted one thing yet. That one thing wanting to you perhaps, is a knowledge of yourself; if you would seriously consider and anxiously examine, you might likely discover that the reason you read your Saviour's sermon with so little emotion and no obvious effect upon your mind, is not because the work is already done, but because you do not really appreciate these words as what they are—instead of bowing to their authority as the words of God, you deny some, dispute over others, and as far as it suits you, act in opposition to them all—not considerably, perhaps, but because you never consider of them at all, so as to make them become influential on your character and conduct: you would be what you are without them, and with them you find no motive to become otherwise. And is this all? This unconcerned reading of the word, and cold admission of the truth, as a matter that but little concerns us, is it all that such a one should claim, for the sermon he has bequeathed to us, every word of which is certain, every word of which must of necessity be true and of necessity irrevocable—and more than all, if our hearts were not harder than the nether mill-stone, every word of which was dictated by the tenderest pity and the fondest love, from lips that were even then about to be silenced in death—death suffered for those who listened and despised, for us who read, and know, and do not care?

Whether it is so, or is not so, we must decide each one



BOTANY.



Isosandria Polygynia.

Potentilla Anserina.

Silver Weed.

for ourselves—but let us examine ere we decide, and humbly pray for assistance ere we be confident; lest the judgment we pronounce on ourselves be reversed hereafter, where the decision will not be for them who read, or them who learn, or them who know what he has written—but for those who believed it, loved it, and submitted.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 41.)

CLASS 12.—ICOSANDRIA.

THE beautiful Class, Icosandria, is distinguished less by the number of Stamens, though usually about twenty, than by their situation in the flower; being never placed upon the receptacle, as in the preceding and following Classes, but always fixed to the Petals or Calix. The splendid blossoms, and rich fruits, and exquisite flowers contained in this Class, eminently distinguish it: nor is it known to contain any plant of which the fruit is poisonous, even when the leaves are so. With the Peach and Nectarine, the Almond Tree, and the Myrtle, we are all well acquainted, though not natives of our soil—the Clove Tree is also of this Class, of which the spice, as we use it, is the dry flower. The Class Icosandria contains five Orders, distinguished, as hitherto our Classes have been, by the number of Pistils.

IN the first Order, Monogynia, we have *Prunus*, a Genus we scarcely need describe, containing the Cherry, Plumb, and Sloe or Blackthorn, too well known to us to be mistaken. We set little value on our wild Cherry and Plumb, but many of the cultivated sorts are derived from them.

In the second Order, Digynia, we have *Cratægeus*, the beautiful tree we usually call Hawthorn.

The third Order, Trigynia, contains *Sorbus*, Mountain Ash or Service Tree. These handsome trees are distinguished by their elegantly winged leaves. The berries of the Mountain Ash are very beautiful and perfectly wholesome; a spirit is sometimes distilled from them.

The fourth Order, Pentagynia, contains the *Mespilus*, Medlar Tree—a woolly plant, bearing white blossoms, and a fruit very pleasant when softened by keeping.

Pyrus, Wild Pear and Crab Tree—from which are derived all the valuable fruits comprehended under the name of Pears and Apples.

Spiroea, Meadow Sweet, or Queen of the Meadows, is a tall, fragrant plant, many feet high, with long spikes of small flowers, crowded together, cream-coloured, sometimes rather pink—the leaves very much cut.

In the fifth Order we have *Rosa*, Rose, a Genus of which we need not to describe the beauty, and the almost endless varieties produced by cultivation. The wild species are many; but however varying one from another, there is no one, we suppose, who does not know a Rose when he sees it.

Rubus, Raspberry, and Bramble or Blackberry Bush—well known to us in their fruits.

Fragaria, Strawberry—an exquisite fruit even in its wild state, and mostly cultivated from this native species.

Potentilla, Cinquefoil—a pretty race of flowers, yellow or white, low, and mostly creeping. We have chosen one species for our example in this Class, which may help our pupils to recognize the rest.

Tormentilla, Tormentil, nearly resembles the *Potentilla*, but may be distinguished by having four Petals instead of five, and eight clefts in the Calix instead of ten.

Geum, Avens, or Herb Bennet, is also a yellow plant, but upright and bearing flowers in spikes—It may

most readily be distinguished by the fruit, which is globular, and surrounded by long, twisted awns.

Dryas, Mountain Avens—The flower is of a snowy white—but one on a stalk—the plant rough and woolly—leaves shining above, and woolly underneath.

Comarum, Marsh Cinquefoil, is a water plant, with small flowers of so dark a purple as almost to seem black.

It remains only that we describe the flower of which we give an example in Plate 14.

We observe a plant, very abundant by the side of paths and roads, with leaves of most elegant form, and silvery whiteness before they are quite unclosed: a brilliant yellow flower lying on the bosom of the leaves, never rising from the ground. The Stamens growing on the Petals, and surrounding a considerable number of Pistils, determine it to be an Icosandria Polygynia. The Calix cut into ten, the five yellow Petals, and the wrinkled, naked seeds fixed on the Receptacle, make it appear to be a *Potentilla*. The leaves when young are curiously doubled up, so as to show the silvery whiteness of their under surface, and elegantly cut. The stem, usually red, runs upon the ground. The fruit-stalk rises but to a small height, bearing a solitary flower, of the brightest yellow. We scarcely can doubt this to be the *Potentilla Anserina*, Silver Weed or Tansey.

CLASS XII.—ICOSANDRIA, above 12 STAMENS fixed on the
CALIX OF PETALS.

ORDER 1.—MONOGYNIA, 1 Pistil.

Prunus..... Plum, Cherry

ORDER 2.—DIGYNIA, 2 Pistils.

Cratægus..... Hawthorn

ORDER 3.—TRIGYNIA, 3 Pistils.

Sorbus..... Mountain Ash, Service Tree

ORDER 4.—PENTAGYNIA, 5 Pistils.

Mespilus..... Medlar Tree

Pyrus..... Pear, Apple

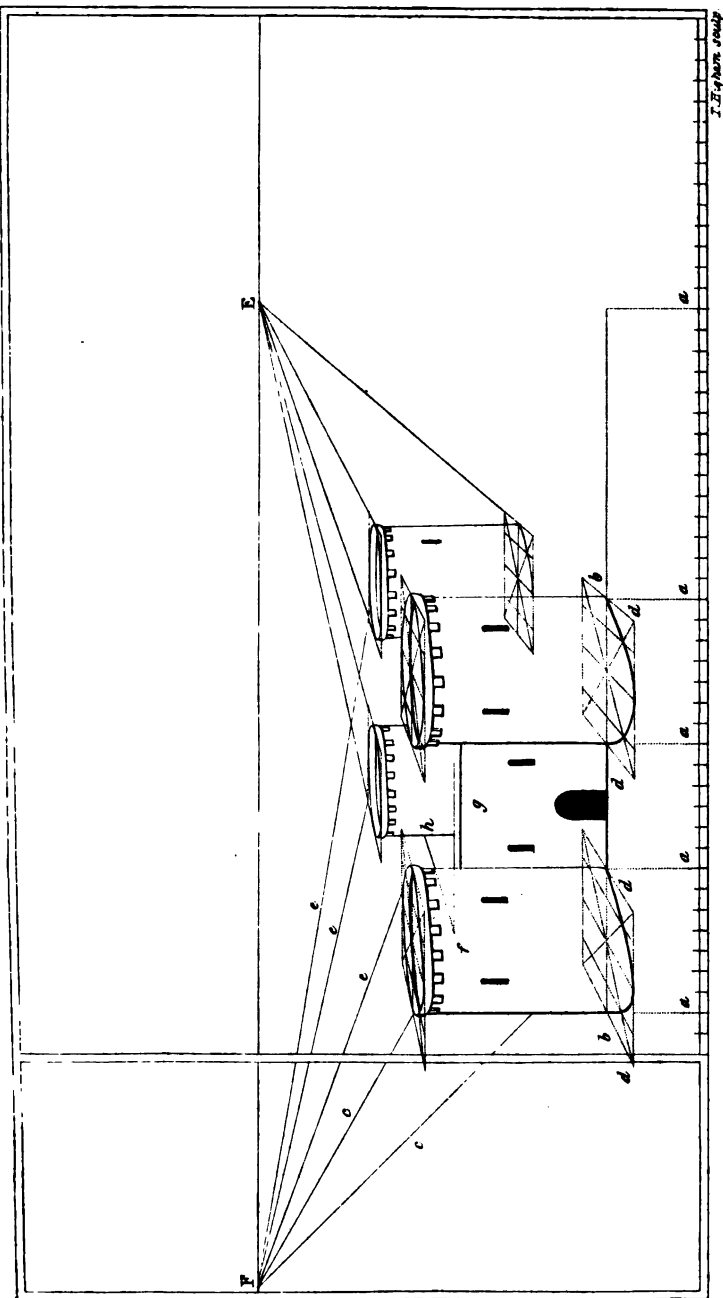
<i>Spiraea</i>	Meadow-sweet
ORDER 5.—POLYGYNIA, many Pistils.	
<i>Rosa</i>	Rose
<i>Rubus</i>	Raspberry, Bramble
<i>Fragaria</i>	Strawberry
<i>Potentilla</i>	Cinquefoil, Tansey
<i>Tormentilla</i>	Tormentil
<i>Geum</i>	Avens, Bennet
<i>Dryas</i>	Mountain Avens
<i>Comarum</i>	Marsh Cinquefoil

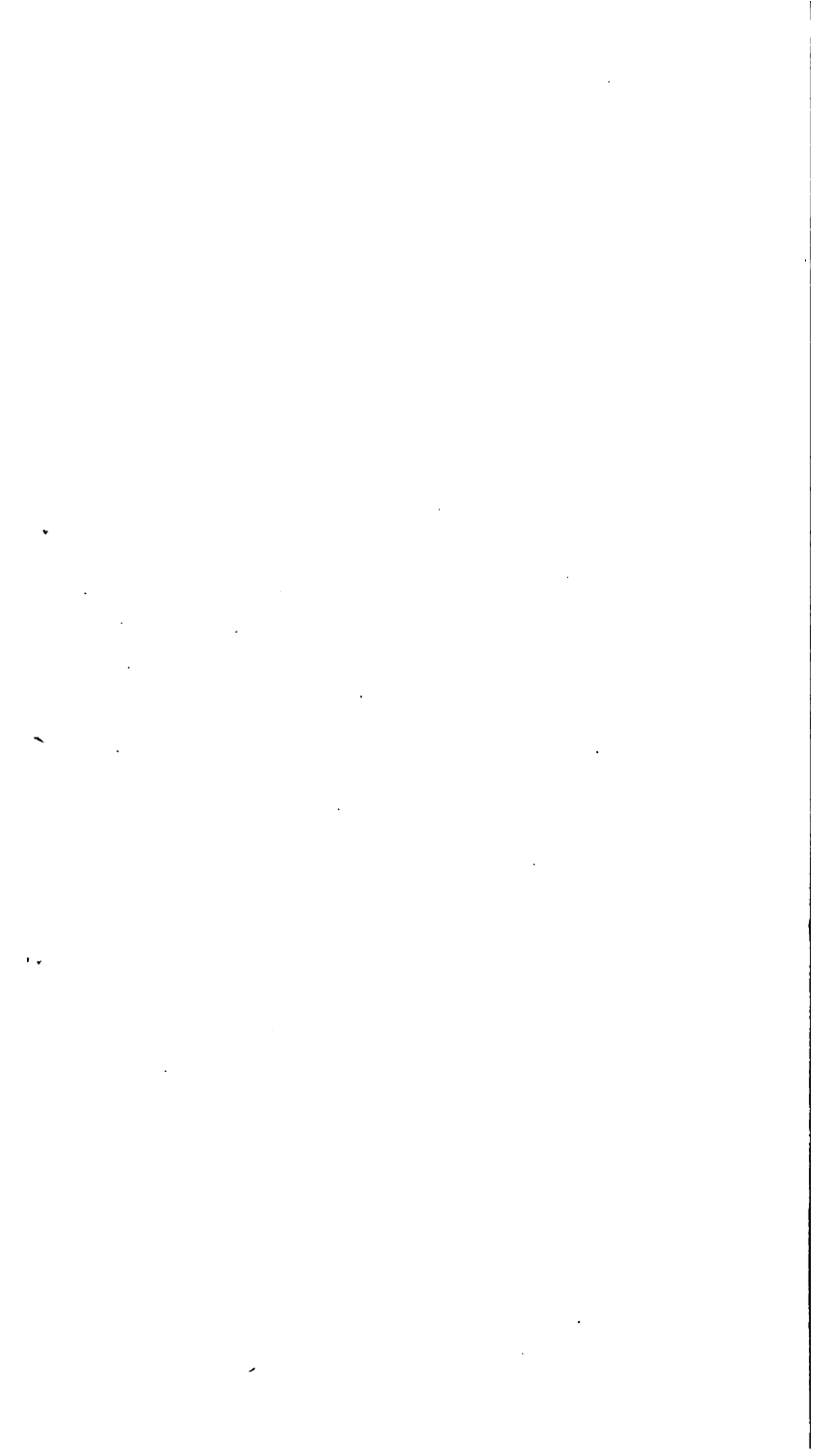


PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON XIV.—PLATE 14.

ANOTHER example of the use of Circles in perspective, is in the designing of round towers, as in Plate 14. Let *Fig. 1.* be a fortress twenty feet square by the ground plan, with a circular tower at each corner. From the position of the building on the paper, it will be perceived that it stands very much below the eye—we thus place it in order to see the four perfect circles at the top of the towers: for this purpose, we suppose ourselves standing on a very elevated situation, looking down upon the fortress beneath, and accordingly we draw the horizontal line and the Point of Sight (E) as high in the paper as the rules of perspective will admit—two thirds, that is, from the bottom of the picture. Having first marked off the dimensions of the castle and the space occupied by the towers, by the dotted lines (*a a a*), we proceed with the lower circles of the front towers: the diameter of seven feet is already marked on the dotted line (*bb*): through the centre of each of these lines of diameter we have drawn the diagonals (*c c*), and by each end of them the visual rays (*d d d d*) as usual to form the squares. We trust this process is too well understood to need a particular repetition—if not, a close examination of the plate will enable the pupil to perform the task. When the base of the front towers is complete,





the summit is found by the same method, making the line of diameter the same length as in the circle below. The more distant towers are found by continuing the lines of the nearer ones towards the Point of Sight, and with them completing the square by the diagonals (*eee*) The dotted lines (*f*) are for the part of the wall between the towers, drawn from the front (*g*) to the centre of the tower, and thence to the point of Sight, to determine the corresponding part of the receding wall (*h*).

GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

AFRICA.

THE Continent of Africa is distinguished from the other three Continents by many peculiarities, and by a race of inhabitants very distinct from every other people. Extending from thirty-seven degrees North Latitude, one hundred and thirty-five degrees South, it must of course lie nearly all in the Torrid Zone, which Zone extends, as we suppose our readers are aware, twenty-three and a half degrees on either side of the Equator, from which Latitudes are counted. The bitter cold, the frost and the snow of other climates must be of course unknown in Africa, excepting on the summits of lofty mountains. The most moderate climate is on the shores of the Mediterranean, where the longest days are fifteen hours; being something less at the southern extremity. The utmost possible degree of heat must be of course felt in the central parts. It was long believed that these could not be inhabited, because it seemed impossible that the human frame, as we know it, could support existence in such a climate. But he who formed the climate could fit the frame to the necessary endurance; and it is proved that existence may be borne, and probably as well enjoyed in the torrid deserts of Africa,

as in our more moderate climes, by those whose constitution is by nature fitted to it.

The complexion of the Africans, though not exclusively theirs, as some Americans are also black, most particularly distinguishes them. In the coldest of their regions they are very dark and swarthy, in the interior quite black, with short hair resembling wool. The peculiar arrangement of Providence for the inhabitants of torrid regions, is difficult to explain as to its origin, Men, we know, were all of one race at first, therefore it cannot be altogether by descent; neither is it the immediate and sole effect of a scorching sun, since the children of Africans are black wherever born. Perhaps it has been the gradual effect of heat since the dwellers in these regions first migrated from the place of man's creation, gradually entailed in deeper hues on their children. The blackness of the negro is not in the skin itself, which is white and transparent as ours—but in the flesh immediately underneath the skin. Whatever be the cause, there is no doubt some purpose to be answered by this difference of complexion: it is very likely a means of less suffering to the skin from the scorching rays of the sun, as black is known to allow the passing and repassing of the matter of heat with more facility than any other colour—but this is mere conjecture; the Creator never acts without a purpose, and in all the arrangements of nature it is a purpose of benevolence.

Africans, now considered by us a savage and degraded race, scarcely having claim to the rights of men, were a people, in many parts a highly cultivated and polished people, while our forefathers were untaught and ruthless savages. From Africa in all probability we received the rudiments of all we know; arts, sciences, inventions, laws, all seem to acknowledge Africa for their birth-place—since Greece, to whom undoubtedly all Europe is indebted, seems to have fetched every thing from Egypt. It is true there is no part of the globe of which so little is known as of Africa and her affairs: but this

may be because they were transacted too early for the reach of historic recollection. Africans were Christians too, while we were heathens, and had a holy, apostolic church, while Britons worshipped in the Druid's Temple. These are great changes—for now they are in a state of darkness and barbarity so extreme, that Europeans scarcely deign to consider them as their fellow-creatures. Excepting a very corrupted profession of Christianity in Abyssinia, the inhabitants of Africa are now all Pagans or Mahometans, exclusively of some few European settlements, where the Gospel has been again introduced by Christian missionaries.

The rivers of this continent are fine and much subject to inundation, in order to supply the moisture requisite in a sultry climate where rains are little frequent. The ranges of mountains are high and extensive; some part of the soil is very fertile, but the greater part a sultry and inhospitable desert—much of it altogether unknown to us, and though many efforts have been made to traverse it, hitherto inaccessible.

Africa abounds much in the larger and fiercer species of animals: the lion and the leopard seem in particular to be natives there. In the southern and more temperate parts, the vegetable productions are remarkably beautiful. But the chief trade carried on between Europe and Africa hitherto has been the infamous traffick for slaves, carried off by compulsion to cultivate the soil in our West India settlements.

This continent is of a peninsular form, being entirely surrounded by water, excepting the small isthmus of a few miles breadth that unites it in the north-west corner to the continent of Asia. The Red Sea and the Indian waters divide it from Asia and bound it on the East; the great Southern and Atlantic Oceans lie between it and America on the South and West, to which continent, however, it never approaches; and the narrow waters of the Mediterranean part it from Europe on the North.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

EVENING HYMN.

ANOTHER day hath glided by—
 And mingled with Eternity—
 And with it (awful thought!) is gone
 A record to the Almighty throne.

And oh! what may that record tell
 Of this day spent or ill or well?
 Can its sins hope to be forgiven
 By the all-seeing God of heaven?

Yes—though they be of scarlet dye,
 Still on my Saviour I rely:
 He hath redeemed my soul—and he
 Before the throne yet pleads for me.

Preserve me, Lord, from ill this night,
 In darkness show thy wondrous light—
 And let thy spirit still be near
 My weak and fainting soul to cheer—

Oh! let thy Angels round me bend—
 From evil thoughts my heart defend—
 And from the powers of darkness keep
 My soul, while I lie hushed in sleep.

Then, Saviour, be thou near me still
 To guard me from impending ill—
 Before thy presence all is light—
 And thou wilt keep my soul this night.

R. L.

THE MEDIATOR.

I WILL arise and go unto my Father—
 Alas! and when I throw me at his feet,
 What can I say?—The Prodigal left once
 And gather'd of the fruit his folly planted,
 Ate it, and did not like it, and returned—

He once returned, and he was once forgiven.
 It is not so with me—I was forgiven
 And sinned again, and was forgiven again—
 The penitential vow upon my lips,
 The kiss paternal warm upon my cheek,
 And still about my neck the golden chain
 With which he pledged and bound me to his love—
 A second, and a third time, and a fourth—O God !
 I dare not come to thee—It is impossible !
 I dare not even lift mine eye to heaven,
 Lest there be something in it that offend thee—
 I dare not offer thee a wish, a vow,
 Lest that thy awful wisdom should discover
 Sin in the wish and falsehood in the vow.
 If I should say I fear thee—that is false—
 For if I feared thee, could I madly brave
 The awful threat'nings of thy broken law,
 For every empty bauble of the earth ?
 If I should say I love thee—that, alas !
 Is falser still—for love is dutiful,
 Patient, submissive, fearful to offend,
 Obedient, grateful—I am none of this.
 And if I plead the penitential tear,
 The firm resolve to go and sin no more—
 Dost thou not know that ere the false tear dries
 I do again the very sin I wept,
 And even while the vow is on the lip
 The heart is with the idol it renounces.
 I come to THEE! There's something in the thought
 So strange, so fearful—something in the distance
 So awful, so impassable—I cannot.

But still to thee, my Saviour!—Thee, my God
 And yet my Brother!—Thee, who thyself hast trod
 The very soil we tread on—who hast shared
 Our needs, and felt our sorrows, and been tempted
 Even as we are—whose in-earthed spirit
 Made proof of all things in us, save our sin—
 Aye, and that too—for it was that which brake
 By its dread weight the only heart that knew none !
 Still I can come to thee, my Saviour, Friend !
 For I have something yet to say to thee.
 I tell thee not of fear, or love, or duty,
 Or penitence, or tears, or ought of mine :
 But something would I whisper of thine own :

The tender pity, that moved thee e'en in heaven—
 The love that thou hast promised and hast proved
 As never love was pledged or proved till then—
 Not for thy friends, for friends on earth thou hadst none—
 But for thy foes; for false ones such as I am.
 Oh! go thou for me to my Father's house
 And tell him one who cannot come herself
 For very shame—who has no more to say
 But that thy door be closed on her for ever,
 Has been with thee to plead on her behalf
 The pardon that she dares not ask again.
 Say, for thou knowest, how bitter are the husks
 On which this false world feeds her—how her heart
 Sorrows in secret for her Father's house
 And still is torn and tempted from his door:
 Nay, my Redeemer, say not ought of me,
 But only that thou know'st me, lov'st me, diedst for me—
 Lost as I am that thou wouldst have me sav'd—
 False as I am that thou wilt make me true,
 Weak as I am, that thou canst give me strength,
 And find me prayers when I can pray no more—
 If only for thy sake he wilt forbear,
 Nor cast away his Prodigal for ever.

HYMN ON ENTERING CHURCH.

COLLECT, my soul, collect thy powers,
 Each wand'ring thought recall;
 Ere prostrate at my Maker's feet,
 In prayer I humbly fall.

O Fancy, check thy roving flight,
 Fond memory, leave thy store,
 Hope, fix on Heaven thine ardent eye.
 And dream of earth no more.

Within the house of God I stand—
 That God is present now,
 To hear each prayer, to read each thought,
 To mark the secret vow.

That high and lofty One, who reigns
 Throughout Eternity,
 Is present here, his praise we sing,
 To him we bend the knee.

And what are we? Children of dust,
Creatures of yesterday;
Atoms that breathe awhile—and then
Mix with their native clay!

Oh, worse than this! for we have sinned
We have despised his word—
The worm that grovels in the dust
Ne'er disobey'd the Lord—

And will he deign to hear our prayer
To pity and forgive?
Oh! will he calm the troubled soul
And bid the suppliant live?

He claims a Father's honour'd name,
Bestows a Father's love,
Supports on earth and leads his flock
To endless bliss above.

And will not this awake my soul,
And kindle love divine?
Drive far away vain earthly thoughts,
And negligence supine?

My God, I cannot pray aright,
Thy heavenly aid impart—
Enlighten and exalt my mind,
And purify my heart.

O bid it glow with grateful love
Whilst I thy praise declare—
And for his sake who died for man
Accept a sinner's prayer.

L.

THE GRAVE.

"The wicked cease from troubling"—and the faint
And weary, rest—the prisoner too no more
Sends forth unpitied and unheard the plaint
Of "hope deferred"—his day of grief is o'er,
Hushed is th' oppressor's voice!—the hands that tore
With merciless grasp the heaving breast away

From friends, from home, from all the little store
 Of joys, which let him on his perilous way
 Across the waste of life : how cold, how nerveless they!

"The small and great are there"—all must be brought
 To the cold grave : for as the green, green grass
 Springs fresh at morn : but when the sun hath sought
 Its noon-day station, all its pride will pass—
 So hastens on our fleeting life :—alas

Man's "glorious beauty is a fading flower,"—
 Like the loved forms which in its front of glass,
 Some lucid pool reflects : (till rude winds scour
 And spoil its placid face :) which vanish in an hour. Z.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The Bible Atlas, or Sacred Geography, Delineated in a complete Series of Scriptural Maps.—By R. Palmer. London, 1823.—Baldwin, Cradock, and Co.—Price 14s.

WE know no habit more desirable to be enforced with young people, than that of reading history with a map always open before them. The geographical knowledge thus obtained is considerable and accurate—and equally great is the advantage in giving perspicuity to the history, and leaving on the mind a stronger impression of facts and their connexions. It is with much earnestness we advise our readers to possess themselves of this little Atlas, a most convenient and well-arranged work, containing every place named in Scripture, with their classical appellations, in a series of small maps very neatly and distinctly drawn : a work in short so useful, that when once in our hands, we wonder how we ever did without it.

The Modern Traveller. Part I. and II. Palestine.—
London, J. Duncan, 1824.

WE have been used to laugh at travellers who sit at home, and tell of wonders that they never saw—but in fact when some one has taken the trouble of searching the tedious volumes of modern travellers, extracting from them all that is most interesting, comparing one with another, and compiling from all an authentick account of the present state of any country we may desire to learn of, and presents it to us in the small compass of a two-and-sixpenny volume, we cannot but say they have formed a store of information for those who could not seek it out for themselves, and given easy access to a very interesting and useful kind of knowledge. This is exactly the case with the work before us, now publishing in numbers, of which the first two contain the account of Palestine, as at present known from the different works that have been published respecting it. Syria, Greece, Spain, Egypt, &c.&c. are announced as the contents of future Numbers. We think the whole cannot fail of being a very interesting work, full of useful and pleasing information, such in short as we may confidently recommend to be added to the libraries of our young readers. For their present amusement we make a few extracts—this description of modern Jerusalem is originally from the work of Dr. Richardson.

“It is,” he remarks, “a tantalising circumstance for the traveller who wishes to recognize in his walks the site of particular buildings, or the scenes of memorable events, that the greater part of the objects mentioned in the description both of the inspired and the Jewish historian, are entirely removed, and razed from their foundation, without leaving a single trace or name behind to point out where they stood. Not an ancient tower, or gate, or wall, or hardly even a stone remains. The foundations are not only broken up, but every fragment of which they were composed is swept away, and the spectator looks upon the bare rock with hardly a sprinkling of earth to point out her gardens of pleasure, or groves of idolatrous devotion. And when we consider the palaces, and towers, and walls about Jerusalem, and that the stones of which some of them were constructed were thirty feet long, fifteen feet broad, and seven and a half feet thick, we are not more astonished at the strength, and skill, and perseverance by which they were constructed, than shocked by the re-

lentless and brutal hostility by which they were shattered and overthrown, and utterly removed from our sight. A few gardens still remain on the sloping base of Mount Zion, watered from the pool of Siloam; the gardens of Gethsemane are still in a sort of ruined cultivation; the fences are broken down, and the olive trees decaying, as if the hand that dressed and fed them were withdrawn; the Mount of Olives still retains a languishing verdure, and nourishes a few of those trees from which it derives its name; but all round about Jerusalem the general aspect is blighted and barren; the grass is withered; the bare rock looks through the scanty sward; and the grain itself, like the starving progeny of famine, seems in doubt whether to come to maturity, or die in the ear. The vine that was brought from Egypt is cut off from the midst of the land; the vineyards are wasted, the hedges are taken away; and the graves of the ancient dead are open and tenantless."

Some itinerants to Jerusalem have amused themselves and us with descriptions of the Saviour's tomb, the dwelling-place of Joseph and Mary, and a vast many other places, which if they were known for what they are asserted to be, would be spots of interest indeed—but this is assuredly a pleasing fiction, gainful, no doubt, to those who show these wonders, and well-pleasing to those who can be persuaded to believe they see them—but we accept with pleasure the promise of truth and discretion in this little work, given us by the rejection of all such fables.

EXTRACTS.

REASON was made to learn and not to teach: and therefore to set her up as a teacher, when she was never designed for that office, is certainly wrong. What the eye is to the body, reason or understanding is to the soul; as says the Apostle, "Having the eyes of your understanding—the faculty of discernment enlightened." The eye then is framed in such a manner as to be capable of seeing, reason in such a manner as to be capable of knowing. But the eyes, though ever so good, cannot see without light. Reason though ever so perfect, cannot know without instruction. The eye indeed is that which sees—but the light is the cause of its seeing. Reason is that which knows—but instruction is the cause of its knowing: and

it would be as absurd to make the eye give itself light because it sees by the light, as to make reason instruct itself, because it knows by instruction. The phrase therefore, light of reason, seems to be an improper one ; since reason is not the light, but an organ for the light of instruction to act upon : and a man may as well take a view of things upon earth in a dark night by the light of his own eye, as pretend to discover the things of Heaven in the night of nature by the light of his own reason : nor do we any more derogate from the perfection of reason, when we deny it has a power of seeing in the dark, than we derogate from the perfection of the eye, when we deny it has a power of seeing in the dark. Christ only, who is the Sun of righteousness, has in him the perfection of light, even all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. The perfection of reason is to be able to receive of his fulness—to receive the instruction of wisdom

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. 3.

JEMIMA had every thing that might be expected to make a little girl happy—kind and affectionate parents, brothers and sisters who loved her, and instructors anxious and watchful for her improvement. Every reasonable amusement too, was supplied to her, and every indulgence allowed that was thought consistent with her welfare. Notwithstanding this, I never met with so unhappy a person—she was grumbling and complaining from morning till night. Half the days in the year she was so miserably hot she could not support herself, and the other half no one about her had any peace for Jemima's suffering from cold ; which in either case were probably not greater than other people's. Whenever she walked out she first complained of damp, then of dust, first of the hills and then of the roads. All the morning she wished it was evening, and every evening

she wished the next morning was come. "Mamma, why do you do that?"—"Brother, I wish you would not do so"—"I want this"—"I do not like that"—"I cannot bear the other." These were Jemima's sorrows all the day long. If a present was made her she immediately thought of something she should have preferred, and she would rather have what was given to her sister. But above all her miseries, if they were to be rated according to her grumblings, were her bodily complaints, though she was on the whole a healthy child. In the morning she fretted because she had no appetite—at noon she had a headache—at night she was tired. Sometimes her finger ached, sometimes her thumb, and sometimes her shoulder—all very common casualties; but quite as little painful when borne in silence, as when every one else is made to share the inconvenience, or a much greater one, by the momentary mention of them. There was not a season of the year, nor a day in the week, nor an hour of the day, that was for poor Jemima the right season, or the right day, or the right hour. If she drew, there was too much light or too little light; if she read, the book was too long or too short; if she ate, her food was too sour or too sweet. In short what can we say but that poor Jemima was a regular grumbler; and if ever her mind was in a state of contentment, she took care no one about her should enjoy the knowledge of it.

THE ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

SEPTEMBER, 1824.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 74.)

HISTORY OF GREECE TO THE BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY, 588.

SPARTA.

SPARTA, or Lacedæmon, for the names are indiscriminately used by most historians, though the former properly belongs to the principal city, and the latter to the territory, we have already mentioned as having been founded by one Lacedæmon, of whom we are told he was a son of Jupiter, therefore must leave all that concerns him to the darkness of fable: and for nearly 900 years after we must content ourselves with equal obscurity, knowing nothing certainly but that during that time Lacedæmonia was an hereditary monarchy, continuing many centuries in the family of Lacedæmon, and thence passing to that of the Heraclidæ. On occasion of one monarch leaving the kingdom to his twin-sons, it was governed by them jointly, and after their death continued to be so governed by the heirs of each for a long period, to the no small discord and distraction of the state.

Such was the situation of the kingdom when Lycurgus appeared upon the scene, and terminated the confusion and ruin that threatened his country. To the institutions of this extraordinary man, whether we are to consider them good or otherwise, Sparta owed her fame and the durability of her government: the whole is an extraordinary picture, and unlike, we believe, to any

thing else in the history of the world. We are not informed nor have reason to suppose that Spartans before Lycurgus' time, were different from other people around them—that they afterwards became so must therefore be attributed to the extraordinary character of his laws and institutions.

Lycurgus was the son of a king of Sparta, but not the heir to the crown. It was in his power to become so by conniving at the wickedness of the widowed queen of Polycrates, the late king, who would have destroyed her offspring to make way for Lycurgus on the throne, on condition of his marrying her. Lycurgus, with the honesty and discretion that mark his character throughout, feigned acquiescence in her designs till the child was born, and presented to the people as their king; and then, to avoid the resentment of the rejected queen, and the suspicions of the people, he retired for a time from the kingdom. Thus forced into banishment, Lycurgus yet devoted himself to his country's service, and traveling from land to land, and communicating with all who were held the wise and learned of the period, he formed his schemes for the future amendment of the Spartan legislature. Meantime the state of the kingdom grew worse, and the people, tired of the weakness of their kings, and the kings, equally tired of the turbulence of their people, joined in soliciting the return of Lycurgus, in hope his wisdom might amend their state.

The system of laws presented by this patriot to his people is an extraordinary picture of the false estimate of right and wrong, the confusion between vice and virtue made even by the wisest in that age of our corrupted world. Lycurgus was esteemed wise; that he honestly desired his people's good is indubitable; and yet his laws and policy are vicious, barbarous and unnatural in the extreme. They were eminently calculated and most wisely fitted, indeed, to answer the purpose for which they were designed; but that purpose was to form a race of beings devoid of every better feeling of humanity, and

despoiled of all that is kind and lovely in the human heart, to be replaced by a stubborn pride and hard-hearted magnanimity. In short, Lycurgus in framing them seems to have acknowledged no object of desire but military fame, no virtue but military courage; nor any purpose but that of making unvanquishable warriors. There is, indeed, a dazzling lustre thrown around the character of a Spartan, there is an appearance of greatness in the self-sacrifice required of them, calculated to seize the fancy of the unreflecting—but on examination we can find nothing more opposite to the laws of God, of nature and of humanity, than the code of Lycurgus.

Dispossessing all of their previously gained property, Lycurgus divided the whole of the city and the lands into equal shares, according to the number of the inhabitants; and in the design of keeping up the equality, forbade the buying or selling of these possessions. The number of citizens was to be neither more nor less than the number of these shares, and if at any time they should exceed them, they were to be sent out in colonies. The city was never walled, that it might have no defence but the courage of the people: their houses were required to be plain, the ceilings, doors, and furniture, such only as could be formed with the axe, that they might not be instruments of luxury. On the birth of a son, the father was directed to carry him to a place appointed, where the gravest men of the tribe were to examine the infant, and if it appeared healthful and perfect in its form, they returned it to the parent: if not, it was thrown into a deep cavern at the foot of Mount Taygetus. To keep the people what they were, Spartans were forbidden to travel; neither were strangers allowed to reside long in the country, lest they should teach them other habits. Men were compelled to marry at a certain age, and women were allowed to have no portions, that neither poverty nor wealth should have any influence over their inclinations. Pursuing the system of equality, especial care was taken that all the children should be

brought up alike. The first thing to be taught them was to vanquish their natural appetites—wherefore the nurses were to accustom the young infants to spare meals and occasional fastings: and at a certain age they were to be examined as to whether they could remain alone in the dark, and had subdued all the fears and follies incident to childhood. Young and old were accustomed to eat together at publick tables, and that on the coarsest food, nor was any one allowed to eat at home. In dress they were equally restricted; all being obliged to dress alike, even to the monarch himself. The dress of the women is represented as but little decent—but gold and precious stones, and other useless ornaments were not allowed to women of character. Exact discipline and strict obedience to superiors were required of a Spartan. The old were highly revered, and were expected to reprove the young whenever they might see them wrong; indeed they were themselves subject to equal punishment with the delinquent, if they saw a young person do wrong without reprovng him. The punishment of boys was very severe, and they were in every possible way inured to suffering and hard usage.

Science or learning of any kind was in small repute in Sparta: they valued nothing but for its usefulness, and their only idea of usefulness, was the promotion of their success in war. Arts were equally despised; a mechanic or husbandman was an object of contempt—all business that could not be dispensed with was conducted by the Helotes or slaves; but ornamental arts, and such as contributed to luxury or pleasure, were not suffered in the city. Musick was an exception, which they much encouraged, but even in this they were restrained as to the manner of it, and slaves were not allowed to sing the odes of the citizens. The minds of young persons were cultivated with care after their own manner, being continually questioned by persons appointed for the purpose, and thus accustomed to reason, and to express themselves—most especially were they taught always to ex-

press themselves in the fewest words possible, silence being esteemed among the most commendable of their good qualities. Friendship seems to have been the only feeling to which their hard bosoms were accessible, Lycurgus giving particular encouragement to this in the education both of boys and girls, with the view of uniting the citizens more strongly to each other as a nation. Among the most extraordinary of their peculiarities was the encouragement given to theft, of which the discovery only was disgraceful.

Hunting, throwing the dart or the bar, and a sort of publick dance, were part of the education of youth, in which the girls partook equally with the boys. Cruel and unnatural discipline was inflicted on them, which they were to endure without showing any sense of pain; and such was the sense of glory attached to it, that they would sometimes die without shedding a tear or breathing a sigh. Violent exercises and a laborious life were only required of the young—when they became men, which was not till they were thirty, before which age they might neither be employed in war nor in the administration, nothing was expected of them but to attend to state affairs at home and in the field. Gold and silver were prohibited, and to become rich subjected a citizen to punishment. Their only coin was made of iron, as being cumbrous and of little value—but the original method of dealing by exchange of goods was longer continued in Sparta than any where else.

It may well be supposed the religion of these people would partake of their character. They did not, as other nations, attribute sloth and luxury to their Gods, but required that all their statues, whether of males or females, should be represented armed. Their sacrifices were to be things of small value, and they were enjoined to ask nothing in their prayers but that they might live honestly and perform their duty. In other respects their religion was that of the heathen around them. For the dead no splendid sepulchres were allowed, nor even the

plainest inscription on their tombs, except for those who fell in battle, who were allowed a very short inscription.

The results of these institutions, so long and rigidly observed, was what it might be expected they would be: and so long as they continued to be observed, the character of the people remained the same. The men were bold, unvanquishable soldiers, who always conquered or died. Fighting only for victory, they rarely spoiled the dead bodies of their enemies; and it is remarkable that much as they loved war, they showed little desire of conquest or the extension of their dominions: they literally fought for glory and seemed to know no other good. When the Spartan warriors went forth to battle, they were exhorted by their wives and mothers to die rather than yield, and their death was little mourned, so they fell with honour: but it is very remarkable that even with these brave people it was accounted a greater honour to prevail by stratagem than by force. Spartans also were zealous patriots, despising foreigners, devotedly attached to their country, and implicitly submissive to her laws. But they were hard, unfeeling savages, in whom every natural emotion of pain or pleasure, every rational incentive to joy or sorrow was annihilated. Their women were bold, heartless, and indecent; every thing, in short, that religion and humanity, or even nature itself, would now require that they should not be. Yet in those times so brilliant seemed the barbarous heroism of these people, that the Spartan name stands foremost of all antiquity in the ranks of greatness; and justly so, where a murderous courage took precedence of every other virtue. Historians even of the present day keep up the delusion, and our young readers are very apt to accept a Spartan as the prototype of all earthly greatness; at least we remember to have had some such feeling in our childhood: and though on the score of example, this misjudgment is of no sort of consequence, we can trace, and we fear the same for others, many very false ideas of right and wrong not easily got rid of, to the erroneous

estimate of character formed in the early reading of history as it is usually written: this we have mentioned as our reason for dwelling on these points of history, and speaking of them something differently from what is usual. It is a dangerous error to be imbibed, that what would be wrong now, was right in the days of Solon or Lycurgus. There never was but one right in the world that God had made, and that was the law of him that made it—eternal, immutable, and from first to last the same. To say that these nations knew not this law, is only to say that they were the lost and rebellious race, the children of men marked out in the earlier part of our history, walking in their own darkness and left to their own choice—it does not make any difference in the nature of wrong, nor render that an object of admiration, to which, if not abhorrence, pity at least must be the only due.

Beside these so celebrated citizens, the population of Lacedæmon consisted of a large number of slaves, termed Helotes, of whom the treatment seems to have been more than commonly barbarous and oppressive. Helos was a city of Laconia, which the Spartans in an early period of their history subjugated, and made slaves of all its inhabitants: to these the people of other vanquished districts had at different times been added, but the term Helotes became common to all who were in this miserable state of subjugation. The Spartans could neither sell their slaves nor set them free; so that in time they became extremely numerous, even alarmingly so to their oppressive masters. A most barbarous remedy was devised for this danger. Whenever the Helotes were becoming too numerous, those who had the care of the Spartan youth, chose out a number of the boldest of them, and arming them with daggers, sent them forth to murder these unhappy slaves, either surprising them in the night or falling on them while at their work by day. This licensed murder was called the *Cryptia*, i. e. the ambuscade, and was perpetrated whenever the safety of

the state was supposed to require it. These slaves were not allowed to dress, or speak, or look like freemen, and each day they received a certain number of stripes to remind them of their condition.

Such was the character of the laws, for we cannot enter into every particular, framed by Lycurgus for the establishment of his distracted kingdom; but it was scarcely possible so total a change, and more especially the new arrangement of property by which so many were despoiled, should be peacefully and at once acceded to. Commotion accordingly was raised, and Lycurgus is said to have lost an eye in the contest. His moderation and firmness however prevailed, and the closing of his scheme is in character with all the rest. Informing the people that he had occasion to consult the Delphic Oracle upon some point of importance, he took an oath from the two kings, the senate and the commons, that they would observe his laws, which he styled *Rhetræ*, i. e. divine sanctions, till his return. Arrived at Delphos, he consulted the Oracle upon the success of his institutions, and receiving a favourable answer, forwarded it in writing to Sparta, determined never by his return to release his people from their oath. This done, he ended his life by what was then esteemed the summit of human glory, a voluntary death, by starvation as it is said. The Spartans honoured his memory by the erection of a temple, in which sacrifices were yearly offered. We cannot affix a precise date to the death of Lycurgus, but may consider it to be about the year B.C. 904—this is about 70 years later than the death of Solomon, and about three centuries earlier than the period of Solon's appearance in Athens.

After the death of Lycurgus the Lacedæmonian history is for a long time extremely obscure and confused. They continued to be governed by two kings, each succeeding in his own line, and the laws of Lycurgus were strictly observed. It is scarcely worth while to repeat the names of princes of whose doings we have

nothing to relate. They were engaged in frequent wars with the small states adjoining their territories, particularly with the Messenians, but not at first very successfully. On one occasion of war with the Argives, to avoid the effusion of blood, it was agreed to decide the contest by three hundred persons on either side, the armies both retiring. The six hundred champions fought till but two remained on the one side and but one on the other. The victorious two retiring from the field to make known their triumph, the wounded Spartan who remained, arose from the ground, and erecting a trophy of the spoils of the slain, claimed the victory because he kept possession of the field: from this a new dispute arose, which gave occasion to another war.

Some time in this interval a new sort of magistracy was established in Sparta, termed Ephori, five in number, whose concern it was to govern the state when the kings were absent in the wars. They were chosen annually from the people, sometimes among the very worst and lowest, and had almost absolute power over the kings themselves, whom they might bring to account and punish for any breach of the laws.

With the aid of the Delphic Oracle and various stratagems, the Spartans, after the lapse of many reigns, succeeded in vanquishing the Messenians, and made slaves of all but some who fled to Sicily, and there founded the city of Messene, afterwards famous in history. On another occasion, a certain party becoming troublesome to the state, were expatriated and removed to Italy, where they founded the city of Tarentum. By such means were the islands and shores of the Mediterranean successively peopled. Waging perpetual wars, but never much extending their territories, nor desiring to increase their possessions, we must now leave the Spartans, understanding them to remain in the same condition up to the period of which we have been writing, under kings to whose reigns we can affix no certain dates,

and whose doubtful actions have not been worth recording.

Other Grecian states, as we have already mentioned, there were many; but none of which the history need as yet begin; nor did they indeed rise into much importance till Sparta began to decline.

We have thus seen that Sparta preceded Athens many centuries in its permanent legislative establishment. In comparing one with the other, we cannot but be struck with the contrast of character in the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, producing equal contrast in the character of the people. The greater mildness and humanity of Solon's institutions must surely claim for them the preference; and to make virtuous and happy citizens was at least a wiser purpose than to make brave and unvanquishable heroes. But Solon's laws were never observed so strictly and so uninterruptedly as those of Lycurgus; therefore, while the latter did succeed in making a nation of unequalled warriors, the former did not succeed in making a virtuous or a happy people, for such we cannot consider the Athenians to have been; or if so at all, but for a very short period. Both nations are very extraordinary, when we consider the greatness of their fame and the very small extent of their territories. The history of the world will afford us nothing like it.

REFLECTIONS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece doth not light a candle and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?—LUKE xv. 8.

Who but Christ himself, who knew his own most gracious purposes had ventured to draw such a comparison as this—who had ventured to suppose he would

seek a sinner as a treasure of his own, with all the care and all the earnestness of one who is the loser till he find what has been missing. When we are gone away from serving him, it might be supposed he would not miss us: or if his anger marked our defection, he would not for his own sake heed that we were gone. It might be supposed he would wait our return with indifference at least, and when we came would need much entreaty to receive us. So reason suggests, and so some falsely teach. But very differently is his own account of the matter. He seeks his lost creature as a treasure of his own: when he misses him from among his jewels, he puts aside what he has to go in search of what is lost. He does not give it up speedily as little worth the pains—he seeks diligently, and he never ceases till his treasure is regained. O Lord! is it possible thou canst so value us unworthy, us ungrateful, unprofitable, that thou shouldst speak as if it were thy concern, not ours, that we be saved? As if so far from being unwilling to receive us when we bethink ourselves to return to thee, thou wilt even come after us, search for us in the midst of our thoughtlessness, and folly, and sin, take trouble about us, and when thou hast succeeded in bringing us to repentance, bid Heaven itself rejoice with thee as if the gain were thine? Thou hast said so, or who had dared to guess it? Most sweet and holy consolation is there in the saying, for surely, though we are lost, thou wilt find us; though we have strayed, thou wilt fetch us back; though for a season we be in this world's midnight darkness, thou wilt bring thy own light in search of us.

From whence can a man satisfy these with bread here in the wilderness?—MARK viii. 4.

STRIKING and beautiful emblem, whether it was meant as such or not, of man's condition in this desert world. Whence can they be satisfied? The utmost it contains will not do, but that is more than any one can have: thousands and tens of thousands must divide the

miserable pittance. Some for a little while seem to have enough; they have the thing they sought and chose—but it goes, and what can suffice them then? Whence can they be satisfied, who have lost what they delight in, and parted from what they love? Whence can they be satisfied, who, possessing all that earth can give, or desire can reach after, sicken over their abundance and grow sated with the feast? And they who have not and cannot have the promise of their life's best hopes, the heart-sick children of disappointment and disgust, whence can they be satisfied? And beside all these there is a train more hungry far than all; who, if they had whatever earth can give, would cast it from them as an empty shadow, insufficient to appease the whispers of an awakened conscience—whence can they all be satisfied? In this world's wilderness it is impossible by any natural means. The left and forsaken may be comforted, the despoiled may be repossessed, the sated appetite may find a stimulus, the disappointed may renew their hopes, the wounded conscience may be medicated; but it cannot be without the interference of supernal power; if ever they be satisfied, it must be from Heaven.

Faisons le bien pendant que nous en avons le temps.

Une nuit viendra pendant laquelle personne ne peut agir.—GAL. vi. 20.

LE temps est précieux; mais on n'en connoît pas le prix; on le connoîtra quand il n'y aura plus lieu d'en profiter. Nos amis nous le demandent comme si ce n'étoit rien; et nous le donnons de même. Souvent il nous est à charge; nous ne savons qu'en faire et nous en sommes embarrassés. Un jour viendra qu'un quart d'heure nous paroîtra plus estimable et plus désirable que toutes les fortunes de l'univers. Dieu, libéral et magnifique dans tout le reste, nous apprend, par la sage économie de sa providence, combien nous devons être circonspects sur le bon usage du temps, puis qu'il ne nous en donne jamais deux instans ensemble, et qu'il

ne nous accorde le second qu'en retirant le premier, et qu'en retenant le troisième dans sa main avec une entière incertitude si nous l'aurons. Le temps nous est donné pour ménager l'éternité : et l'éternité ne sera pas trop longue pour regretter la perte du temps, si nous en avons abusé.

Toute notre vie est à Dieu, aussi-bien que tout notre cœur. L'un et l'autre ne sont pas trop pour lui. Il ne nous les a donnés que pour l'aimer et pour le servir. Ne lui en dérobons rien. Nous ne pouvons pas à tous momens faire de grandes choses, mais nous en pouvons toujours faire de convenables à notre état. Se taire, souffrir, prier quand nous ne sommes pas obligé d'agir extérieurement, c'est beaucoup offrir à Dieu. Un contre-temps, une contradiction, un murmure, une importunité, une parole injuste reçue et soufferte dans la vue de Dieu, valent bien une demi-heure d'oraison, et on ne perd pas le temps, quand, en le perdant, on pratique la douceur et la patience. Mais pour cela il faut que cette perte soit inévitable, et que nous ne nous la procurions pas par notre faute. Ainsi réglez vos jours, et rachétez le temps, comme dit St. Paul, en fuyant le monde, et en abandonnant au monde des biens qui ne valent pas le temps qu'ils nous ôtent. Quittez les amusemens, les correspondances inutiles, les épanchemens de cœur qui flattent l'amour-propre, les conversations qui dissipent l'esprit, et qui ne conduisent à rien. Vous trouverez du temps pour Dieu ; et il n'y en a de bien employé que celui qui est employé pour lui.

FENELON.

And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness.

DEUT. viii. 2.

MOSES spake these words to Hebrews, who after forty years of miraculous delivery through the perils of the wilderness, mistrusted Him who was their guide, and doubted the hand that led them. It is repeated to

Christians who after having been brought ten years, twenty years, thirty, forty, on their way, and that no easy path, are every hour withdrawing their confidence from Him who has brought them where they are, insulting him with their fears, and dishonouring him by their anxieties. Remember the way—think back the years that are gone—whether they be few or many, tell them over, and call to mind what has befallen you therein. You have been kept, you have been saved, you have been guided—nurtured, cherished, taught, forgiven. Recall the difficulties you have passed through, the dangers that threatened and came not, the wants timely supplied, the ills removed, the pleasures tasted, the provocations borne with. Thy childhood's necessities have been supplied; thy youth's desires have been indulged; if thou hast lived long enough to taste of care and sorrow, thou hast come through it all—through that which, but for the bounty and the care of Heaven, had been a wilderness indeed to thee. Is it not strange, is it not ungrateful, remembering this, that we have so little confidence for what shall be hereafter? On every difficulty we murmur, at every danger we take alarm, at every failure we are faint and sick at heart. The blind man will yield himself to the guide that has hitherto brought him safe, be it no more than a poor brute, and neither starts nor trembles as he goes. Jews and Christians alike refuse to trust the hand that has led them forward so many years in safety.

Revêtez vous de notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ.—ROM. xiii. 14.

LA FOI est le jour du Chrétien; la grace est son reveil; Jésus-Christ est le vêtement dont il cache la honte de ses péchés. Qu'est-ce que se revêtir de Jésus-Christ, si-non se revêtir intérieurement de sa justice, et ne faire voir en dehors que cet habit, c'est à dire sa vie, son humilité, sa douceur, et ses autres vertus.

QUESNEL.

Recevez avec charité celui qui est encore faible dans la foi, sans vous amuser à contester avec lui.—ROM. xiv. 1.

QUI sait s'affaiblir charitablement avec les faibles, sait l'art de les rendre forts—celui qui se souvient qu'il est père, n'oubliera jamais la douceur—ce n'est point par la chaleur de la dispute que l'on gagne à Dieu les âmes, mais par la douceur de la charité. La controverse aigrit, rebute, et endurecit souvent beaucoup, et convertit peu : on ne doit ni la négliger, ni s'en contenter, ni la rendre odieuse par aucune aigreur, ni aucune dureté.

QUESNEL.

THE LISTENER.—No. XV.

MY young readers have much and often complained of me that I tell no stories. They might as well complain, for aught I see, that the baker sells no sugar-plums, and the draper deals not in trinkets—all very good things in themselves—but of that of which there is enough, we have somewhere made bold to say too much, there needs no supply of ours. Yet, lest it should be that our young friends believe we think there is some wrong in writing a story, or that they suppose, more direful error still, that we cannot write one, I intend, for once, to conciliate their favour, and compound a story, which, contrary to the ordinary practice of story-tellers, I beg to assure them *is not true*. This is a rash assertion. Are we going to put aside our office, and ceasing to listen to the realities of life, take an imaginary flight among things that neither are nor can be? Most surely not. The skilful lapidary finds his jewels in the mine, shapes them and sets them, and the work is his; but still the stones are real, and on their reality depends the value of his work. So have we sought in nature the materials of our fiction: it is

made up of truths, though in itself not true—we will tell nothing that we have not heard, and seen, and been witness to; though not in the form in which we give it. We listened for our materials, ere we wove our tale.

On one of the hottest days an English July can produce, about the hour at which it is usual to set out for a summer-evening's walk; when the soil had been pulverized by sixteen hours of sun-shine, and the light breeze departing with the sun, had left the atmosphere more suffocating than by day—excepting in so far as a sensation of dampness might persuade one it was cool—I too went out to walk, because others did; though I could not but observe in the dusty hue and dragging gait of all I met, an intimation that all would rather be at home if they did but know what to do with themselves there. The grass was damp, and the paths were dusty, and I was fain at last to betake myself to the sea-beach, which, as all men know, is not the most easy walking in the world—so that I was just beginning to consider how far it was really agreeable to walk on a summer evening, when my attention was withdrawn from myself by the appearance of a filthy, squalid child at my side. It is impossible to imagine an object more uninteresting and loathsome. The vulgar ugliness of her features seemed rather the result of misery, starvation, and ill-humour, than of natural deformity: her originally fair skin was burned and freckled into fiery redness, and her once pale hair clotted into unequal shades of darkness by filth and exposure; her size bespoke her about seven years old; but her shrivelled form and the worn expression of her countenance gave to her person an unnatural appearance of age. I looked at her a few moments; she seemed to be doing nothing, thinking nothing, and feeling nothing; and questioning within myself what might be the use, or aim, or object of existence in such a brute-like form, I addressed her with the usual question of what was her name. She deigned me no reply, but sufficiently intimated by her looks that she took it to be

no business of mine. I tried again, by asking where she lived. At this she impertinently laughed, but still returned no answer; and carelessly throwing a stone or two into the water, turned her back and walked off. My curiosity was now excited, and I determined to follow her. This was no easy matter to my patience, for she clung round every post she came to, paused to throw the gravel, or make faces at every dirty child she met, and put her fist through the railing of every garden, to tear away the flowers, which she immediately scattered. At last she made pause at much such a dwelling as I might have expected—a miserable hovel close to the high road, formed of the shattered remnant of a boat: the dwelling contained a single room, with a door standing open, a low mud chimney, and a small window without glass, of which the wooden shutter was already closed, or probably had not that day been opened.

My guide entered, and, to her astonishment, and apparently no great satisfaction, so did I. In one corner, or rather one half of the hovel, was a sort of bedstead without bed or mattress, on which lay the figure of a woman, nothing beneath her but a thread-bare blanket, or above her but a sort of ragged coverlid, of which it was impossible, through the dirt, to discern the texture or the hue. There was in her features what had been, and that but recently, both youth and beauty—yet now they were haggard, harsh, and almost ghastly. She looked at me, but made no motion of surprise or pleasure, nor gave the least expression of civility. “You seem ill, good woman,” I said.—“Yes,” she replied, “and please God I shall soon be worse.”

I was much struck with her manner of speaking these words, totally free from the coarse, broad accent of the country people of these parts, yet strongly marked by a deathly hollowness of voice, and the reckless daring of a hardened heart. “Is death then desirable to you?” I said.—“What cannot be worsened may be bettered, they say,” she answered.

"But may not your case be worse," I answered, "in the world of which you know not yet the —"

She interrupted me with a long "Aye!" that at once announced the carelessness and the impatience of one who listens to an old story, of which the interest is past.

I scarce knew how to proceed; I took a seat that had not been offered me, and drawing it close to her bed, attempted to put as much kindness as I could into my voice and manner while I questioned her of her illness and condition. She showed no unwillingness to communicate, but still there was a hardened despondency in all her answers, that seemed to reject assistance or consolation; and to my assurance that I would give her any thing she needed, she only replied, with indifference, "Aye, I dare say you will; I shall not want any thing long."

She replies to me, I thought, as to one who has done her wrong—but that is impossible. Willing to try another point, I reverted to the child, and asked if it was her only one. "Aye, please God!" she answered again.

"My friend," I said, "that word is often in your mouth, but it does not seem to me that you hold it much in reverence."

"As much as others, belike," the woman answered. Again there was something in her tone, which implied, that however bad she might be, she did not consider me any better.

"Has that child of yours no employment? Does she not go to school?"

"She may do what she can when her mother is gone," said the wretched woman, with some emotion; "and I suppose they will teach her what they taught me."

I was inexpressibly moved by this first symptom of feeling; I had observed too a delicacy of person, and a correctness of expression, that belied the stern ruggedness of her voice and manner, and I was determined to know more. "It does not seem to me, good woman,

that you have always been in this situation ; have you been always so badly off ?”

“ Never till I deserved it,” she answered, while an almost convulsive agony distorted every feature, and her eyes grew liquid with tears, which no mention of her sufferings or her wants had before extracted.

“ I should like to know your story,” I replied :—
“ There is One above who is the sinner’s friend, and who —”

“ He is not mine !” she eagerly subjoined, “ nor ever has been, since —”

“ Since you neglected him and broke his laws ; but perhaps now if you —”

“ Aye, aye !” said the woman, with her former sullen air, “ you need not tell me about that—they taught me all that ; but they did not mind it, and I did not mind it—and,” looking stedfastly in my face, “ you do not mind it, I dare say.”

This woman, thought I, is neither ignorant, thoughtless, nor unfeeling. Some deep-rooted memory of wrong, some fatal impression from past events, remains upon her mind, and makes her what she is ;—and I determined to pursue my enquiry till I traced her story and her sufferings to their source. I visited her often, and gained her confidence, and by degrees extracted from her the following melancholy tale, which I give as in her own simple words ; though not all at once, and in exact order, received from her :—

“ My name was Peggy Lum. My father kept a poulterer’s shop at the corner of the High Street, and he had no child but me. The farthest I can remember is that he taught me on the Sunday evening the Lord’s Prayer and the Belief, which he told me was my religion ; and for what he called my learning—for having but one child, and being well to do in the world, he was determined I should have both—he sent me to a day-school in the next street, for which he paid six-pence a-week, being two-pence more than the schools to which most of my

acquaintance went; and this, of course, made me a greater person than they. But this was not my only distinction; I had a clean coloured frock twice a-week, wore white stockings, and had my shoes blacked every morning; for my father said his child should be always decent, though she wore no finery. There was not in the town of H— so happy a child as Peggy Lam, nor one so envied. My sense of superiority gave me a feeling of high responsibility for my conduct. I would not, for the world, have been heard to use an evil word, or have been seen playing in the streets, neither should it be ever said that I tore my books or puckered my work: these were accidents that befel all beside, but never could be charged to Peggy Lam, the boast of the mistress, and the pride of the school.

“ When I was twelve years old, my mother suggested that it was time I learned to be useful, and I was accordingly kept at home, to clean the house and pick the poultry: but that I might not lose my learning and my religion, I was allowed to attend a Sunday school, superintended by some excellent young ladies in the parish. Here Peggy Lam was equally distinguished above her fellows. She never came too late, she never wore flowers in her bonnet, whispered at church, or forgot the text. Every lady took notice of my good manners, said kind things to me, and, what was of more consequence, took extraordinary pains in instructing me. I could read my Bible well, but I had hitherto never understood its meaning, nor indeed had ever supposed it had a meaning. Those kind ladies explained it to me all, and especially the commandments, which I had been taught to repeat by heart, and some things they told me, I remembered, alas! when—but I shall come to it.— And so I grew up, the neatest, quietest, and civillest girl, as they said, of all the school; and when at fifteen, my parents said it was time I should go out to service, there was quite a dispute among the ladies who should have me. I was disposed of at last to a family of re-

spectability in the town, of which some of the ladies had interested themselves about the school; and I was not a little satisfied with the persuasion that I should continue to be bettered by their precept and example. It was my place to attend on the ladies, and sometimes to help wait at table, and answer the bell: and most happy still was Peggy Lum in the approbation and kind treatment she met with: and every night when I went to bed, for I had been taught now from whom all good things come, I gave thanks to God for the fair portion he had allotted me on earth.

“ While I was in this situation, there came one day a single rap at the door, which I opened: a woman presented herself, and with a mysterious air and sort of under-tone, drew from beneath her apron a bundle, which she gave me, and bid me take it to the ladies, but not let any body else see it. I hesitated, for I remembered that when I was at the Sunday school, the ladies taught me whatever needed concealment was likely to be wrong. The woman seeing my hesitation, whispered, with a significant look, ‘ Some silks, ma’am, some silks—you’ll please to show them to the ladies.’ Not having any reason to give why I should not, I did as I was bid, and conveyed the parcel up stairs, rather anticipating a reproof, though I knew not why. By no means. The ladies spread the contents of the bundle on the table, and eagerly descanted on their merits, and very soon the woman was desired to add her presence to the council. I now understood the matter—to every fault found with the texture or the price, the vender answered that they were all French; though from the frequency of the question, it was evident the ladies did not themselves know whether they were or not. It just came once into my mind that these ladies used to tell us it did not signify whether our gowns were coarse or fine, so they were neat and becoming our station: yet now it seemed of great importance to them whether the silk were French or English, though they could not tell which it

was when they saw it—but then I recollected that to be sure they were ladies, and I was a servant, and that might make a great difference. At last some purchases were made, and the woman once more placed the bundle under her apron. The ladies asked if she was not afraid to carry it, and what she would do if she was detected ‘You’ll be pleased, Ma’am, she said, to let this young woman put me out at the back door, and just look that no one is about, and tell the other servants that I came about some old clothes from your ladyships, if they should see my bundle, just.’ To my great surprise the ladies assented—for never before had I heard them assent to a falsehood, or connive at a deception—but then they knew best, and it was no business of mine. Happily no one seeing her, I escaped the falsehood I was desired to tell.

“I waited that day at table—there was some company, and the subject of the morning purchases was brought up. A gentleman asked the ladies if they felt no scruple upon the subject of smuggling. They replied that they did not see any harm in it. ‘And pray Ma’am,’ said the gentleman, ‘do you see any harm in stealing?’ and I thought of the eighth commandment. The lady smiled assent—‘And may I ask you what is stealing?’ I thought I could have answered that, for they had told me often enough in explanation that it was taking that which belonged to another; and now they replied something to the same purpose. ‘And, may I further ask, is the duty you evade or the revenue you lessen by the purchase of smuggled goods, your own or another’s.’ The ladies replied that defrauding the government was not the same as defrauding an individual. The gentleman asked in what part of the law of God such a distinction was made or intimated. The ladies could not point out such a passage, and I could not myself think of one; but I supposed there might be, since I was sure they knew the scripture better than I. Some one said she did not see why a portion of

the profit of manufactured goods should belong to the government.' 'You know, madam, probably, why this house and grounds belong to you.' 'Because they belonged to my fathers, and therefore are mine by natural right.' 'I beg your pardon—by natural right every thing belonged to him who took it first—and there are places and have been times when your father's property would not be yours.' 'But now it is mine by law.' 'Exactly so—and he would commit theft who should deprive you of it. By law the profits of the revenue are another's, and not yours; and pardon me, you commit theft if you appropriate it to yourself, or in any way deprive the rightful claimant.' 'But these laws are oppressive and injurious, and ought to be abrogated.' 'That admits of difference of opinion—but at present it is law; and if every one may break the law that does not please him, there is not a malefactor in the kingdom but may say the law that condemns him is a bad one.' I did not understand any part of this reasoning—but I concluded, that as my ladies were so very good, they most likely were right, and that there could be no harm in smuggling. One of them then said that to be sure it might not be quite right, and that in the purchase of spirits, tea, &c. where it was only to save the duty, she should hesitate to smuggle—but in articles that could not lawfully be purchased at all, she was obliged to do it. 'Certainly,' replied the gentleman, 'if it is more necessary to you to wear French silk than to do right.' I opened my ears wide at this: for I remembered how many times I had been told, it never could be necessary to do wrong; that to do right was the most important of all things—and by the very lady too, who now said she must do what she allowed was not quite right, because she wanted a certain sort of dress. But it was not for me to be wiser than my betters—the dinner was ended and I left the room; and excepting when I repeated the eighth commandment or saw French silk now and then by chance, I do not remember that I thought

any more about what I had heard till the sad days that I am going to tell of.

“Meantime my years went on. The ladies liked me, and made me presents, and increased my wages; and in all the house it was who but Peggy Lum. And now I began to save a little money, beside buying myself now and then a good book, such as my mistress recommended me, over and above a prayer-book with gilt edges and a large print Bible. And when my mother fell sick and died, I was able to buy for her many little comforts she had not got, beside sitting often by her bed, and explaining the Bible to her as it had been explained to me—and many, and many were the times she said it was a comfort to her death-bed that her Peggy had turned out so well—and sure it was a comfort to me to hear her say it—and as many times I gave thanks to God for all his mercies; for I knew it was he who had made me what I was; and with all my heart I praised him that I was Peggy Lum and nobody else: for little did I then think what I should come to.

“By this time I was twenty years of age, and as comely a young woman, so they said, as any in the parish. I had a great many suitors—but I always consulted my ladies about them, and they generally persuaded me not to marry, because, as they said, I was better off. I thought so for awhile; but at last I began to think the time was getting on and I had better settle myself: so I was married, one Midsummer-day, to a young man who had been a gardener in a gentleman’s family, and having saved a little money was going to take some ground, and raise fruit and vegetables for the market. To be sure he had not quite so much learning as I had; and having never been to a Sunday school, he did not so well understand his Bible and Catechism: but he was honest, sober, and industrious, and loved his church, and bore a very good character; and my mistresses said if I wished to marry, I could not do better—and he was beside a very good-looking young man; so we were

married, and all the ladies went to church with us, and we had great feasting, and crowds of lookers on, and all the parish knew it was Peggy Lum's wedding.

"And now I was surely happier than I had ever been before; and I wondered how God should never be tired of blessing me. I had a little cottage in the garden which was all my own. It is true my kitchen was not so good as that I had left at my mistress's, nor my fire so bright, nor my bed so soft, nor my table so plentifully spread—but then it was my own. And it is true I worked harder, for I had more to do than to walk up and down stairs and wait upon the ladies—but then I worked for myself and those I loved, and not for hire. And who does not know the difference? And who ever looked back from the little that was her own to the much that was not hers? The rich leavings of my mistress's table were never so sweet to my taste as the pork I had salted for myself, and the cabbage that grew in my own husband's garden. I had children—Ah! and brave children were they too, as ever mother's eyes have looked upon—as straight, as beautiful, their white hair curled upon their heads, their eyes"—Here the wretched woman's voice began to falter, the tears chased each other rapidly down her ghastly cheeks, her eyes wandered towards the corner where her unsightly offspring was skulking, as if to make a comparison between what she remembered and what she saw—but it was all too much: an agony of unutterable feeling convulsed her frame and for that time closed her narrative.

I hope my readers will not be displeased at the delay—but beside that I have already filled the space allotted to this article, they must be aware that it is the custom of all story-writers in periodical works to interrupt the narrative in the most interesting part with those fatal words, *To be continued.*

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

(Continued from page 83.)

IF any thing can add lustre to the character of Leighton, it certainly is the period in which he lived, where every thing fair and good becomes more striking by the contrast of darkness that surrounds it. Religion was rapidly becoming a mere party feeling, a plea for rebellion on one hand, and oppression and murder on the other. It is no wonder Leighton's gentle spirit shrunk from the contest; good it was impossible for him to effect, or to procure the conciliation which had been his only motive for entering the Episcopal office, so much opposed to his habits and his choice. Neither party were honest in desire for peace, and neither party liked him for his forbearance towards the other. We hear of him no more in public life; as he only retained his dignity another year. The affairs of Scotland proceeded very ill. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, whom we have before mentioned as of a spirit strongly contrasted with that of Leighton with whom he was to act, had already escaped one attempt at murder, and pursued the suspected persons with rigour and injustice, which served but to aggravate the Presbyterian party against him. Burnet justly remarks, "what Sharp did now to preserve himself from such practices was probably that which both in the just judgment of God and the inflamed fury of wicked men, brought him two years after to such a dismal end."

Meantime the severities of the government gave occasion to more desperate undertakings among the Presbyterians. They held their meetings in the open fields, and went armed to their conventicles. "These conventicling people were become very giddy and furious, and some hot and hair-brained young preachers were

chiefly followed among them, who infused wild principles into their hearers, which were disowned by the chief men of the party." We perceive in these relations both how certainly human interests and human passions will interfere to pollute the best and fairest cause—and also the extreme injustice of charging the excesses of some to the whole body, of whom the honest and sincere probably censured those acts as much as we can do, and therefore should not in this or any other case be identified with the perpetrators. Such was undoubtedly the case in the cruel murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, which never can be considered as the act of the Presbyterians as a body; they were equally guiltless of the intention and the deed. It was the evil impulse of the moment, in a few individuals, excited merely by the opportunity that presented itself. This is Burnet's account of the affair.

"When a party of furious men were riding through a moor near St. Andrew's, they saw the Archbishop's coach appear: he was coming from a council-day, and was driving home. He had sent some of his servants home before him, to let them know he was coming, and others he had sent off on compliments; so that there were no horsemen about the coach. They seeing this, concluded, according to their frantic, enthusiastic notions, that God had now delivered up their greatest enemy into their hands: seven of them made up to the coach, while the rest were as scouts riding all about the moor. One of them fired a pistol at him, which burnt his coat and gown, but did not go into his body: upon this they fancied he had a magical secret to secure him against a shot, and they drew him out of his coach, and murdered him barbarously, repeating their strokes till they were sure he was quite dead; and so they got clear off, nobody happening to go across the moor all the while. This was the dismal end of that unhappy man: it struck all people with horror, and softened his enemies into some tenderness;

so that his memory was treated with decency by those who had very little respect for him during his life."

This was indeed a murderous age. In England numbers were suffering in the affair of Titus Oates, some very excellent persons, and some of the most vile, but all with equal injustice as to the crimes laid to their charge. In Scotland every means were used to excite rebellion in order to punish it; and the scheme but too well succeeded. "A strange spirit of fury broke loose on some of the Presbyterians, called Cargillites, from one Cargill, that had been one of the ministers of Glasgow in the former times, and was then very little considered, but now was much followed, to the great reproach of the nation: these held that the king had lost the right of the crown, by his breaking the covenant, which he had sworn at his coronation, so they said he was their king no more; and by a formal declaration they renounced all allegiance to him, which a party of them affixed to the cross of Dumfries, a town near the west border. The guards fell upon a party of them whom they found in arms, where Cameron, one of their furious teachers, (from whom they were also called Cameronians,) was killed; but Hackston, that was one of the archbishop's murderers, and Cargill, were taken. Hackston when brought before the council, would not own their authority, nor make any answer to their questions. He was so low by reason of his wounds, that it was thought he would die in the question if tortured; so he was in a very summary way condemned to have both his hands cut off, and then to be hanged: all this he suffered with a constancy that amazed all people. He seemed to be all the while in enthusiastical rapture, and insensible of what was done to him. When his hands were cut off, he asked like one unconcerned, if his feet must be cut off likewise; and he had so strong a heart, that notwithstanding all the loss of blood by his wounds, and the cutting off his hands, yet when he was hanged

up, and his heart cut out, it continued to palpitate some time after it was on the hangman's knife, as some eye-witnesses assured me. Cargill and many others of that mad sect, both men and women, suffered with an obstinacy that was so particular, that though the duke sent the offer of pardon to them on the scaffold, if they would only say God bless the king, it was refused with great neglect: one of them, a woman, said very calmly, she was sure God would not bless him, and that therefore she would not take God's name in vain: another said more sullenly, that she would not worship that idol nor acknowledge any other king but Christ, and so both were hanged. About fifteen or sixteen died under this delusion, which seemed to be a sort of madness; for they never attempted any thing against any person, only they seemed glad to suffer for their opinions. Great use was made of this by profane people to disparage the sufferings of the martyrs for the Christian faith, from the unshaken constancy which these frantic people expressed; but this is undeniable, that men who die maintaining any opinion, shew that they are firmly persuaded of it; so from this the martyrs of the first age, who died for asserting a matter of fact, such as the resurrection of Christ; or the miracles that they had seen, shewed that they were well persuaded of the truth of those facts; and that is all the use that is to be made of this argument."

This remark is very just. Numbers have suffered martyrdom for error as well as for truth; and we know on scripture authority that a man may give his body to be burned, and yet be wanting of that without which he is nothing in the sight of God. But scarcely will any one die for that which he does not believe: in matters of opinion, martyrdom can therefore be no test of truth—but a martyr can scarcely be an impostor, which the early sufferers for the gospel must have been, had they not really seen or heard the things they asserted, since these were no matters of opinion, but of fact, which they either knew or fabricated.

We do not apologize to our readers for these digressions from the principal subject of our biography; since we feel persuaded these sketches of the times must interest them, as relating to a people of whom they are continually reading and hearing, but of whose real character it is not very easy to judge, amid the mass of things set forth respecting them.

We have no particular accounts of Leighton's retirement from publick life, and from the difficult and discouraging duties of his see. The king in opposing his resignation at the time he desired it, had given a written engagement to allow him to retire a twelvemonth after, in the following words:—

“ Charles R.

“ It is our will and pleasure, that the present Archbishop of Glasgow do continue in that station for one whole year, and we shall allow liberty to him to retire from thence at the end of that time.”

With this security of speedy release, the Archbishop returned to his see, alleging that there was now but one stage more between him and the rest he desired. A letter, of which the following are extracts, to the clergy of his diocese of Dumblane, sufficiently attests his feeling under a charge, coveted of others, but to him a burden.

“ Rev. Brethren,

“ The superadded burden that I have here sits so heavy upon me, that I cannot escape from under it, to be with you at this time. * * * I know I need not remind you, for I am confident you daily think of it, that the great principle of fidelity, and diligence, and good success in that great work is love; and the great spring of love to souls is love to Him that brought them. He knew it well himself, and gave us to know it, when he said, “ Simon, lovest thou me? Feed my lambs.” Deep impression of his blessed name upon our hearts, will not fail to produce lively expression of it in our words and discourses, in private and publick, but will make the whole track of our lives to be a true copy and transcript of his holy life: and if there be within us any sparks of that divine love, you know the best way, not only to preserve them, but to excite them, and blow them up into a flame, is by the breath of prayer. Oh prayer! the converse of the soul with God, the breath of God in man returning to its original, frequent and fervent prayer, the better half of our whole work, and that which makes the other half lively and effectual. * * *. But you will possibly say, what does he himself that speaks these things to us! Alas! I am ashamed to tell you. All I dare

say is this, I think I see the beauty of holiness, and am enamoured with it, though I attain it not; and how little soever I attain, would rather live and die in the pursuit of it, than in the pursuit, yea, or in the possession and enjoyment, though unpursued, of all the advantages that this world affords. And I trust, dear brethren, you are of the same opinion and design, and follow it both more diligently and with better success."

There is nothing by which the real character of a person may be so exactly traced, as by his letters, written usually in the confidence of friendship; and intended for no other eye: whence it follows that no biography is so interesting, or carries with it so much the air of authenticity, as that which is made up of the letters and private journals, or other records, of the subject himself. The following is a sweet specimen of Leighton's pious mode of speaking and feeling, extracted from a letter to a friend:

"O! what a weariness is it to live amongst men, and find so few men; and amongst Christians, and find so few Christians; so much talk and so little action; religion turned almost to a tune and air of words; and amidst all our pretty discourses, pusillanimous and base, and so easily dragged into the mire, self, and flesh, and pride, and passion domineering while we speak of being in Christ, and clothed with him, and believe it because we speak it so often and so confidently. Well I know you are not willing to be so gulled, and having some glances of the beauty of holiness, aim no lower than perfection, which in the end we hope to attain, and in the meantime the smallest advances towards it are more worth than crowns and sceptres. I believe it, you often think on the words of Paul.—Cor. ix. 24. There is a noble guest within us. Oh! let all our business be to entertain him honourably, and to live in celestial love within, that will make all things without be very contemptible in our eyes. I should rove on did I not stop myself, it falling out well too for that, to be hard upon the post hour ere I thought of writing. Therefore good night is all I add: for whatsoever hour it comes to your hand, I believe you are as sensible as I that it is still night; but the comfort is that it draws nigh towards that bright morning that shall make amends."

It cannot be denied that there was something of gloom in the character of Leighton, or at least of that sort of seriousness which we are apt, without examination, to call gloom; though in many cases it partakes nothing of sorrow, but only of the calm composure which religion produces on some dispositions, that it cannot in all. This sort of melancholy perfectly consists with happiness,

though not with gaiety, and is very generally the result of a suffering spirit subdued into submission, whether by external ill or mental struggles. Leighton lived in the midst of levity and corruption, and had to do with people in whom religion itself was a plaything and a pageant, and morality at its very lowest ebb. There is little doubt that the aspect weighed on his mind, gave a sombre cast to his reflections, and perhaps some excess of austerity to his manners. But his writings every where bespeak a mind cheered and calmed, though not elated, and at peace in the midst of difficulty. The following extract from a letter is very beautiful :

"Courage, it shall be well. We follow a conquering general; yea, who hath conquered already; *et qui semel vincet pro nobis semper vincit in nobis* : He who hath once conquered for us, always conquers in us. For myself at present, I am (as we used to say) that is, this little contemptible lodge of mine, is not very well; but that will come some way or other, as it is best; and even while the indisposition lasts, oh! how much doth it heighten the sweet relish of peace within, of which I cannot speak highly, for to you I can speak just as it is. But methinks I find a growing contempt of all this world, and consequently some further degrees of that quiet which is only subject to disturbance by our inordinate fancies and desires, and receding from the blest centre of our rest; *for hurries of the world you know the way*. Isaiah xxvi. 20.—And in these retiring rooms we may meet, and be safe and quiet."

In another letter he writes thus :

"Thorns grow every where, and from all things below; and to a soul transplanted out of itself into the root of Jesse, peace grows every where too, from him who is called our peace, and whom we still find the more to be so, the more entirely we live in him, being dead to this world, and self, and all things beside him. Oh! when shall it be? Well, let all the world go as it will, let this be our only pursuit and ambition, and to all other things; *fiat voluntas tua, Domine*, 'Lord, thy will be done.'"

The sweet and reasonable counsel contained in the following letter, addressed to some person whose mind had been agitated with doubts on the truths of scripture, and her conscience distressed on account of them, is of great beauty and universal interest; since the strongest and most devoted minds are liable to be similarly agitated at times, either by their own delusive reasonings, or the false insinuations of the unbelieving world. We insert it therefore with pleasure.

“ Though I have not the honour to be acquainted with your Ladyship, yet a friend of yours has acquainted me with your condition, though I confess the unfittest of all men to minister of spiritual relief to any person, either by prayer or advice to you; but he could have imparted such a thing to none of greater secrecy, and withal of greater sympathy and tender compassion towards such as are exercised with those kinds of conflicts, as having been formerly acquainted with the like myself, all sorts of sceptical and doubtful thoughts; touching those great points, having not only passed through my head, but some of them have for some time sat more fast and painfully upon my mind; but in the name of the Lord, they were at length quite dispelled and scattered. And O that I could love and bless Him, who is my deliverer and strength, my rock and fortress, where I have now found safety from these incursions; and I am very confident you shall very shortly find the same; only wait patiently on the Lord, and hope in him, for you shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance; and it is that alone that can enlighten you and clear your mind of those fogs and mists that now possess it, and calm the storms that are raised within it. You do well to read good books that are proper for your help, but rather the shortest and plainest than the more tedious and voluminous, that sometimes entangle a perplexed mind yet more, by grasping many more questions, and answers, and arguments than is needful. But above all, still cleave to the incomparable spring of light and divine comfort, the Holy Scriptures, even in despite of all doubts concerning them; and when you find your thoughts in disorder, and at a loss, entertain no dispute with them, by any means at that time, but rather divert from them by short prayer, or to other thoughts, and sometimes to well chosen company, or the best you can have where you are; and at some other time, when you find yourself in a calmer and serener temper and upon the vantage ground of a little more confidence in God, then you may resume your reasons against unbelief, but so as to beware of casting yourself into new disturbance; for when your mind is in a sober temper, there is nothing so suitable to its strongest reason, nothing so wise and noble, as religion; and believe it is so rational, that as now I am framed, I am afraid that my belief proceeds too much from reason, and is not so divine and spiritual as I would have it; only when I find, (as in some measure through the grace of God I do,) that it hath some real virtue and influence upon my affections and track of life, I hope there is somewhat of a higher tincture in it, but in point of reason I am well assured, that all that I have heard from the wittiest atheist and libertine in the world, is nothing but bold ravery and madness, and their whole discourse a heap of folly and ridiculous nonsense; for what probable account can they give of the wonderful frame of the visible world, without the supposition of an eternal, an infinite power, and wisdom, and goodness, that formed it and themselves, and all things in it? And what can they think of the many thousands of martyrs in the first age of Christianity, that endured not simple death, but all the inventions of the most exquisite tortures, for their belief of that most holy faith, which if the miracles that confirmed it had not persuaded them to, they themselves had been thought the most prodigious miracles of madness in all the world? It is not want of reason on the side of religion that makes fools disbelieve it, but

the interest of their brutish lusts and dissolute lives makes them wish it were not true; and there is this vast difference betwixt you and them; they would gladly believe less than they do, and you would gladly believe more than you do; they are sometimes pained and tormented with apprehensions that the doctrine of religion is or may be true, and you are perplexed with suggestions to doubt of it, which are to you as unwilling and unwelcome as these apprehensions of its truth are to them. Believe it, Madam, these different thoughts of yours, are not yours, but his that inserts them, and throws them as fiery darts into your mind, and they shall assuredly be laid to his charge, and not to yours. Think you that infinite goodness is ready to take advantage of his poor creatures, and to reject and condemn those that, against all the assaults made upon them, desire to keep their hearts for him, and live to him? He made us, and knows our mould, and as a father pities his children, and pities them that fear him, for he is their Father, and the tenderest and kindest of all fathers; and as a father pities his child when it is sick, and in the rage and ravery of a fever, though it even utter reproachful words against himself, shall not our dearest Father both forgive and pity those thoughts in any child of his, that arise not from any wilful hatred of him, but are kindled in hell within them. And no temptation hath befallen you as this; but that which has been incident to men, and to the best of men; and their heavenly Father hath not only forgiven them, but in due time hath given them an happy issue out of them, and so he will assuredly do to you."

(To be continued.)

LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE SECOND.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.—Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.—Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.—MATT. v. 3, 4, 5.

HE, the Saviour, the Maker and Redeemer of the world, of man despised and of man rejected, yet one with God and God himself, "Opened his mouth saying"—Well might the startled world have stood amazed had they believed the divine authority of Him that spake, and listened to his saying "Blessed"—that which all men

would be, that which all were seeking to be, and few, very few, if any, would allow they were—of whom was it pronounced? The gay, the spirited, the light of heart, the admired of men, the best-beloved of earth; they to whom thousands doffed the bonnet, they to whom princes bowed down and nations listened—the tender, flattered, fostered children of prosperity, to whom the sunshine was without a cloud—were these the blessed? Heathens had thought so; and some who are not heathens think so—He who came from heaven and was thither returning on that strange path his wisdom and his mercy had appointed; he who from the beginning had all things known, and at that moment in one vast glance beheld of all things the issue and the end—He thought otherwise: He saw not as man saw, his judgment was not as the judgment of men; and in a manner the most striking and the most magnificent, he opened his discourse in words that gave the lie at once to all the preconceived opinions of mankind. Well might it be said of him, “He spoke like one having authority—he knew that his word was truth immutable; eternal, everlasting certainty. As if at that moment he forgot his despised estate, and reassumed the greatness he had quitted, he pronounced in his character of perfect God, the blessing that he, and only he could give, and gave it where he would. As if he had said to the world—You have usurped my rights, you have taken judgment out of my hands, you have called them blessed whom I blessed not, you have trodden down my friends and raised my foes to honour—behold, I come to reverse your judgments and do away your decrees. He spake and it was done—for who shall say that those He has blessed are not blessed, that those to whom he has given glory, and honour, and power, and happiness eternal, shall not possess it? Alas! there are who say so—our lips, our hearts, our actions, too often say so—but it cannot be. However the world may resist the fiat, however our ill-preference may choose some other blessedness and make

light of this, the thing is even so as he has said, and before angels and men, and all the powers of heaven and earth assembled, it shall be made manifest—strange that we should doubt it! that we are wrong, and He the God of all is right.

But before we proceed to examine these words more closely, does it not strike us as something strange that this discourse should begin with a blessing at all, under the circumstances in which it was spoken? They had been all his enemies, and if at that moment they were not so, they were such poor friends as he knew would in his need forsake him. They were they whose sins had polluted his fair world, had brought him down from his Father's bosom, and were about to consummate the fearful tragedy upon his sacred head, in all the tortures of an agonizing death. Well might his oration have begun with bitter reproofs and awful threatenings. We, miserable sinners ourselves, who at our best may scarcely find what we can venture to call worse, we begin our addresses to an enemy with taunts and reproaches. Nay, do not some who have a message of peace to deliver from above, shew more disposition to be the bearer of its threats; more earnestness in marking the sins, and more vehemence in upbraiding them, than in speaking pardon to the contrite and comfort to the faint at heart? Surely some who preach, and some who teach, and some who are really earnest for their own and others welfare, might learn a lesson here. HE spake the blessing first: He, the most wronged, the most injured at a time when by the burden on his own bosom he deepest felt the enormity of mortal sin, began his sermon with sweeter, kinder words than ever fell on mortal ear before—how does it shame our harsh and rugged tempers—blessedness for those who were never blessed till then—comfort for those who knew none—the kingdom of heaven for the conscience-stricken sinner. It could be none but Mercy's self that spake.

But let us examine more particularly of the persons

thus singled out as blessed from a world on which many a woe was afterwards pronounced, as well as of the nature of their blessedness, and consider whether our mind is as the mind of God ; or if it can possibly be that reading these words, and acknowledging they are the words of God, we yet prove by our feelings, thoughts, and deeds, that we are altogether of another mind.

The poor in spirit, the meek, the mournful. We know that in earthly language a poor-spirited person is a term of most extreme contempt: a noble spirit, a high spirit, a bold spirit, are the terms of commendation ; but we are not to consider these words of our Lord as standing opposed to those, expressive merely of natural disposition and character. A man may have a mean, pusillanimous, and despicable spirit towards his fellows, without one spark of humility ; and, on the contrary, there may be those, and they have been many, who, with the utmost reach of what is commonly called greatness of character, have been and have proved themselves before their God, the lowliest and most submissive of his servants. To be poor, is to have little—to be in want : to be poorest of all, is to have nothing—to want all things. If any one should set apart a certain portion of their fortune to relieve the poor, who would be the claimants on the fund ? Not those certainly who wore a fair seeming in the eyes of the world, who were doing well for themselves, wanted for nothing, and never felt the pressure of poverty and need. They would not come to ask ; or if they did, would be rejected, because unfit claimants on the charity—because they were not poor. Even so, He whose the kingdom of heaven is to give, with all its stores of endless bliss, its eternal treasures of eternal joy, declares it is for those who are in spirit what the poor of this world are in outward circumstance, destitute, in want, and having nothing. They who claim heaven as their right, are not of their number—let them rather prove their claim, and take their own. They who are rich in merits, are not of the number—they may go and

make the purchase of what they want. They who do not know that they are worthless, cannot have it—for they will never come to ask the bounty they feel not that they need. These are rich in spirit—let them see to their own fortunes—the blessing and the eternal fund of bliss with which it is connected, in this passage at least, is not assigned to them. No—they must be poor in spirit—sunk as one was of old, when he exclaimed, “Lord, save me, or I perish”—as he who said, “Behold I am vile”—or that ruthless wanderer, who having fed long on the bare husks, solicited to be but as a hired servant in his father’s house—or he who, for very shame, dared not to lift so much as his eyes to heaven. All these were poor in spirit: brought down from their bold attempts and high pretensions, in deep debasement and consenting helplessness, to own themselves dependent on another’s pity, humble, lowly, worthless in their own eyes; perishing, starving, lost, if not relieved. They may have been the world’s admired idols, or they may have been its despised little ones—it matters not. If this is what they are before God, what they know themselves to be, and what they are content all men should take them for, they are blessed, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Is that a reason? Alas! men do not think so. They even presume to pity the subdued and conscience-stricken spirit; and though they assent that heaven will be his portion when he dies, to hear their way of speaking, one must suppose they think it a poor compensation for his humiliation here. “Poor creature—well, he’ll go to heaven when he dies,” uttered in a tone of most ineffable contempt, is the forlorn hope, the *pis aller* of a case too bad to be amended. The divine preacher was of another mind. He pronounced them blessed—and they are blessed; for heaven is theirs, not in distant, cold reversion; but theirs now, secured by this very promise, confirmed by others, innumerable; nay, touched and tasted already in lively hope and sweet anticipation. 1

need not say what is meant by the kingdom of heaven—we all understand the term.

But there are those whose hope is not lively, whose anticipation at present is not sweet: the world has failed them, and Heaven seems not yet in their possession: they are spirit-broken too, but the relief has not been accorded them. As if he had perceived this probability, the sacred preacher, the gentle and compassionate Saviour, makes instant haste to carry on his blessing to the yet sorrowful children of his love, “Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.” Borne down with sorrow and with sin, un comforted of earth, and as yet un comforted of heaven, condemned and upbraided of man, unacknowledged yet of God, struck to the heart by the reproaches of his word—like Peter when he wept so bitterly—like David, ere the prophet said that God had put away his sin—like Lot, when his holy soul was vexed from day to day with the wickedness of those around him—like the women who wept the master they had lost, or ever they knew he had risen again to save them. These are indeed the sorrowful of the earth, who go mourning all the day long—yet the preacher pronounced them blessed. Oh! he had reason—for he knew with how sweet a comfort he meant to comfort them—what sounds of pardon and peace he meant to whisper in their ears, with what a rich reward to close their days of tribulation. Seeing, as he did, the immense disproportion between their present sufferings and their future bliss, he might well pronounce them blessed; though all beside, nay, even themselves would have said that they were wretched.

The next is a strange sentence. It seems at first sight to be absolutely false; for here is something that comes within the reach of mortal men—it is earth, not heaven pledged as a blessing to the meek. But who is in possession of the earth and its good things? Those, as we may think, who have found the means to seize on

them—those who in the scramble have trodden down their fellows, and gone over their heads to the attainment of their wishes. The bold, aspiring spirit, often the proud and the oppressor. It cannot be denied that they prevail and hold the earth in possession, while the meek, the timid and forbearing, scarcely contending even for their own, are oftentimes depressed and despoiled by their more daring and tenacious fellows. Thus it appears, and thus we think—but we are mistaken perhaps. We are very little in the secret of God's government on earth; but himself has said to his disciples, "All things are yours." He cannot be mistaken; and most true it is, the people of God have more real enjoyment of the earth than any others who tread its surface. They see a fitness and beauty in God's works that others see not—they feel a security in the enjoyment of the little they may have that others cannot feel; and they are relieved from the empoisoning errors, and distracting fears, and tumultuous passions that haunt the ungodly in the possession of their much. How many a pang of wounded pride, and irritated feeling, and soul-tormenting passion, suffered by the proud, the meek and lowly will escape. But this is not the extent of their possession. The world is maintained for their sake, and the events of Providence are directed for their good: it was to consummate his purpose of mercy, that God destroyed not at once a world become offensive to his holiness; that when he repented of having made man upon the earth, he did not destroy him utterly from off it. And they, his people, are the objects of this mercy; all that is desirable for them, is theirs, and the rest is only suffered for their sake, and for the furtherance of his merciful designs towards those that love him. Well, then, may it be asserted that the earth is theirs. But more even than this may be. A time is mentioned in Scripture when Jesus shall come with his saints, to judge the earth and to possess it: a more entire inheritance

may be there reserved for the meek whom he has pronounced thus blessed.

Now if we look abroad into the world—nay, not so—but if we look into our own hearts, for it is there alone our business lies, we may find of fear, a very different estimate of happiness and of character than is here given by one who cannot err. We for the most part hold the meekness of a subdued and chastened spirit in very great contempt. Pity is the meed we give to those who mourn under the pressure of earthly sorrow; and to the far heavier pressure of a bosom wrung to agony by the consciousness of sin, a sneer of contempt and ridicule. They are not the objects of your envy and approbation. Far from it—and if you believed, which perhaps you do not, that such will really be comforted with unearthly comfort, will be the blessed inheritors of earth and heaven, you would not envy them the more. No—for you do not feel a need of the comfort they are to enjoy, the kingdom of heaven is a matter little in your thoughts, and for the earth, you fancy you already possess, or at least can obtain, more enjoyment of it by a contrary means. Yet this our estimate of others is not the thing of most importance. What are we endeavouring for ourselves? To be poor in spirit, meek, and, if it must be, mournful, that we may share this blessedness? Or is it to us a despised thing, to which the commendation of the world, and success in earthly schemes, and the gratification of our own haughty spirits, are ever to be preferred?

Whatever our folly may choose, the truth remains unaltered—they whom God has blessed are blessed; they whom he blesses not, remain unblessed for ever. We may exult in the belief that our minds are free and exalted, our powers great, our spirits noble—we may talk of pride and high-mindedness, and ambition, and a certain spiritedness the world admires, as if they were the first of virtues—with full hand we may grasp the sum of this world's good, and fancy it our own—but of this

we may rest assured: one sigh of contrition from a broken heart, one lowly, self-denying, self-renouncing temper—one act of subjection of our own will to the demands or decrees of God, is of more excellence in his sight than all our boasted greatness. The earth for which we contend with so much spirit is not ours—we may hold it to-day and to-morrow, but it is gone from us—it is given in reversion to those we condemn. That Heaven, of which we have some vague and careless expectation, is not ours—we are too rich, too independent, too well satisfied with our own goodness, to be counted among them on whom it is bestowed. And if we be in sorrow, as few there are who know none, let us have regard to the nature of it—"The sorrow of the world worketh death." Impatient grief for the loss of things for which we were little grateful when we had it—painful desire for something which we have sought and expected from every thing but God who could alone bestow it—such sorrow is not that on which the Saviour shed his blessing. Comfort for us there is not, for we seek it of the world, and comfort is of Heaven. Let us know there is a sorrow, which, meanly as we think of it, will be turned into joy, while ours is confirmed and continued to all eternity.

But to return again, a far sweeter theme, to Him by whom these sacred words were uttered, what tenderness, what love and pity sound in them. How softly like the fresh dews of the morning fall they on the bosom of the humbled, meek, and suffering listener. Of what small moment seems the brief space of mourning apportioned us on earth—of what small moment the lowliness of our condition, or the depression of our spirits, nay the very breaking of our hearts by the chastisements of Heaven, if such is to be the issue of our trials—Jesus our comfort, earth our possession, and heaven our rich inheritance.





T. Eigham, sculp.

Polyandria Polygynia.

Ranunculus Aquatilis.

Water Crowfoot.

Pub^d by T. Baker, 10, Finsbury Place.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(*Continued from page 108.*)

CLASS 13.—POLYANDRIA.

THE flowers of this Class, most of which are poisonous, are very easy to be distinguished. The Stamens are from twenty to a thousand, but there is no need to count them: the eye immediately perceives there are too many for any other Class, excepting Icosandria, and then if pulling off the Calix and Petals you find the Stamina remain on the Receptacle, you decide it to be Polyandria, as in Icosandria they come off with the other parts of the flower. The Orders are six, distinguished as before by the Pistilla. This Class is very rich both in indigenous and foreign plants. The Tulip-tree, the Magnolia, the Larkspur, the Clematis, and a great variety of others are among its cultivated beauties. The Tea-tree is by some botanists ranged in this Class.

In English Botany the first Order Monogynia contains, Actæa, Herb Christopher or Bane-berries, a white flower of four Petals and four Calix leaves; but as is the case with many flowers in this Class, the Calix falls when the flower blows, which might lead us to suppose they have none. The leaves are triply three-fold: berries black and very poisonous.

Chelidonium, Celandine—This Genus is distinguished by a two-leaved Calix soon falling off, four Petals, and a long trap-shaped Pod. The beautiful Horned Poppies are of this Genus.

Papaver, Poppy, our pupils will doubtless know under its English appellation: it is distinguished from the preceding by its short pods.

Nymphæa, Water Lily, is a most beautiful flower, by

its double row of Petals resembling a double flower. It floats its splendid heads upon the water, supported by large flat leaves floating on the surface. One species is yellow, but the most beautiful is white.

Tilia, Lime or Linden Tree, is a well-known tree; the leaves are heart-shaped and notched, the blossom of a yellowish white, and fragrant, and the branches smooth.

Cistus, Cistus. There are many species of this Genus, none resembling the elegant garden Cistus, being mostly yellow—some of them are trailing plants. The Petals are five, and in species marked with a dark spot at the base.

The second Order, Digynia, contains the Pœonia, Pœony, resembling in character the Pœony of the garden, except in having only five crimson Petals; Stamens red, with yellow Anthers. It is not common.

Poterium, Common Burnet, has the Stamens and Pistils in different flowers, the flowers greenish, or tinged with purple, and growing in spikes—leaves roundish, and unequally cut.

The third Order Trigynia, contains Delphinium, Larkspur, resembling the garden Larkspur, but always blue in its wild state.

The fourth Order, Pentagynia, five Pistils, has only Aquilegia, Columbine, no Calix—five Petals with five horn-shaped Nectaries placed alternately with the Petals—blue or purple, sometimes Green. Leaves cut into roundish lobes.

The fifth Order, Hexagynia, six Pistils, has only Stratiotes, Water Aloe—prickly, sword-shaped, brittle leaves; stems bearing a long sheath of one white flower, with a calix also white.

The sixth Order, Polygynia, contains,

Zostera, Sea Grass-wrack, without Calix or Blossom, leaves long and grass-like, floating on water. This is an abundant and useful weed, often thrown on the shore by the tide, and used for thatching, and other purposes.

Arum, Wake Robin, is a plant of curious appearance,

not a stranger, probably, to any of us. The spike-stalk which grows in a green sheath, is purple or buff at the top, in the middle are the stamens, and at the base the germens, forming altogether one sort of club.

Anemone, Pasque flower, or more commonly Anemone, is so universal a favourite, as to need no description to make it known.

Clematis, Traveller's-joy, or Virgin's-bower. We have but one wild species of this elegant genus, common in the southern counties only. The flowers are green without, cream-coloured within. After the flower falls, the numerous styles grow to a great length, covered with silky hairs, forming a feathery cluster, very ornamental to our winter hedges. The leaf-stalks twine round any thing they can reach, and thus support the plant.

Thalictrum, Rue-weed, is difficult to describe in the genus, because the species differ so much in colour, size, &c., one being yellow, and many feet high, another extremely delicate and small, with brown flowers, and another with purple. They have no Calix, four or five Petals, the flowers in panicles, or bunches at the top of the stem.

Adonis, Pheasant's-eye, has a flower of deep scarlet, with from five to eight petals; leaves repeatedly and finely cut: we probably know it in the garden.

Ranunculus. The English names of this numerous family are various. It comprises the Crowfoots, Pilewort, Buttercups, &c. These flowers are all yellow, or white—they have a Calix which falls before the flower, petals from two to eight, and a small distinct nectary at the base of each petal, such as we have drawn in *Plate 2, Fig. 3.*

Helleborus, Hellebore, has no blossom, unless, as by some botanists, the five-leaved calix, often coloured, be considered such. It is a large, branched, and leafy plant, the leaves deeply cut.

Sagittaria, Arrow-head, is a water plant, with stamens and pistils in different flowers on the same plant. There

are long, narrow leaves under the water; those that rise above are arrow-shaped, with strong ribs and a network of veins; flowers white, tinged with purple in the claws, and three-leaved. The roots are a principal article of food among the Chinese, who therefore cultivate it.

Caltha, Marsh Marigold, is a large yellow flower, very common in streams and pools: it is without Calix or Nectaries. The leaves are kidney-shaped and thick, some with the edge entire, while others on the same plant are regularly notched, and of a different shape.

Trollius, Globe-flower, has fourteen yellow Petals and no Calix. Nectaries as long as the Stamens—flowers always nearly closed: leaves round, but very much cut and jagged.

We have now only to describe the plant given in our Plate. We found this flower beautifully overspreading with its leaves and flowers the surface of a pond. We observe the flowers to rise on long stalks from the same sheath as the upper leaves, which are almost circular, with the stem nearly in the centre, and deeply scalloped. Like many water-plants it has two sorts of leaves, those beneath the water being hair-like. The stems are cylindrical and leafy, floating on the water. We find the Stamina not very numerous, the Pistils forming a knob in the centre, the delicate Petals white, with a yellow spot at the base: the Nectary a small open tube on the claw of each Petal: and we decide it to be the Water Crowfoot, *Ranunculus Aquatilis*.

CLASS XIII.—POLYANDRIA, many STAMENS.

ORDER 1.—MONOGYNIA, 1 Pistil.

Actæa Herb Christopher, Bane-berries
Chelidonium Celandine, Horned Poppy
Papaver Poppy
Nymphaea Water Lily
Tilia Lime, or Linden Tree
Cistus Cistus

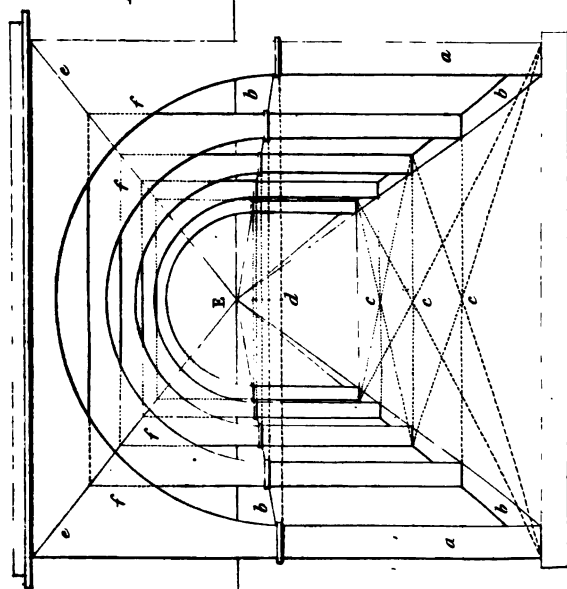
ORDER 2.—DIGYNIA, 2 Pistils.

Pœonia Pœony



PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE IV.



Potterium Burnet

ORDER 3.—TRIGYNIA, 3 Pistils.

Delphinium Larkspur

ORDER 4.—PENTAGYNIA, 5 Pistils.

Aquilegia Columbine

ORDER 5.—HEXAGYNIA, 6 Pistils.

Stratites Water Aloe

ORDER 6.—POLYGYNIA, many Pistils.

Zostera Grass-wreck

Arum Wake Robin

Anemone Pasque Flower, Anemone

Clematis Virgin's-bower, Traveller's-joy

Thalictrum Rue-weed

Adonis Pheasant's-eye.

Ranunculus Crowfoot, Pilewort, Buttercup

Trollius Globe-flower, Gowans

Helleborus Hellebore

Caltha Marsh Marigold

Sagittaria Arrow-head

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON XV.—PLATE 15.

OUR present rule is the use of circles in a succession of arches, supported on corresponding rows of pillars. (*Plate 15, Fig. 1.*) We suppose ourselves exactly in front of the building, so as to see either side alike, and looking down upon it, as from a gallery, so as to have the Point of Sight (P) above the pillars. The first, or nearest pillars are raised in due proportion as the eye directs; from these the height and size of the remaining pillars are found by the Visual Rays (*b b b b*) drawn to the Point of Sight, their situation being determined by the diagonals that cross the floor (*c c c.*) The front of the upper part is then raised from the pillars to such height as the proportion of the building requires. The arch contained in it being exactly a half circle, may be found in the usual way, or more easily with compasses, minding to fix them in the centre of the dotted base

lines (*d*,) for each arch on its own base line. The Visual Rays (*ee*) are next to be drawn to the Point of Sight; by the meeting of which rays with perpendiculars from the pillars, the square of each arch is found, as marked by the dotted lines (*ffff*.) It will easily be perceived where the lines are visible and where concealed by each other. All the arches of this example may be drawn with compasses: but were they not exactly circular, this could not be, neither if they were in any other position, of which we shall give further examples.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

ONE of the uses of reflection and philosophy is to take general views from a variety of details: it is this that has given to Montesquieu's famous work, "*L'Esprit des Loix*," its just celebrity; and there is perhaps no subject that concerns our interests that may not be profitably treated in the same manner. I am convinced this would be eminently the case in regard to female education, if we were to consider the objects that at different periods have been principally aimed at—and then seizing the *spirit* of each, endeavour to combine them in the actual one which we are now giving to the young females of the rising generation.

In the age of Queen Elizabeth, the young women of any consideration in life appear to have received learned educations. The great queen herself was much of a pedant. We perceive high classical attainments in a more lovely form in the highly-improved mind of the unfortunate but excellent Lady Jane Grey, Bacon's mother, her sisters, the Countess of Pembroke,* and many

* As perhaps all your young readers may not recollect the epitaph inserted in the Spectator, on this extraordinary woman, I will copy it here.

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair, good, and learned as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

others, would furnish a large and celebrated list of women distinguished for acquirements in what is now more generally considered the province of the other sex to excel in.

The *spirit* of this I would call intellectual cultivation, and regard it as what we should especially attend to in female education. But let me not be misunderstood. I mean the *spirit* of the thing, not the mode or direction of it. There is no reason for the girl in the domestic school-room to vie with her brother at Eton or Westminster school in classical attainments; but, independent of Latin and Greek, the intellectual powers of the mind may be cultivated, reason and judgment exercised, and the memory filled with solid and useful information.

To this more brilliant æra of the female character, there seems to have succeeded a period when our great grandmothers appear to have been more particularly fitted for excellent housekeepers than any thing else. They possessed much knowledge of cookery, confectionery, distillery, &c.; and many a venerable mansion can, to this present day, still exhibit the remains of the laborious labours of their needle. This we must surely denominate by the *spirit* of usefulness. And in spite of all the ridicule and disdain attached to the pursuits of these ancient matrons, I would insist most strongly upon the benefit, nay, the great necessity, of attending to the *spirit* of this mode of education, so lamentably neglected, not only in the higher walks of life, where, though still desirable, it may be better spared, but also in the middling ranks, where the loss is of essential detriment. It is not necessary for our daughters to pride themselves on the excellence of dishes, of which they alone possess the treasure of the true receipt: it is not necessary they should produce cakes, preserves, and sweet waters of their own making; but it is very necessary that they should understand all the economy of family management; that they may be able to regulate their own houses and tables, and while they procure comforts and ele-

gancies for themselves and families, that they may do it at the least charge upon their income. In this day of high estimation of the study of political economy, surely that of our domestic homes ought not to be neglected, but placed in the hands of mistresses capable of seeing its spirit, as well as knowing and discharging all its details.

The education of the present day strikes me as peculiarly attentive to every thing that belongs to the province of talent and of taste. It is the charm, the decoration of life, that we now chiefly attend to. It is to produce a lovely, finished creature, who shall delight the eye and the ear, but who is too often better qualified to please the imagination, than to be a companion for life through all its changing scenes—to be the serious adviser, the reflecting mother, or the able mistress of a family.

Let us suppose that more attention was paid to the spirit of these three modes, than to the exclusive cultivation of either, and what would be the result?

We should indeed have no learned ladies, no eminent housekeepers, and none, who in their execution on the instrument, or with their pencil, could vie with the artists themselves. When I say there would be none of these characters, I mean generally. Particular strong biasses of mind, great powers, and peculiar situations, will always be forming characters that we must regard as privileged exceptions, as constituting a pleasing, and, perhaps, useful variety in human society, but still as deviations from general rules, not to be copied. But we might have intellectual cultivated minds, able both to converse with and to appreciate the higher attainments of the other sex. Women, who had rather enter into rational conversation than be considered as pretty triflers who expect indulgence for all their playful caprices or wayward humours—women, who, in an hour of danger and alarm, could assist instead of increasing the distress—wives who would neither tire their husbands with

unmeaning chit-chat, nor excite the smile of contempt, so often ill concealed by the gallantry of the manly mind—and above all, mothers who could train and open the minds of their children, of either sex—and widows capable of managing those reins, which, by the loss of their husbands, are so often placed solely in their hands. We should have women not superior to, but fitted by skill and appropriate knowledge, for the discharge of their own peculiar duties in the concerns of domestick life. We might have engaging, interesting women, who so far from being divested of talent and grace, would have these strengthened and heightened by the proper cultivation of the other faculties of the mind. Each individual might not excel in every elegant art and accomplishment (as time is limited :) but if this were not aimed at, but, according to the genius of our pupil, she applied either to musick or drawing, much eminence might still be attained. And perhaps the loss would not be very great, if our daughters could not contribute so large a mass of elegant, useless articles to a charitable repository, or fill every table of our rooms with them. At least such a loss would surely be well compensated by the rational companion and friend, by the useful provider of our domestick comforts, and by the cultivation, with considerable success, of any *one* art or accomplishment.

W. R.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

RETRIBUTION.

O God!—But no—thou wilt not hear,
Thou wilt not heed the bitter tear
In such a moment prov'd—
When folly weeps her broken toy,
And earthliness bewails the joy
It never should have loved.

I cannot say I did not hear,
When erst thou whisper'd me, "Beware!
 "And take not of that draught."
I cannot say I did not know
The bitterness that lay below,
 What I so fondly quaff'd.

I heard the voice—I saw—I knew,
I look'd the empty shadow through,
 Yet followed for its sake,
Like one who dreams, and knows he dreams,
Yet will not part from fancy's gleams,
 Still struggling not to wake.

The cup is out, the draught is done,
The dream, the shadow, all are gone,
 And what is left to me?
O God! the agonizing thought,
That I must bear the ill I wrought,
 Nor bring it e'en to thee!

To thee, who, when no friend was near,
My bosom's secret plaint to hear,
 Would erst thine ear incline;
And when my spirit could not rest
Its cares on any earthly breast,
 Wert wont to offer thine.

But now—Oh! who will listen now?
Or who relieve, O God, when thou
 Dost answer me but this—
"The thing that makes thy bosom ache,
Is that I bade thee not to take—
 Abide thou by thy choice."

Yes, I abide it, Lord, nor raise
So much as e'en these tearful eyes
 For comfort at thy hands—
But if thy pity still may hear,
Grant me, O God, this only prayer,
 'Tis all my soul demands!

O grant, that while I eat the fruit,
I learn to loathe the bitter root

Of which such sorrow came—
Engrave it deeply on my heart,
That sinful pleasure's after-part
Is penitence and shame.



THE NIGHT-BLOWING CERUS.

'Tis surely strange, thou lovely flower,
That thou should'st choose so dark an hour
To put thy beauties forth—
Why not amid the noon-day blaze,
When many an eye might come to gaze,
And wait upon thy birth?

Why dost thou choose to bloom alone,
Unseen, unnoticed, and unknown,
The midnight's only flower?
When every bud has closed its head,
And all beside thyself have fled
From night's unwelcom'd hour.

I do not love the noon-day blaze,
I do not love the idle gaze
Of every careless eye:
It is not mine to spread my flowers
O'er sunny beds or pleasant bowers,
Where thousand beauties vie.

I cannot deck your summer ways,
I cannot share your golden days,
With all the rich parade
Of things that with the morning come,
And gaily in the sunshine bloom,
But cannot 'bide the shade.

But seek me when they all are gone,
And seek me when thy sun goes down,
And then I will be thine—
And then I'll spread my sweetest flowers,
To cheer the melancholy hours,
When none beside me shine.

Nay then, I'll choose thee, lovely flower,
Before the fairest of the bower—

And if there be for me
A friend whose kindness can abide
The gloom that chaces all beside,
I'll liken him to thee.



HYMN I.

Come, let us all unite to praise
The God whose mercy crowns our days;
Unite with grateful hearts to sing
The glories of our Saviour king.

Nor we alone—th' angelic train
Shall hear and join the sacred strain,
While as their lofty anthems peal,
Their hearts celestial transports feel.

But warmer love, more deep-felt joy,
Should tune our hymns, our souls employ,
Than fill'd the myriads of the skies,
When the "rapt seraphs'" pæans rise.

Creation, glory, bliss, were given
To all the sacred hosts of Heaven;
Redemption was to them denied—
He gave them life—for us he died.

For us, when lost in woe and guilt,
For us His precious blood was spilt;
To us salvation's hope he gave,
For us He triumphed o'er the grave.

HYMN II.—*Genesis xxviii. 11—16.*

O God of Jacob! though to us no more
In open vision is thy glory shown,
Thy mercy has on us a light bestowed,
Far, far more cheering than our sires have known.

Yes, He has come, the promised Holy One,
The long-desired Saviour of mankind;
For our instruction deigned to dwell on earth,
For our salvation has his life resigned.

And though thy voice resounds not in our ears,
That Saviour has thy will revealed,
Has bid thy children hope for endless joy—
His resurrection all those hopes has sealed.

And can it be, that momentary ills,
Unreal sorrows, that assail us here,
Can grieve our spirits, can our hopes repress,
Sadden our hearts, and force the bitter tear?

O! it is sinful, 'tis ungrateful, weak,
Thus to complain beneath a transient load :
Be this our comfort, our consoling hope,
This was the path our Heavenly Master trod.

For we, like Jacob, seek a promised land ;
Not to our race, but to ourselves 'tis given ;
A gracious teacher deigns to guide our steps—
That teacher is the Lord—that land is Heaven.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,
AND
NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bunyan Explained to a Child.—By Rev. Isaac Taylor,
Ongar.—London, Westley, 1824.

It is decidedly our intention not to review books too infantile for children of ten years of age, which has been our reason for leaving unnoticed many works that have been sent to us. Else might we, ere this, perhaps, have expressed our regret that the author of *Father Clement* should waste her talents in writing *Anna Ross*. In the single instance before us, we depart from our custom, because we have ourselves been often puzzled to find a desirable "Picture Book" to give to children, especially as a Sunday book, when their weekly amusements are necessarily put aside; and we therefore judge that many parents will like to be informed of a book so exactly fitted for the purpose, as we consider this to be.

Sermons preached in St. John's Church, Glasgow.—

By Thomas Chalmers, D.D.—Price 10s. 6d. Glasgow, 1823.—Chalmers and Collins.

WE are not presuming to suppose that any testimony or approbation of ours is necessary to the recommending of Dr. Chalmers' writings, or can any thing avail in giving publicity to their excellence. But it is our business to notice and commend to our readers whatever is fit for their perusal, and more especially to speak of those authors whose productions are the theme of general converse, an addition to whose works is an object of universal interest. Popularity, brief though brilliant, is not always a proof of merit—fashion, and novelty, and trick will sometimes give unbounded success to works for a short season, particularly works of a lighter, and some of a religious cast. Lasting popularity is, we believe, always just—and whatever may have been the case in the days of Milton, in these days we feel assured that every author has justice done him by public opinion if he but waits the lapse of some few years, and that every writing is in the issue appreciated just as much and no more than its merit claims. But in the mean time there is a great deal of fashion in reading, and there are certain names of authors current in society: and if they are so kind as to publish a new work, you must make all possible haste to read it, lest you should not know what every one else is talking about: and in the over-much talking about it, inexperienced listeners may be much at a loss to know whether the book be really worth their attention. It is for this reason simply that we are induced to review works too well known and too universally read, to need our aid to introduce them to the notice even of inexperienced readers.

Dr. Chalmers' works are no longer novelties, and we believe they continue to be as highly estimated as when they were so. Criticks and fault-finders have tired themselves out, and quiet readers are going on to enjoy and profit by the perusal. We remember when the first of

Dr. Chalmers' works was published, hearing many persons go about to prove that the writing could not be good, because it was incorrect; could not be fine, because it was ungrammatical; not be elegant or powerful, because it was obscure; and while all this was easily proved in theory, every reader who had a heart to feel and a sense to perceive, knew, without being able to prove it, that the writing was fine, powerful, and elegant. It is so that criticks in reading, as well as in other things, lose the enjoyment they might find, and mislead their judgment beside. As correctness and conformity to given rules cannot make a fine picture, so neither will correctness of language make fine writing. And those who say that language cannot be fine unless you can parse every line into grammatical exactness, may as well say a bold sketch of Raffaele's pencil could not be fine drawing, unless with a graduated ruler you could prove it to be, line by line, proportioned as it should be: while art was proving the truth of her assertion, nature and feeling would pronounce it false. Some one has said,—"*Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit et qu'elle vous inspire des sentimens nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage; il est bon, est fait des mains de l'ouvrier.*"—The power of writing must be judged by its effect upon the mind, and not by rules of syntax: and if it must so, assuredly Dr. Chalmers' writing must be pronounced fine. The following intricate and interminable sentence from one of his first works, would baffle the grammarian's rule to measure it; yet who can peruse it without being arrested by a sense of its beauty, and the powerful effect of such a reckless accumulation of words?

"Thus did the eternal King, immortal, invisible, surrounded as he is by a wide and everlasting monarchy, turn him to our humble habitation; and the footsteps of God manifest in the flesh, have been on the narrow spot of ground we occupy; and small though our mansion be amid the orbs and systems of immensity, hither hath the King of glory bent his steps, and entered the tabernacle of men; and in the disguise of a servant did he sojourn for years under the roof which canopies our obscure and solitary world. Yes, it is but a twinkling atom in the peopled infinity of worlds that are around—but look to the moral grandeur of the transaction, and not to the material extent

of the field on which it was executed, and from the retirement of our dwelling-place there may issue forth such a display of the Godhead, as will circulate the glories of his name amongst all his worshippers. Here sin entered. Here was the kind and universal beneficence of a Father repaid by the ingratitude of a whole family. Here the law of God was dishonoured, and that too in the face of its proclaimed and unalterable sanctions. Here the mighty contest of the attribute was ended—and when justice put forth its demands and truth called for the fulfilment of its warnings, and the immutability of God would not recede by a single iota from one of its positions, and all the severities he had ever uttered against the children of iniquity, seemed to gather into one cloud of threatening vengeance on the tenement that held us—did the visit of the only begotten Son chase away all these obstacles to the triumph of mercy—and humble as the tenement may appear, deeply shaded in the obscurity of insignificance at it is, among the statelier mansions which are on every side of it—yet will the recall of its exiled family never be forgotten—and the illustration that has been given here, of the mingled grace and majesty of God, will never lose its place among the themes and the acclamations of eternity.”—*Astronomical discourses*.

But in speaking of the effect of Dr. Chalmers' style of writing, we have left the greater question for the less—the greater question is of the matter, not the manner. His first work, as we believe, was the *Evidences of Christianity*, which, in our opinion, is superior to any other work of the sort—but we do not wish very young people, unless they feel any doubts of the truth of revelation, to read on the subject: it is a dangerous whisper that suggests to a young mind a doubt it never felt before, in order to remove it. The discourses on the *Christian Revelation*, viewed in connexion with modern *Astronomy*, is the most striking, because the most novel, and perhaps the most elegant of all his works. The *Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life*, is a work of very general utility—it is an every-day religion, not in theoretical and doctrinal accuracy, but in action on the ordinary concerns of life. The first volume of *Sermons preached at the Tron Church*, are much calculated to awaken the careless and the self-satisfied, to a perception of the difference between the approbation of God and the applause of men; between his thoughts and our thoughts; and the consequent danger of substituting the one for the other. But in many respects we prefer the last volume to all of them. It is a step forward in the

exposition of Gospel truth, useful to the believing, as well as to the hitherto unbelieving world. We perused it with great satisfaction, and we see no reason why it should be withheld from any young person of an age to understand its language. Where all is excellent, it is difficult to particularize. We think the Sermon on the sin against the Holy Ghost is more satisfactory than any explication of the text we have read before. That on the Advantage of Christian Knowledge to the poor is very sensible and striking—but this is a favourite subject of the author, on which he has written largely, in periodical and other works, and always wisely. We were particularly pleased with the second sermon, “Love not the world, neither the things of the world.” Much has been written, and much is continually preached, on that subject; it is a favourable theme for oratory—the unstable nature, the vanity and emptiness of all things earthly, are strains to which every heart respond, because every heart has sometime ached by reason of them; and the orator who tells of the disappointments of yesterday, will draw tears from an audience determined to pursue the same objects to-morrow. But we advise all who ever mean to preach, or write, or speak, on this subject again, to read this sermon of Dr. Chalmers. It is even so—man must love something—and if you would teach him not to love the world, and the things of the world, it cannot be by proving its unworthiness, but by presenting him with something better, on which to fix his unsatisfied affections. We shall therefore conclude our remarks, with the beautiful illustration of the subject that closes this discourse :

“We know of no other way by which to keep the love of the world out of our heart, than to keep in our hearts the love of God—and no other way by which to keep our hearts in the love of God, than building ourselves up in our most holy faith. That denial of the world, which is not possible to him that dissents from the gospel testimony, is possible, even as all things are possible, to him that believeth. To try this without faith, is to work without the right tool, or the right instrument. But faith worketh by love; and the way of expelling from the heart the love which transgresseth the law, is to admit into its receptacles the love which fulfilleth the law.”

“Conceive a man to be standing on the margin of this green world; and that when he looked towards it, he saw abundance smiling on every field, and all the blessings which earth can afford, scattered in profusion throughout every family, and the light of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habitations, and the joys of human companionship brightening many a happy circle of society—conceive this to be the general character of the scene upon one side of his contemplation; and that on the other, beyond the verge of the goodly planet on which he was situated, he could descry nothing but a dark and fathomless unknown. Think you that he would bid a voluntary adieu to all the brightness and all the beauty that were before him upon earth, and commit himself to the frightful solitude away from it? Would he leave its peopled dwelling-places, and become a solitary wanderer through the field of nonentity? If space offered him nothing but a wilderness, would he for it abandon the home-bred scenes of life and of cheerfulness that lay so near and exerted such a power of urgency to detain him? Would not he cling to the regions of sense, and of life, and of society?—and shrinking away from the desolation that was beyond it, would not he be glad to keep his firm footing on the territory of this world, and to take shelter under the silver canopy that was stretched over it?

“But if, during the time of his contemplation, some happy island of the blest had floated by; and there had burst upon his senses the light of its surpassing glories, and its sounds of sweeter melody; and he clearly saw that there a purer beauty rested on every field, and a more heartfelt joy spread itself among all the families; and he could discern there a peace, and a piety, and a benevolence, which put a moral gladness into every bosom, and united the whole society in one rejoicing sympathy with each other, and with the beneficent Father of them all—could he further see, that pain and mortality were there unknown; and above all, that signals of welcome were hung out, and an avenue of communication was made for him—perceive you not, that what was before the wilderness, would become the land of invitation; and that now the world would be the wilderness! What unpeopled space could not do, can be done by space teeming with beatific scenes, and beatific society. And let the existing tendencies of the heart be what they may to the scene that is near and visibly around us, still if another stood revealed to the prospect of man, either through the channel of faith or through the channel of his senses—then without violence done to the constitution of his moral nature, may he die unto the present world, and live to the lovelier world that stands in the distance away from it.”

THE ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

OCTOBER, 1828.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

TO THE BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY, 588 B.C.

(Continued from page 8.)

CARTHAGE.

IN writing of Carthage, it cannot but strike us as remarkable, that of a nation so renowned, the rival of Rome in the most brilliant period of her greatness, we have no records but what its enemies have left us, scattered here and there in Greek and Roman history. It is only by collecting these, and comparing them together, that modern authors have been able to compose a Carthaginian history. Yet were they a people of no ordinary importance in the world's history, and of much interest from the peculiarities of their government, and the sources of their extraordinary wealth. Carthage was for several centuries the metropolis of Africa. To fix the exact period of its foundation amid the contradictory statements of ancient writers, is quite impossible. Some suppose it to have been little more than half a century before the foundation of Rome—others with more probability about a hundred and fifty years before—but even could this be determined we reach no precise date, as the exact period of Rome's beginning is equally uncertain. All therefore that can be safely asserted, is that Carthage had its origin about 900 years before the birth of Christ—in the time, that is, of some one of the successors of Solomon in the kingdom of

Israel; before any dates can be affixed to the affairs of Assyria and Egypt, and about five hundred years after the drowning of Pharaoh in the Red Sea. The difficulty of affixing dates to the events of ancient history, is much increased by the method then prevalent of each city computing time by a chronology of its own, commencing from the period of its foundation; so that if that period cannot be exactly ascertained, the subsequent dates reckoned from it are never decisive. Carthaginian records for example, did any such exist, which is not the case, would probably only tell us such an event occurred in the year of Carthage 160, which would avail us little, since we know not when Carthage became a nation. But however differing as to the period, all historians are agreed as to the manner of the founding of Carthage.

Eliza, known also by the name of Dido, flying from Tyre in the reign of Pygmalion her brother, was the undisputed founder of this much-famed city. The avaricious Pygmalion had murdered her husband Sichæus in order to possess himself of the treasures he had amassed: Eliza defeated his purpose by assembling a few of the disaffected, readily to be found in every state, and setting sail with them and the coveted treasures in a single vessel. Touching at Cyprus, an island in the Mediterranean already inhabited, they carried off a number of women and proceeded thence to the shores of Africa. This land was already possessed, therefore the wandering Tyrians were obliged to purchase the ground on which to raise their city. It is written that in digging for the first foundation they found an ox's head, which though a symbol of fertility, was also one of toil and servitude; wherefore they removed to another spot; and beginning to dig afresh, discovered a horse's head, which they believed portended the martial genius of the future inhabitants. This was enough, if it occurred, which possibly it might, to determine Eliza there to fix her city, and it was raised with the assistance of the na-

tive Africans, on condition of receiving, besides the purchase money, an annual tribute for the land, which for many years after the Carthaginians were obliged to pay.

This belief in omens has been so general in the world, that we might almost suppose it natural to man; and as it existed among nations the most enlightened, it does not seem inconsistent with a high state of intellect: unless indeed the learned made use of it, as likely they often did, as a means of controuling the actions of the ignorant. When once they had persuaded the vulgar that they had gained an insight into the irreversible decrees of the Deity, for such the heathen all believed them, they had no difficulty in persuading them to further a purpose of which the success was certain. Still we cannot doubt that to a considerable extent the wise and learned did themselves place trust in their own arts. The fearful, hopeful, inscrutable future, was a maze they dared not enter upon without a guide for their path or a way-mark for their steps: they liked to persuade themselves they had one, though it were but in the entrails of animals or the flight of birds: it was of little consequence what it was, so they could but persuade themselves the Deity had sent it for their guidance. The Gospel has now almost, though very slowly, extirpated these delusions, by teaching us that we are to trust without knowing, and keeping the path of rectitude by the guidance of Scripture and to the best of our judgment, to go forward in full reliance on divine direction, committing the results to a superior power without enquiring of what they are to be.

How long Dido reigned, or when she met the tragical end ascribed to her, we have not the means to determine, neither are writers agreed as to the manner or cause of her death. On the authority of the poet Virgil we are accustomed to hear that Eneas, escaping from the destruction of Troy, was cast upon her shores; and when afterwards he left her, despair for the abandonment induced the queen to consume herself on a funeral pile

raised by her for the purpose. Other authors disbelieve altogether the visit of Eneas to Carthage, and ascribe her violent death to her fears of Iarbas, a more powerful prince of the country, who wished to possess himself of her dominions by marrying her. All are agreed that Dido was a woman of no common powers; her life and adventures making it so appear; her death was such as was common to the great, the bold, and the adventurous of that period: it was a proud reserve that every one held in his own hands, against a sinister event he was determined not to bear. No one held himself obliged to be unhappy—and as unhappiness in its extremes is the portion, perhaps, only of powerful minds, it may account for self-destruction being more frequent among the distinguished, than among the obscure—not, as we erroneously conclude, because suicide is in itself an act of courage and greatness—on the contrary, it surely is the cowardice that flies the field rather than brave the danger.

After the death of Dido, there is a chasm in Carthaginian history for above three hundred years. How it was governed or what befell it during that period; remains a secret. We leave it a monarchy under its first queen; when we renew the history we shall find it a-republick, grown into power and consequence. Of the interval we only know that Carthage must rapidly have increased, and made considerable acquisitions in Sicily and other islands of the Mediterranean, partly by conquest, and partly by sending out colonies to take peaceful possession of the coast. We also know that in the days of Cyrus, the Carthaginians were powerful by sea, there being some remaining records of naval engagements at that period.

Carthage stood within a small gulph of the Mediterranean Sea, on the northern coast of Africa. Its extent in its days of splendour, is said to have been 23 miles in circumference. Beside this their chief city, the Carthaginians possessed themselves of very considerable domi-

nions of Africa, as well as some in Europe: three hundred cities in Africa are said to have been in their possession; but this and the magnitude above named of their city of Carthage, was much later than this present period of our history.

We know nothing of Carthage as a monarchy after the death of Dido. As a republic it was governed by two magistrates annually elected, termed Suffetes, and by a senate formed, as was usually the case in ancient institutions, of the oldest and most experienced of the people, the office of Senator being perpetual. This body, of which we know not the number, had the management of all publick matters: when they were unanimous, their decisions became the law; but if there was any difference of opinion, the question was referred for decision to the people. What share the people had in the government at first does not appear; but in the issue the prevalence of their power destroyed the kingdom. Of the laws of the Carthaginians a few fragments only are remaining for our information. Their religion, originally, as might be expected, that of the Phenicians from whom they were derived, became mixed with that of the nations around them. Saturn, under the name of Chronus, appears to have been their chief divinity, and human victims in considerable numbers were sacrificed to him. These were usually children, and by law it was required they should be of the noblest families of the kingdom: and when for some time the children of slaves had been substituted to evade this cruel conscription, it was supposed to have occasioned all the calamities that befell the nation, and the god was to be appeased by the sacrifice of two hundred children of the first families. At another time we read that three hundred citizens, after a signal defeat of their armies, voluntarily sacrificed themselves to appease the anger of the Deity on whom they believed their prosperity to depend. The manner of this sacrifice was thus—a colossal statue of brass representing the God was

raised, with the hands extended to receive the victim, and so bent downward that when the child was laid on them, it dropped into a furnace which burned beneath. The other objects of worship were various, among the rest the sun and moon. In Carthage too, as well as in other nations, what are usually termed the elements, were worshipped: every water having its peculiar divinity or genie. Some have asserted these elements to have been the first objects of idolatrous adoration in the world, but there is no proof of this. The Carthaginians had images of certain gods carried about with them in covered chariots: they were a sort of oracle, their answers being understood by the motions of the chariot or moveable temple that conveyed them.

The language of the Carthaginians and the characters used by them were originally the same as the Phenicians, and in much resembling the Hebrew. If they ever had any literature, or made progress in arts or sciences of any kind, every trace and record of them has been lost—but it is generally supposed their attention to commerce engrossed their powers to the exclusion of all other studies.

They had some customs very peculiar: they suffered no private injury, offered by whatever person to another, to remain uninjured—a practice received from their earliest founders, and most strictly adhered to. No one was permitted to carry the news of a near relation's or a friend's death to another, but some person about to suffer death for crime—it being considered that the messenger of tragical events ought soon to disappear from the world, lest he should again be seen by the person to whom he brought it. When any public calamity befell the nation, the walls of the city were hung with black; every soldier, or every officer at least, was to wear a number of rings equal to the campaigns he had made; doubtless, as a cause of emulation, and to excite a thirst for military glory. Their generals were frequently put to death when calamity befell the armies,

however guiltless of the ill success: a barbarous maxim, though intended, no doubt, to force them to vigilance and exertion. Like the Greeks and Romans, the Carthaginians had no inns or places of public entertainment. Strangers were received as friends in private houses. When they were received, the custom was to break a token into two parts; one of these was given to the guest, and upon his producing it, he was received, and ever after welcomed as a friend. This token was preserved, and transmitted to posterity as a mark of friendship with the family to whom it first related; and over these rights of hospitality a particular deity was supposed to preside. The prevailing passion of the Carthaginians was the desire of amassing wealth; and in consequence of this propensity, they are said to have been mean-spirited, grovelling, and sordid to the greatest degree. Perfidiousness and ingratitude are proverbially ascribed to them, and they are represented to have been of a morose and savage disposition, particularly averse to wit and railery, arrogant and viciously ambitious. But we must ever remember that this account of the Carthaginians is from the pen of their enemies—of enemies who had destroyed their archives, and whatever records they may have possessed, and left us nothing of information respecting them, but what themselves were pleased to write.

Commerce, the army, and the marine, were the principal, if not the only objects of attention to this people. The situation of the city on the borders of the Mediterranean, gave great facility to their commerce, and extensive commerce became the source of their extraordinary wealth. As their furniture and utensils were famed for elegance and splendour, they had probably advanced in the mechanical arts, but beyond this they were little distinguished for civil improvements. Their love of commerce and the seas was derived from their Tyrian ancestors, ever famous for the same pursuits; and we know, on the best authority, that they were long

acknowledged masters of the sea. Their quantity of shipping was very great, their intercourse most extended than that of any other nation. They were acquainted with Britain and the Canary islands; some think even with America: but all this was at a later period of their history than we have yet reached. In short, being almost the only traders, they purchased the commodities of all nations at a low rate, and transporting each commodity to the parts in which they knew it to be most wanted, sold it at their own price; thus bringing daily into their coffers those immense treasures that made them terrible to their neighbours, and enabled them long time to contend with the Romans themselves for precedence in the world. Under such circumstances the merchant was considered the most honourable person of the state, and those highest in rank were engaged in trading. The following curious account of the manner in which the Carthaginians traded with the Libyans, is given us by an ancient historian. "After they had got into some creeks, they landed their goods; and leaving them exposed on some point of land, returned again on board their ships. They then caused a great smoke to be raised, at the sight of which the Libyans immediately came to the place where the wares had been left, and laying down a certain quantity of gold, retired at a good distance from them. Upon this the Carthaginians went on shore a second time; and if, upon viewing the gold, it appeared to them sufficient, they carried it off, and sailed without delay; if not, they left it, and continued quiet on board for some time. The Libyans, finding this, made an addition to what they had before deposited; and if this proved insufficient, they continued improving the original quantity of gold till the Carthaginians were satisfied, and the bargain made. Neither of these nations offered the least injustice to the other. The Carthaginians did not so much as touch the Libyan gold till it was of equal value with their wares—nor the Libyans the Carthaginian merchandize, till the

gold they offered as an equivalent was accepted and taken away."

Such was Carthage, after Egypt's decline the first state of Africa. More of its history we shall not at present trace; as it remains in oblivion and uncertainty up to the present date of our history, B.C. 588.

BIOGRAPHY.

LEIGHTON.

(Continued from page 18.)

THE period having arrived when Leighton was to be allowed to resign his charge, he repaired to London for that purpose, and thence, with a much lightened heart, retired to Broadhurst in Sussex. There, for the short remaining period of his existence, he resided with his sister, then a widow, and her son. One of his biographers, whose words we make use of, as not knowing exactly whence the information was extracted, says, "Leighton there found a retreat from care and trouble, provided for him by a kind Providence, and entered it with a grateful and disburthened soul. There he lived in great privacy; and divided his time between study, devotion, and benevolence. In the parish of Broadhurst, and in the neighbouring parishes, he preached frequently; and his labours were eminently blessed. He received no company, excepting two or three select friends; and scarcely ever visited any but the poor and the sick. He enquired little after public affairs, and seemed to be almost entirely dead to the world. Epistolary correspondence with a few companions, which turned chiefly on experimental and practical religion, was one of his principal delights. After spending five years in this manner, without any remarkable interruption of his solitude, his fears were much alarmed by an unexpected and private letter from the king's own hand. It was thus written :

"Windsor, July 16, 1679.

"My Lord,

"I AM resolved to try what clemency can prevail upon such in Scotland as will not conform to the government of the church there ; for effecting of which design, I desire that you may go down to Scotland with your first conveniency, and take all possible pains for persuading all you can of both opinions, to as much mutual correspondence and concord as can be ; and send me, from time to time, characters both of men and things. In order to this design, I shall send a precept for two hundred pounds sterling upon my Exchequer, till you resolve how to serve me in a stated employment.

"Your loving friend,

"CHARLES R."

"It does not appear on record, how Leighton evaded this order ; but it is certain that he never returned to Scotland, or entered again into public affairs. He continued in his beloved retirement about ten years, edifying all around him by occasional advice and constant example, and waiting for the time of his departure."

It is difficult to determine in what part of the Archbishop's life to introduce the letters we wish to give as specimens of his private character and secret mode of feeling : for such we ever consider private and familiar letters to be. For the most part these letters bear no date, nor does it always appear to whom they were addressed, as they are given to us by various biographers, who have copied them from the original manuscripts. The following was addressed to a person under some uneasiness of mind, (probably of conscience,) of which himself does not appear to have known the cause, though he so well and sweetly proffers consolation.

"Though I had very little vacant time for it, yet I would have seen you, if I could have presumed it might have been any way useful for the quieting of your mind. However, since I heard of your condition, I cease not daily, as I can, to present it to Him, who alone can effectually speak peace to your heart ; and I am confident, in due time, will do so. It is he that stilleth the raging of the sea, and, by a word, can turn the violentest storm into a great calm. What the particular thoughts or

temptations are that disquiet you, I know not: but whatsoever they are, look above them, and labour to fix your eye on that infinite goodness, which never faileth them, that by naked faith do absolutely rely and rest upon it and patiently wait upon Him, who has pronounced them all, without exception, blessed that do so. Say often, within your own heart, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; and if, after some intervals, your troubled thoughts do return, check them still with the holy Psalmist's words: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" If you can thoroughly sink yourself down, through your own nothingness, into Him who is all, and entirely renouncing your own will, embrace that blest and holy will in all things, then I am sure you shall find that rest, which all your own distempers, and all the powers of darkness, shall not be able to bereave you of. Incline not to multiply words; and, indeed, other advice than this I have none to give you. The Lord of Peace, by the sprinkling of his son Jesus, and the sweet breathings of the great comforter, his own Holy Spirit, give you peace in himself. Amen."

The following letter is peculiarly expressive of the humility, the sort of abandonment to the mercy of heaven, that strongly marked the character of this holy man.

"I did receive your letter, which I would have known to be yours, though it had no other sign but the piety and affectionate kindness expressed in it. I will offer you no apology, nor I hope I need not, for not writing since that; yea, I will confess, that if the surprising and unexpected occasion of the bearer had not drawn it from me, I should hardly, for a long time to come, have done what I am now doing; and yet still love you more than they do one another that interchange letters, even of kindness, as often as the gazettes come forth, and as long as they are too. And now I have begun, I would end just here; for I have nothing to say, nothing of affairs to be sure, private or publick, and to strike up to devotion, alas! what is there to be said, but what you sufficiently know,

and daily read, and daily think, and I am confident, daily endeavour to do! And I am beaten back if I have a great mind to speak of such things, that the most ignorant Christians cannot choose but know. Instead of all fine notions, I fly to *Κυριε ελεησον, Χριστε ελεησον*. I think them the great heroes and excellent persons of the world that attain to high degrees of pure contemplation and divine love; but next to those, them that in aspiring to that, and falling short of it, fall down into deep humility and self-contempt, and a real desire to be despised and trampled on by all the world. And I believe that they that sink lowest into that depth stand nearest to advancement to those other heights: for the great King, who is the fountain of that honour, hath given us this character of himself, that 'he resists the proud, and gives grace to the humble'. Farewell, my dear friend, and be so charitable as sometimes, in your addresses upwards, to remember a poor caitiff, who no way forgets you."

We cannot but regret that so few memorials remain of Leighton's years of solitude, and that we have little more to tell of him but the manner of his death. Burnet gives it thus—

"I had not now seen Lord Perth for two years; but I hoped that still some good impressions had been left in him: and now when he came to London to be made Lord Chancellor, I had a very earnest message from him, desiring, by my means, to see Leighton. I thought that angelic man might have awakened in him some of those good principles which he seemed once to have had, and which were now totally extinguished in him. I writ so earnestly to Leighton, that he came to London. Upon his coming to me, I was amazed to see him at above seventy, look so fresh and well, that age seemed as it were to stand still with him; his hair was still black, and all his motions were lively: he had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory; but, above all, the same heat and life of devotion that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him, upon

my first seeing him, how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end for all that, and his works and journey both were now almost done. This at that time made no great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and, as it seemed, with a cold, and with stitches, which was indeed a pleurisy.

“The next day Leighton sunk so, that both speech and sense went away of a sudden, and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died with pangs or convulsions: I was by him all the while. Thus I lost him who had been for so many years the chief guide of my own life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement, and the doing of good; for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching and in reading prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own, for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well-chosen library of curious, as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dunblane, for the use of the clergy there, that country being ill-provided with books. He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the Commons of England, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion, than the Commons of Scotland were: he retained still a peculiar inclination to Scotland, and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone, and lived, and died among them. In the short time that the affairs of Scotland were in the Duke of Monmouth's hands, that Duke had been possessed with such an opinion of him, that he moved the King to write to him to go, and at least live in Scotland, if he would not engage in a bishopric there; but that fell with the Duke's credit. He was in his last years turned to a greater severity against popery than I had imagined a man of his temper, and of his largeness in point of opinion, was capable of. He spoke of the corruptions, of the secular spirit, and

of the cruelty that appeared in that church, with an extraordinary concern, and lamented the shameful advances we seemed to be making towards popery: he did this with a tenderness and an edge, that I did not expect from so recluse and mortified a man. He looked on the state the Church of England was in, with very melancholy reflections, and was very uneasy at an expression then much used, that it was the best constituted Church in the world: he thought it was truly so, with relation to the doctrine, the worship and the main part of our government; but as to the administration, both with relation to the ecclesiastical courts, and the pastoral care, he looked on it as one of the most corrupt he had ever seen. He thought we looked like a fair carcass of a body, without that zeal, that strictness of life, and that laboriousness in the clergy, that became us.

There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looked like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion of it. He added that the officious tenderness and care of friends, was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place, would give less disturbance: and he obtained what he desired; for he died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane. Another circumstance was, that while he was bishop in Scotland, he took what his peasants were pleased to pay him, so that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there, and the last payment that he could expect from thence, was returned up to him about six weeks before his death; so that his provision and journey failed both at once."

Leighton breathed his last on the first of February, 1684, at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane, in the seventy-first year of his age. His person is described as of the middle size, and of a fair complexion, with remarkable

quickness in his motions. Though studying closely, extremely abstemious, and taking little exercise, he was healthy even to old age. We have already admitted that there was in his character a disposition to monastic severity, which he evidently admired, though tender and indulgent in the extreme towards the different characters and habits of those more cheerfully disposed. We shall probably feel little inclined to admire, still less to imitate these peculiarities; nor is it necessary we should do either: but they are subjects neither of ridicule nor censure, as some falsely imagine. If Leighton seldom or never smiled, it was not assuredly that he thought it a sin to smile; we find no where throughout all his writings the least attempt to check the innocent hilarity of lighter hearts. If he abstained from every sort of indulgence, it was not from an idea of merit attached to these privations—for we never find him exhorting others to the same practices. They are attributable either to natural character, and constitutional gravity, or to a persuasion, of which none but himself could be the judge, that such a mode of living and acting was the most fitted to preserve in his bosom that calm devotedness and heavenly peace, which were the enjoyments he alone coveted, the only possessions he valued. They who censure his choice may make a worse—while it is most certain that though acting so differently from most other men, he never censured them for any thing but sin. There is not in all his invaluable writings the least tone of harshness; or austerity, or peculiarity in unimportant matters.

The works of Leighton are not very voluminous. His Commentary on St. Peter is the best known; but there are many other Lectures and Meditations on different parts of Scripture, with various detached pieces, of equal excellence. His Rules and Instructions for a Holy Life have been much commented on; and by some thought to go beyond what the powers of nature can reach, even when assisted by divine grace. We believe they do so—but we need not fear to fix our aim too

high, though at last we must come short of it. Leighton meant to portray a life and conduct perfectly holy, which is every Christian's desire and aim, though he knows certainly he can reach it but in heaven. Leighton knew it too—but he had an object to hold up and the path to point out; that object was holiness, and he drew it as he conceived of it; and the more nearly his Rules and Instructions could be followed, the more holy would be the life of those for whom he wrote it.

The works of Leighton are of a class so deeply serious, that we can scarcely expect they should become the reading of very young persons: but to those of serious minds and confirmed religious feeling, there are perhaps none in our language of equal value.

REFLECTIONS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.—MALACHI iii. 6.

WE change our minds daily, hourly—every purpose of our souls is vacillating as the inconstant winds. At night we resign ourselves, with many a vow, and many a noble resolution, to the will divine—in the morning we wake mournful and dissatisfied, and determined to resist it. Or in the morning we go forth in holy determination, to serve our God and resist evil—the temptation meets us, the dissipating influence of things present possesses our minds, and ere 'tis night again, God is forgotten and evil is indulged, and the holy determination is all forgotten. We pledge to him our hearts, and we take them back to set them on something else—we offer to resign to him whatever he demands, and when he takes it, we raise a cry for our toys and refuse to be comforted. Why are we not consumed in our falseness and

inconstancy? Because he changes not. Having loved us once, he loves us always—having pitied us once, he pities us for ever—having died to save us, he cannot change his mind. If his purpose varied as much as ours, we should soon be destroyed in his anger, and consumed for our treachery; and the only reason that we are not so, is because his purpose is one and unchanged, while ours is hourly vacillating. He knew what we were when he resolved to have mercy on us—he knew what we should do when he promised to spare us. The world itself and all that it contains, had surely ere this been consumed in their corruption, could he who preserves it be provoked to change his purpose of forbearing mercy and redeeming love.

Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not.—MALACHI iii. 18.

IT is all confusion to our senses now: the utmost we can do, and sometimes scarcely that, is to discern for ourselves whether we be righteous or wicked; and looking around as on the world, while we see on one hand the dark alloy with which all goodness is assailed, and on the other the brilliant qualities that adorn the unhal-
lowed spirit, we scarcely may determine which is the dross and which the gold. And if we could, the maze were not yet unravelled—great as may be the difference in their character, where is the difference of their condition? The sun-beam falls on one as kindly as on the other—Nature unlocks her stores, and science pours forth her treasures, and art plies her fingers as much for the wicked as for the righteous. They who serve not God at all, take as largely of his bounties to all appearance here, as they who serve him truly. But hereafter we shall discern. The tinsel garb that veils the unholy bosom, the fair pretext that covers the evil purpose, the brilliant wit that disguises the dangerous maxim, the false morality that puts the approbation and

the opinions of men in the stead of those of God, will be all withdrawn. And withdrawn also, blotted out and purified, will be the evil habit that overcomes the honest purpose, the unseemly swervings of the heaven-directed spirit, the blemishes that darken the devoted heart. And with these will disappear our strange miscalculations of good and ill: while the unworthy possessors of this world's good begin with shame to take the lowest seat, the despised, the unfortunate, the seemingly neglected children of their God, will show themselves what they are claimants and possessors of immortal bliss.

Béni soit le Dieu et le Père de notre Seigneur Jésus Christ, le Père des miséricordes et le Dieu de toute consolation.—2 CORINTH, i. 3.

DIEU n'est pour les pécheurs un Père de miséricorde, un Dieu de consolation, que parcequ'il est Dieu et Père de Jésus Christ, et que depuis qu'il nous a aimés en lui, et qu'il l'a puni et affligé pour nous, nous devons tout espérer pour de lui. Il y a des miséricordes et des consolations de plus d'une sorte; des miséricordes douces, et des miséricordes amères; des consolations sensibles pour les foibles, et des consolations toutes spirituelles, et selon la foi pour les forts. Telles que soient les nôtres; c'est assez de savoir qu'elles nous viennent de celui qui est notre Dieu et notre Père; il est juste de lui en laisser le choix.

QUESNEL.

Commune with your own heart on your bed, and be still.—PSALM-iv. 4.

How few do this! Men live abroad, and are indeed strangers at home; the great mark of human madness, is to delight in speaking and hearing of what concerns others, while no single person will attempt to descend into himself. Yet this faculty, which we call reflection, is the peculiar privilege of human nature, and to be borne on wholly by external objects, is indeed brutal.

If, amidst all your other studies, you do not learn to converse and commune with your own selves, whatever you know; or rather whatever you imagine you know, I would not purchase it at the expense of a straw. It is an excellent advice of Pythagoras, and the verses that contain it, do indeed deserve to be called golden, "That we should not sleep, till we have seriously revolved the actions of the day, and asked ourselves, what have I done amiss? What good have I done, or neglected to do? that so we may reprove ourselves for what has been wrong, and take the comfort of what has been as it ought." "And be still."—This refers not so much to the tongue as to the mind; for what does an external silence signify, if the inward affections be turbulent? A sedate and composed mind is necessary, in order to know God and ourselves. Such wisdom both deserves and demands a vacant soul; it will not, as it were, thrust itself into a corner, nor inhabit a polluted and unquiet breast. God was not in the whirlwind, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable; and in that blessed country to which it teaches us to aspire, there is the most perfect and everlasting cohabitation of purity and peace.

LEIGHTON.

Qu'elle est grande la miséricorde du Seigneur? C'est un asile certain pour tous ceux qui se tournent vers elle.—ECCLUS. xvii. 29.

QUE tardons-nous à nous jeter dans la profondeur de cet abîme? Plus nous nous perdrons avec une confiance pleine d'amour, plus nous serons en état de nous sauver. Donnons-nous à Dieu sans réserve, et ne craignons rien. Il nous aimera, et nous l'aimerons. Son amour, croissant chaque jour, nous tiendra lieu de tout le reste. Il remplira lui seul tout notre cœur, que le monde avoit énié, agité, troublé, sans pouvoir jamais le remplir: il nous ôtera ce qui nous rend malheureux: il ne nous fera mépriser que le monde que

nous méprisons, peut-être, déjà : il ne nous fera faire que la plupart des choses que nous faisons, mais que nous faisons mal ; au lieu que nous les ferons bien en les rapportant à lui. Tout, jusqu'aux moindres actions d'une vie simple et commune, se tournera en consolation, en mérite, et en récompense. Nous verrons en paix venir la mort ; elle sera changé pour nous en un commencement de vie immortelle. Bien loin de nous dépouiller, il nous revêtira de tout, comme dit St. Paul ; et alors nous verrons la profondeur des miséricordes que Dieu a exercées sur notre ame. Pensez devant Dieu aux effets de cette miséricorde infinie, à ceux que vous avez éprouvés, aux lumières que Jésus-Christ vous a données, aux bons sentimens qu'il vous a inspirés, aux pièges du siècle dont il vous a garanti, aux secours extraordinaires qu'il vous a ménagés. Tâchez de vous attendre par le souvenir de toutes ces marques précieuses de sa bonté. Ajoutez y la pensée des croix dont il vous a chargé pour vous sanctifier ; car ce sont encore des richesses qu'il a tirées de la profondeur de ses trésors, et vous devez les regarder comme des témoignages signalés de son amour. Que la reconnoissance du passé vous inspire de la confiance pour l'avenir. Soyez persuadée, ame timide, qu'il vous a trop aimée pour ne pas vous aimer encore. Ne vous défiez pas de lui, mais seulement de vous-même. Souvenez-vous qu'il est, comme dit l'Apôtre, le père des miséricordes, et le Dieu de toute consolation. Il sépare quelquefois ces deux choses ; la consolation se retire, mais la miséricorde demeure toujours ; il vous a ôté ce qu'il y a de doux et de sensible dans sa grace, parceque vous aviez besoin d'être humiliée et d'être punie d'avoir cherché ailleurs de vaines consolations. Ce châtimement est encore une nouvelle profondeur de sa divine miséricorde.

FENELON.

THE LISTENER.—No. XVI.

(Continued from page 145.)

As the unfortunate Peggy Lum was enabled from time to time to renew her story, the following was its melancholy purport:

“My husband cultivated most industriously his little garden, and for a time it seemed to answer to his toil. The peas and beans he raised, I gathered and carried to market—I weeded his beds, and I watered his strawberries, and when he grumbled at the prospect of a bad crop, I told him the times and seasons were with the Lord, and that we should be content—for so I had been taught when I was young. When Saturday night came, we reckoned up our gains, and saw what we had taken above what our rent and our expenses came to; and it was always enough, bating now and then a little, to live on for the next week—And light were our hearts and glad were our bosoms on the Sabbath-day that followed such a reckoning: what remained to us was our own—it was all we wanted for that week; and, before the next the cherries would be ripe, or the potatoes would be fit for digging, or something would be sure to come in to supply our daily necessities. And so we went on, and so we prospered for a year or two. But God was tired of us, or we were tired of him; or he knew, as well he might, that we only served him while he blessed us, and should disobey him as soon as things went wrong—some way or other our fortune took a turn. My husband had a long illness and was obliged to hire a man to keep his garden—and then when the doctor’s bill came in we did not exactly know how to pay it, and sold off all the potatoes we were used to keep for winter, when they would fetch better prices—and when winter came we had not the potatoes to take to market, and so on Saturday night there were no profits, and we were obliged to live on credit all the week. And when summer came

again there was an old score to pay off—and it was a bad year for gooseberries, and my children had the measles—and the next winter was worse than the last: the rent was behind hand—and to be sure it did grieve my foolish heart when Easter Sunday came, and my children could not have their new bonnets, as they were used to do, and their mother before them. But oh! I was happy then—happy when worse befell—when the rent could not be payed, and the garden was to be given up, and the furniture was to be sold; and my own little cottage, and the roses I had planted, and the honeysuckles I had trained, and all my fine things were to pass over to another—Oh! I was happy even then, to what I was in the times that came after—for then it was no fault of mine.

We got into a hut by the road side, my husband went out to day-work, and I earned now and then a shilling at charring and one way or another; and when we might have wanted bread, there came often to my door a lady or so, that had known me in my better days, and gave me a shilling for old friends' sake, bidding me trust to Providence. Thus even here we did not much amiss, if we had but been contented. But it happened one day—Oh! luckless woman that should live to see that day! we had been more short of money than usual—to spare my husband's meal at night, I had not eaten anything myself that day—the children's frocks were getting very ragged and I had not the means to buy them new ones—I was just folding them up after putting the brats to bed, and my wicked heart was getting ready to murmur against God, when a handsome carriage stopped in the road before my door; two ladies, richly dressed, alighted from it, and desiring the coachman to drive about, advanced to the door of my poor dwelling. I could not directly guess what they wanted, for they were strangers, and they looked about them more as if they came to do some harm than any good: so I curtsied and waited till one of them, still looking behind her, asked if I did not

sell gloves. I told her no, for that to be sure was a plain case. She still hesitated, as if she did not believe me, and said she had been directed to this cottage. I then recollected there was a cottage further up the row, where some people lived who were known to be smugglers; and though I had never had any acquaintance with them, I supposed they might sell gloves, and answered the lady accordingly, pointing out the house: but surely, as I yet held in my hands my children's ragged frocks, I did wish I had something to sell that they would like to buy. The ladies went away—and alas! my foolish woman's heart went after them, and in my wicked curiosity I resolved to see what they were going about: so I followed under pretence of showing the way, and then loitered about the casement to listen. Dozens by dozens the gloves were produced, and this pair and that pair were chosen, till there was quite a pile of them: and then out came the silks, and the shawls, and the stockings—and after all out came the money; and many a golden piece glittered on the table—and many a bank note was unfolded. And whilst my eyes rested upon them wishfully—"one of those single bits of gold," I thought, "would serve my hungry babes with food for many and many a day, and replace the ragged frocks beside." The ladies went away, and so did I—they to their carriage, and I to my hovel—but if their hearts were at rest, mine was not: envy and discontent were awakened in my bosom; my children were asleep and my husband was not come home; I set about to get his scanty supper, and for the first time in my life found no heart for the task—for the first time since I came into it I left the floor of my house unswept, and my children's tea cups unwashed; and sat me down to ruminate upon what had passed. The silks and the gloves and the gold and the notes were running in my head. "It is no wonder," I said, "that dame Willum's children are better dressed than mine, since money comes in so fast. Yet dame Willum never toils

as I do ; and her husband is not sober and industrious as mine is ; and if the world says true, neither one nor the other is any better than they should be." I knew that dame Willum's husband was a noted smuggler, and a very bad man, and therefore I need not have envied them their riches—but evil was in my heart, and the tempter was surely at my elbow : I never thought of this, but began to consider of the advantage of being a smuggler, and having plenty of money to receive. Conscience was not altogether silent, for I had always considered smugglers a bad set of people ; but then if there was no harm in smuggling, they need not be more wicked than others. And now, though it was many years ago, it came into my head, as naturally enough it might, what I had once heard and seen in my mistress's house—in those happy days, every moment and every circumstance of which was strongly written in my grateful recollection. My ladies had said there was no harm in smuggling—my ladies had bought smuggled goods—what was I, that I should esteem myself wiser than they ? Had they not taught me to fear God and understand his commandments, and would they be doing wrong ?

I had just settled this point to my satisfaction, or rather to my inclination, when my husband came in. He looked a little surprised at the disorder of the house, and my sitting idle—but he was a quiet man, so he said nothing, and sate him down to his supper. Having waited a little while in patience, he said, "Peggy, where's the Bible?"—for ever since we were married, and that was many a year now, I had gone on as my ladies first persuaded me to begin, with reading a chapter in the Bible to him every night while he ate his supper. I took the book down—but alas ! though I was not conscious of it, the Bible and I were no longer of a mind. What wonder, then, I felt but ill-disposed to read it ! I turned over the leaves—I could not find my place—I lost it again as soon as I found it—at last I

got through a few verses, but it would not do: my thoughts were elsewhere; and closing the book,—

“Jem,” I said, “Dame Willum’s children have food while mine are starving.” Jem looked amazed, and well he might—for never in all our troubles was he used to hear the language of complaint from me. “Our children, Peggy, have eaten the bread of honesty; and though it has been sometimes but a hard morsel, they have thriven upon it, and no man can say they robbed him to come at it.”

“There are wiser in the world than we, Jem, who do not take smuggling to be so much a sin.”

“Belike there may,” said Jem, who was not much a man for arguing, “but I have thanked God often that I am no smuggler; and I do not suppose any smuggler ever thanked God that he was one.”

“But our children are getting older, Jem, and they should have some schooling—and if the free trade is an honest one——”

“I pretend to no learning, Peggy—but a trade that brings men to the prison and the gallows is not apt to be an honest one.”

“But I know those that think the law has no right to take men up for such things, and——”

“’Tis like enough it hasn’t—but I do not see what good that would be to me, if I were in prison and could not get out.”

“One might as well be in prison,” said I, “as living in this hut with our poor children ragged and starved about us, and we without the means to feed and clothe them.”

And so we left talking for that time, and went to bed. They who remember the first step into some wilful sin, may know how I went to sleep that night—and they who know what it is to have a wrong purpose in the bosom with a determination to pursue it, may know how I felt when I awaked. In my dreams I saw a strange confusion of things: sometimes the golden pieces glittering on my table—sometimes the vessel tossed upon the

waters and my husband struggling with the waves. Gloves, silks, prisons, chains, coaches, king's-officers, and fine-dressed ladies, all jumbled themselves together in my fancy. Never, never till then had I known such slumbers or such a wakening. And well they might be such—for my days of honesty and innocence were done."

When the wretched woman reached this part of her narrative, her whole voice and manner changed. In telling the story of her better days, she seemed to have recalled the spirit of them. Her voice was gentle and subdued, her manner simple and affecting; and the tears that fell from time to time might well have passed for those of chastened and penitential sorrow. It was but a passing impression, arising from the recollection of early happiness. Now her face resumed its sternness, her voice its bold and reckless daring—the tear no longer fell; but in its place there was an agonized expression in her eye, too vivid almost to be looked on without a shudder.

With a view to still her increasing vehemence, "Peggy," I said, "your sin was doubtless great, but it was not wilful—you did not then know the wrong or foresee the consequence of your advice."

"Ma'am," said the woman, eagerly, "I did know, I did foresee. But for me he had been now an honest man. He knew I had more learning than he, and always believed what I said—he knew how religiously I had been educated, and that I had known God and the Bible before he thought of either, and he did not think I should tell him wrong. It was I who persuaded him—I sent him into the company that corrupted him—I sent him to pass his nights on the wild ocean—I sent him to his death—and perhaps—but there at least I shall go too, and share the mischief I have done him." I entreated the woman to proceed calmly with her story; for I saw it needed a stronger power than mine to whisper peace to such a bosom. She proceeded—

"I did not accomplish my purpose all at once, but from time to time I renewed the subject. Whenever we were short of food, I said I knew where it was to be had! Whenever I saw Dame Willum's brats, I said they were better off than mine, though I knew the contrary. Sometimes, indeed, when the wind blew loud all night, my heart misgave me—and sometimes when I was reading the Bible, my conscience smote me—but I would not feel, I would not hear, and at last I accomplished my purpose. Jem was a strong, and a brave man; some way or other my foolish talking was heard among the neighbours, and those engaged in the trade came and persuaded and tempted him. In short, for why need I prolong my miserable tale, Jem became a smuggler, and from that hour the blessing of Heaven forsook our dwelling—the eye of God was averted from us, sin took its course, and this is what came of it. But you will hear.

Things looked well at first: Jem was payed seven or eight shillings a night—my children were dressed, my children were fed—we got a better house—but what was I with all; a miserable, miserable woman! In the long, dark nights, while the wind was blowing and the waves were raging, did I sleep soundly on my comfortable bed, bought with the price of his perils? When the Sabbath day came and the bells rung, and I dressed my children in their nice neat clothes, was my heart light as I went forth alone where he was used to go with me? No—from the first I was a miserable woman, though no one knew it but myself, and it rapidly grew worse. Jem, unused to the fatigue and exposure of such a service, was forced to take spirits to carry him through it: necessity soon grew into choice; obliged to drink when he was out, he chose to drink when he was at home—the coarse and blasphemous language he heard among his desperate companions, he repeated before his wife and children: he laughed at his Bible now, and when I remonstrated with him, he told me if I had believed it myself I should not have wished him to become a smug-

gler. Oh! if this had not been so—if he had died as I knew him once, as I once saw him on a bed of sickness—Oh, I could have borne it then—but to die so!

It was then my last child was born; she that is yonder—look at her, for she was conceived in iniquity indeed—she was ugly as her father's and her mother's sin, and she has been the torment of our lives—her evil disposition has defeated all our efforts to controul it—she will learn nothing, do nothing, and does not seem to have wit enough to know good from bad; though she has enough, God knows! to get into all the mischief she can find. But the sin is on our heads—she was fed on the bread of iniquity, she heard nothing but oaths and curses from her father and his bad companions—from her mother, but fretfulness and reproaches. I had children—but they are gone—my blessings are taken from me and she is left to be my curse.

Some years went on in this way: at times we had plenty of money; but as my husband drank and gamed we were at other times much distressed. One day when he came home rather more sober than usual—"Peggy," he said, "the blood of a fellow-creature is on my hand." I shuddered, and so I thought did he—for we had known, we had sometime felt the commands of God; we had believed them once, and once had feared to disobey them; and though we had contrived to persuade ourselves that smuggling did not break the eighth commandment, we could not well persuade ourselves that murder did not break the sixth. My husband had killed a man in a fray, and though he was never discovered, he was ever after that as one desperate and careless of what might follow.

On one occasion my children were sick, we had spent all our money, and I was advised to go to some charitable lady in the town and ask for nourishment for them. I went and was conducted to the lady; but as soon as she heard my name, she said my husband was a bad character, my house was a notorious place of drinking and wickedness, and she could not by any means encon-

rage me. I looked at her, for I thought I had seen her once before—but whether I had or not, I whispered as I walked away uncomforted, “If it had not been for you, or such as you, we had never been what we are:” and I went home with my bosom hardened in its sin and aggravated in its wretchedness, by the repulse of those whom I considered as the cause of both. For think not that my first sin had been my only one—no, it is a road on which she who starts is driven forward as with stings and scourges. By degrees I had ceased to go to church or to read at home, because it reminded me of the days that were gone; I could not bear the recollection; and I could not bear to see the minister who used to talk kindly with me, go by me now without notice. I also ceased to teach my children good, for I feared lest they should compare it with the ill they saw, and I should but be teaching them to hate and despise their parents. Yet did my heart yearn over them as the destined prey of the evil one, given by their own parents to destruction. In one of my better moments, as I looked upon that graceless girl, my heart was moved towards her with pity and with shame, for I had taught her nothing; and I resolved to make one effort to save her from destruction by asking for her from others what I could no longer render her myself. I knew the day on which a Committee of Ladies were to meet for benevolent purposes, especially for the supporting of a school for the indigent, and I knew that in this school the children were carefully and religiously taught. I took my neglected offspring in my hand, and presented myself before them to solicit admission for her to the school: it was the first right thing I had done for many a day; and there was a peace in my bosom it had become but little used to. When I had made my request I was asked my name, and the occupation of my husband. O that the time should have come when such questions would bring shame to the cheek of Peggy Lum! I equivocated a little on the latter question, but the ladies understood my language, and told me with some

harsh expressions, that my child could not be admitted, as they had many applications, and always gave the preference to those whose parents followed an honest calling. My bosom was ready to burst with grief and indignation—yes, indignation—for as I looked round the circle, I saw the contraband articles about their persons—I knew well enough the gloves on the hands of the one, and the handkerchief round the neck of the other—and my child was rejected, cast off, left to ignorance and vice, because her father pursued for subsistence a trade that they encouraged for the ornament of their persons. With some show of impertinence which still more confirmed their rejection of me, I was leaving the house, when a lady of very kind aspect whispered me that she would call and talk to me about putting the child to school somewhere. But the last spark of good was extinguished in my bosom—the last good purpose I ever formed was repulsed in a way that completed the hardening of my evil heart—"No," I said, as I walked along, scarce knowing where I went, "she shall neither go to their schools, nor learn their learning. If she sin, as she will do, it shall be in ignorance and stupidity: they shall not teach her the will of God, only to make her more guilty when they afterwards teach her to disobey him. They taught me first the meaning of moral and religious honesty; then they told me by words and by example, that there was no harm in a secret and unlawful trade—and now that I come to them with the wretchedness in my heart and the ruin on my head which were brought on me by that trade, they reject my supplication and put scorn upon my guiltless child, because I have pursued it. No—not a child of mine shall go: if she must follow in her mother's course, she shall go there without her feelings;" and when the kind lady did in fact come and offer to put the child to school at her own expense, I obstinately and insolently rejected the proposal: and thus made myself guilty of my child's as well as of my husband's ruin.

But the measure was full and the time was come, and

my tale will soon be told. My eldest boy was now a lad of sixteen; and never since he had come into the world had he made his mother's heart to ache. He was the birth of better days, for he was the first-born child I had. The good impressions of his early years had lasted him through worse ones—he had been to school, and since that he had been to sea in a collier, and in spite of all the ill he heard when he came home, he was ever a good and steady lad. It was sometime now that he had been out of employ, and had got a sort of hankering to go out with his father; only, as he said, for a bit of sport, for he was a brave boy and loved danger and the seas; but he loved his mother better, and he had ever till then yielded to her entreaties not to go. One night—yes, that night, that very night—there was rough work to be done, and they wanted hands—there was danger and they offered high pay—my boy's spirit was roused, his father persuaded him, and when I would have retained him even with tears, my husband said that since I did not care about his being drowned or murdered, he did not see why I should make so much ado about the boy. They were the last words he ever spoke to me. They were not true—for in all his wickedness, Jam had been kind and affectionate to me; and it was not for me to love him less for sins that I myself had driven him to. They were not true words—but Oh! I remembered them when—Remembered! I remember them now—I hear them in my sleep, I hear them in my dreams, they are whispered about my bed, and about my pillow. Grant Heaven they come not after me to the grave!

They went, and surely something in my heart misgave me of what was coming: for I felt I could not go to bed that night. It was already dark when they went away; and many a time I opened the casement to look out upon the night. The wind howled frightfully; I heard the waves thundering upon the rocks, as if they would have rent the firm earth in peices; and so dark was it, that when in my restlessness I went out to try it, I could not

find my way across the road. Not a star was there in all the heavens, nor a bit of moon to light them on their perilous way—'twas ever such nights as these they chose to do their boldest deeds. Hour after hour I listened though I knew not for what, for they were miles away. I shuddered at the silence—I started even at the noise I made myself, as from time to time I threw on a log to keep the fire burning that they might warm and dry them when they came. I saw my neglected bible on the shelf and remembered the time when it would have consoled me—but not now: I remembered when in times of fear and danger to those I loved, I should have betaken myself to prayer—but not now. I could but sit and watch the dial-plate, and long, and long for the hours of darkness to be gone. And when they were gone and the daylight opened, I liked it no better. I looked out upon the damp, cold landskip, and thought it was but like my desolated bosom: the very light was hateful to me, for surely the truth was in my heart though yet I knew it not. The morning grew apace: the people in the surrounding cottages came forth to their honest labours. I saw one and another making ready the breakfast for her husband and giving a parting word to her boys—but where were mine? Nine o'clock struck, ten, eleven, and still they came not. This was no uncommon thing, but there was a presentiment of evil in my bosom. The clock was just upon the point of twelve, when I heard a noise of voices—I went out and saw a crowd about Dame Willum's door. I knew her husband had been out with the party and guessed the rest. "Where is Jem?" I said to the first who would hear me. "He will be here presently," said the man in a sullen tone. I had no more to ask—every body was talking, and every body was eager to tell the worst they could make of the fearful story. All murdered, all drowned, and all prisoners. And soon there was not even need to listen, for my eyes beheld the worst—the dead body of my husband borne upon the shoulders of ruffianly-looking men, whose downcast looks bespoke

that even they felt pity for his fate. And where was my boy? Him the cold waters held, and would not give me back so much as his lifeless body. The smugglers had been attacked in endeavouring to remove their cargo—they resisted; some were slain on the spot, and the rest were drowned in attempting to escape. Who will tell out the story? Who will tell the wife's, the mother's agony when she received of her husband no more but the disfigured corpse, of her son not even so much as that! Tell who may, I cannot. But you see me, what I am—I have told you what I was. Want, and disease, and remorse, and agony, have brought me to the grave. What is beyond, you may know; I do not—I believed once, now I dare not believe."

The story is finished—need I write the moral? If my readers believe I have drawn an exaggerated picture, let them enquire and know. They will not, perhaps, find Peggy Lum upon her death-bed, nor meet her squalid offspring in their evening walk—but they will find more misery resulting from this traffick than language of mine can picture. They may see, as we have done, the suspected fall under our very windows—they may see, as we have done, three or four at a time, the murdered bodies borne into the church-yard—and they may hear, as we do daily, the thoughtless multitude one moment repeating the melancholy story, the next moment creeping about the lanes and alleys, in search of the vendors of forbidden goods. It is for such that we have told our story. The miserable victims of this traffick will not read our pages, nor is it for them that we have written. They are incapable of appreciating the moral wrong of the traffick itself; the only question to them is the gain and loss, the risk and the inducement—and in this, as in all other sorts of gambling, we know that men will put all they have on the stake, if the prize proposed be large enough. To these poor creatures the inducement is their daily sustenance, the support of their wives and children: that they ruin them eventually is

beyond their calculation ; for we know that in exact proportion as the mind is uncultivated, its feelings and cares are limited to the present time. Much, therefore, is to be said in plea for them. But what is to be said for us ? It is the purchaser that makes the trade. Can we without compunction see the lives of our fellow-creatures put to venture, their families plunged into misery unspeakable, their morals corrupted, their souls, it may be, ruined eternally—and all for what ? To save a few shillings, which we would freely give to any one who needed it, or to deck our persons with some prohibited article of dress ? I dare aver, I do entirely believe, there is not a lady in Britain who would not take the costly shawl from off her shoulders, and present it to the person whom she could thereby save from such misery as we have described, though the consequence were that she should never wear another—and yet we expose to such misery hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures, and when it is named to us, think it quite enough to say, “ French goods are prohibited, and we must have them, because—most efficient reason—because we like them ! ”

LECTURES.

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE THIRD.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.—MATT. vi.

’Tis a strong language—and but that the careless and indifferent in religion do not think, one might suppose, when they came to these words, they must of necessity make a pause to question what they mean. We believe that thousands who would not have it doubted that they

believe the Bible, who would shrink with horror from denying that these are the words of the Son of God, could give no answer to that question. And yet we would say to such readers of the sacred text, Is it of no consequence that these words convey no meaning to your mind? Revert again to the opening of this discourse. "He opened his mouth." Remember who, remember where. Can there be a word superfluous, a word of no importance, whether understood or not? It does not seem likely: for never do we find those holy lips unclosed for idle prating. Big with the importance of his mission, and breaking even then with its amazing sorrow, ill could a heart so sad as his have been disposed to alter even a sentence but for some mighty purpose. And surely, can it be of so small importance to us, to whom the breathing of his will is life or death, what these his words may mean, that after so solemn an introduction, so surprising and merciful a commencement, we come at once to words that tell of something we never heard of before, and cannot understand, and yet pass over without a pause?

If you ask why it is supposed you do not understand this sentence—to very very many it may be answered, because you have not felt, and therefore cannot understand. You know what hunger and thirst is, for you have felt it—you may know, too, what righteousness means—but there is no connexion in your mind between these ideas. What association is there in your feelings between hunger and thirst, or the ardent desires of which they stand the emblems, and that righteousness which you perhaps think you have, or perhaps do not care whether you have or not? The words you understand, for they are plain and unequivocal, and admit of no possible misconstruction: but the meaning you do not understand unless you have felt it: and if, that being the case, these words have never startled you, it is because you read without reflection. At least we would entreat you to listen while we tell you what they mean, and per-

suade you to consider the importance of having no share in this blessing.

The terms hunger and thirst stand here as the emblems of desire, the strongest that can possibly be conceived ; and justly so ; for though it may seem to us there are stronger and more painful desires than these, for things perhaps less animal and gross, this is because we may never have felt them in the extremes : we have always had within a little time the means of satisfying these desires—but certain it is, that the possession of an object on which our whole earthly happiness might depend, would avail us nothing under the extreme pressure of such need, and all besides would be proffered us in vain, if this desire could not be satisfied. Nay, it is more than desire—it is absolute necessity ; and if it be not speedily supplied, we perish. No better figure, therefore, could have been chosen to represent our pursuit of something we ardently desire, must have, and cannot do without.

But these are strong feelings ; they cannot well be passing in our minds without our perceiving it ; the things of course that make up our ordinary sensations. Desire so ardent, that all is vain while it remains unsatisfied, necessity so urgent, that unless supplied we perish, are no common sensations that will let us go on our way in quietness and easy persuasion that all is well. If we have never so hungered or so thirsted, surely we have felt in some way what such desire is. Has nothing seemed so needful to our happiness, that unless we could have it, we found no power of enjoying aught besides ? Have we never been deprived of or gone without, for a time at least, our soul's delight, till our spirits grew sick, and as it were starved within us for the want of it ? We all must know, in some degree, what this sensation of desire is ; enough at least to teach us that forgetfulness, indifferent and heedless levity, could not be concomitants of such a state of mind : forgetfulness of the means of procuring the object we desire, indifference to

the attainment of it, and levity in word and actions respecting it. This we perceive at once is contradiction and absurdity—desire is anxious, thoughtful, active—stimulating in hope, in despair agonizing. Now these are sensations the strongest of which our nature is capable—therefore, if we ever felt them, we must know when and where, and why: it cannot be difficult to answer, each one for ourselves—for who shall presume to decide for another—whether we ever suffered such sensations in connexion with the subject of our text. For righteousness. We need not describe what righteousness is: the primitive meaning of the word is keeping a direct line, without swerving to the right or to the left: that direct line to us is the holy law of God; scripturally the word implies the being all that in the Gospel we are required to be, all that God would have us; that, in short, which we must be in heaven, if ever we are there, sinless and spotless creatures: for “without holiness no man can see the Lord.”

Here then is the object of desire very distinctly placed before us—here is the most vivid of earthly feelings to be called into action. Do we know any thing about it? If you are righteous now, or think yourself so, you clearly cannot hunger and thirst for it, any more than the gorged and sated appetite can rise from a full feast hungering and thirsting for its food: we must suppose therefore that you know you are not. But do you care whether you are or not? You care, perhaps, or you mean to care when the time comes, whether you be found a meet inhabitant of hell or heaven—but beyond this, does it give you any such pain as we have described, to feel yourself unrighteous, any such ardent, anxious, desire to be made holy? One should not think so, to hear the sportive levity with which you speak of sin, the recklessness with which you indulge your evil dispositions, and the boldness with which you face every thing that is calculated to turn you aside from that strait path of duty assigned you by your God. We do not thus in

pursuing an earthly object of desire? But these are exterior symptoms—We know, alas! we know too well what it is to do the thing that we allow not, to do not the thing that we desire. We know that in the sincerest struggle after righteousness, the corrupted nature will sometimes prevail, and show itself in action, while the shame and the sorrow it brings lie hidden deep within—the yet unchastened spirit may run riot in the world, while there is beneath, unseen of all but God, an agonizing desire to be made righteous. Not of any one, therefore, no, not of the vilest would we say that they, individually, do not feel it—but we know of mankind in the mass, that there are thousands who never feel any such desire, or feel it so transiently as never to become influential on their principles: wherefore, leaving all external symptoms, strong as they are, we refer it to every one to ask themselves, if ever they have hungered and thirsted after righteousness.

There are some things very hard to describe—we cannot find in language terms that are intense enough to speak our meaning; and when we have found them, none can understand but those who have felt; and they will say we treat the matter weakly, because they have felt more than ever we can speak. This we believe to be the case with all description of deep and poignant feeling. To one half of the world it is but wild romance, to the other half the mere shadow of the deep realities they have experienced. Vainly therefore might we attempt to say what it is to hunger and to thirst after righteousness. Yet is it no enthusiastic fiction, but a deep reality, that there are those who suffer more from a sense of their own unrighteousness and a desire to be freed from it, than ever the exhausted traveller on sandy deserts, beneath a meridian sun, has longed and suffered for the draught he finds not, yet must die unless he have it. When holiness is loved and sin is hated, there is a desire in the bosom to which nothing answers, a longing nothing can assuage. And as the thirsting tra-

veller would turn to the life-restoring draught that were proffered him on the one hand, though the earth's whole treasures were the alternative on the other, so the fainting spirit would choose a deliverance from the burthen of his sins, in preference to all that could be offered him from earth or heaven. We know not what to say, we cannot say it—there are not words in which to clothe the feeling. The boundless love of God before our eyes, the suffering and the sacrifices that love has made fresh in our imagination, before us the brilliant promise of unearned reward, behind death and eternal misery escaped, the heart looks inward on itself, and is ashamed, confounded—nay, agonized to find itself no better. It was so he loved me, and it is so that I repay him! The firm resolve is made—the firm resolve is broken—the self-reproach returns, but still the evil passion, the evil habit abides with us. We speak not so much of the overt act of acknowledged wrong—the more palpable breach of God's law that occurs but seldom, or which some may even have so far controuled their evil disposition as never to commit: the Christian's severest struggle is with the secret movements of his heart—the unnamed, undetected evil that abides there, unseen indeed of men, but known of God above—the selfish motives of his fairest deeds, the earthly admixture of his most spiritual affections, the pride of his heart, the falseness of his professions, the self-will of his desires, the inconsistency of his purposes, the perversion of his powers—the world sees it not—it loads him with commendation, and woos him with caresses; and every commendation cuts him to the soul, and every caress is as a reproach to him: for he knows that God's judgment of him must be otherwise—nay, it is sufficient that his own is otherwise, for now he is of one mind with God, and fears the sin, rather than the detection. It would be small comfort to the diseased body, dying of mortal agony, that no one knew his case—so were it small comfort to the suffering

spirit in its conscious defection, though its falseness might never be revealed. There is nothing so painful as disgrace, so insupportable as shame—the careless and irreligious know something of this feeling when they have brought disgrace and shame upon themselves among each other: the Christian knows it always. It crosses him in his pleasant hours like a cloud in the mid sunshine—it overwhelms him in his sadness, as the tempest adds treble darkness to the night. The goodness and love of God stand in perpetual balance with his own falseness and ingratitude—the more he struggles and toils and determines to be better, the more it seems to him that he is worse—for his sense of sin becomes more acute as his hatred of it increases; and as the light of love and truth grows broader on his soul, he perceives new blemishes he overlooked before; so that if really mending, it may yet seem to him that he gets worse. In proportion as heaven comes in nearer aspect to his anticipating vision, his unfitness for its hallowed scenes and pure society becomes more obvious and more painful to him. God's past mercies unrequited, his present bounties unacknowledged or misused, his future promises too little valued or too little trusted—the soul turns sick, sick to death in the contemplation, and yet it finds not how to help itself—he examines, condemns, suffers, and resolves, and he remains still proud, still selfish, still rebellious, earthly, disobedient. Does he not long? Does he not desire? Does he not hunger and thirst? Those who have not felt may find it difficult to believe—but well may they be assured the feeling is more earnest, more poignant, than the keenest they have ever felt for that on earth they most desired, though it should be the very spring and need of their existence. It is that which amid much of earthly good, has often made the sorrowing spirit sigh for its release, and given a welcome to the messenger that fetched it from what else it had been loath to leave. Nay, when he would describe his future heaven, and speak the bril-

liant hope of immortality before him, the Christian scarcely knows what more or better to say, than that in heaven he shall be freed from sin.

Does all this seem to us in the reading a mere fiction, or a deep tried and well proved reality? For this it is to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and on this is the blessing pronounced by lips that opened not in vain, nor ever spake a blessing that mistook the head on which it was designed to fall. Small use, indeed, were the blessing, and very little precious were the promise, to others than those to whom it is made; and therefore, perhaps, our value for the thing proposed may be a just criterion of our claim to it. To promise food to those who hunger not, and fulness to those who are sufficed already, were but nonsense and a mockery—it would not sound like a blessing, nor be received as such. How sounds to us the promise of this fulness? We fear there are many sins we would rather pursue than part from, if we might—many dispositions condemned of God, yet so well esteemed of in the world, that we would rather be allowed to keep them at least till we die, if we may not take them to heaven with us. Alas! if it be so, our appetites are but little in unison with these our Saviour's words—we savour not the blessing he has promised: we do not desire it, and we cannot share it.

Yet it is a blessing—a rich and costly blessing; and blessed indeed are they on whom it falls. And he tells us why—for they shall be filled. No other desire can be satisfied—the hungry may be fed and the thirsty may have drink, and for a time their craving is appeased—but it returns again. After years of impatient desire and restless expectation, the heart's desire may be fulfilled, the earthly object may be attained: but it is not what it is promised, it is not sufficient; or the sated appetite loathes it, or the too eager appetite consumes it; or there is bitterness in the draught, or there is disease in the viands; the spirit hungers again and thirsts again—it is not, can-

not be filled. But these, the subject of our Saviour's promise, are blessed even in their severest need: the ardent desire of the soul, that which they would take in preference to all that could be offered them, that without which they cannot be happy, is certainly and undoubtedly secured to them; they cannot fail of it: it is the promise of their God from the lips of God himself—they shall be filled. There is no condition annexed, no contingency attached to it—not only they shall have their desire, but having it they shall be satisfied. Ah! surely are we not blessed then, to know, to be certain that the best desire of our souls must be satisfied? When the heart grows sick within us at our repeated defeat and reiterated failures, to know that we must succeed at last? When our defection from the God we love colours our cheek with shame, and bends our eyes to earth, to know that we may some time lift them up in holy confidence and heavenly purity? Ask of those whose agitated bosoms do indeed hunger for the repose of innocence, whose fainting spirits do indeed thirst in the conflict they are perpetually holding with their corruptions, and they will tell you, for none other cause, the value of that anticipated blessedness. To those who understand its language, there is not in all the scriptures so sweet a promise as this, because it is a hope that may await us in our darkest hours. There are moments when the promises made to obedience, faith, and love, are scarcely available, because we may have cause to doubt whether we do indeed obey, believe, or love—our conduct and our feelings rather bearing us witness that we do not; but the more the pressure of our sins, the deeper the conviction of our wrong, so much the more poignant grows the desire, the hunger and the thirst for righteousness, and by so much more precious and more sure becomes this sweet and heavenly promise.

If any, therefore, understand not this language, and share not in this blessing, it is because their nature is sinful and corrupt,—because they either do not know

it to be so, or do not wish it to be otherwise—because they either never think of it at all, or thinking, prefer sin to holiness. To such it may appear the language of extravagance: nor is this difficult to understand: for do not the ardent desires of other men, after things we do not happen to value ourselves, seem always extravagant? One will waste fortune, health, and life itself in pursuance of an object another will not take though it be offered him; why, but because one values it and the other does not? So if the desire after righteousness that agitates the soul of one seems extravagance to another, it is but because that other does not value it—does not love righteousness, or desire holiness.

But while the various objects of earthly pursuit are matters of choice, the object of desire here proposed to us is of another nature. It is that without which no man can see the Lord—no mortal man can be a partaker of immortal bliss. The attainment is indeed in distant perspective—the blessing in pledge, and never here to be possessed entirely—but the condition, the requisition is the desire, the ardent, irrepressible desire. If we have it not, if we know not what it means, if it is nonsense to us, there is no more to say but that which we began with—they are our Saviour's words, and he was not wont to trifle: they were spoken for his followers, as we profess to be—they are written and preserved for our guidance—we profess to believe them, we hear and read and learn them from our childhood as the acknowledged word of God, of course as indisputable and most essential truth. It should seem, therefore, that we must have something to do with their meaning; and if as yet we find it not, we have need of earnest enquiry and deep examination, why it is not with us as these words require: and perhaps we shall find that to this passage at least of our Saviour's sermon we have not given so much attention as it well may claim.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 167.)

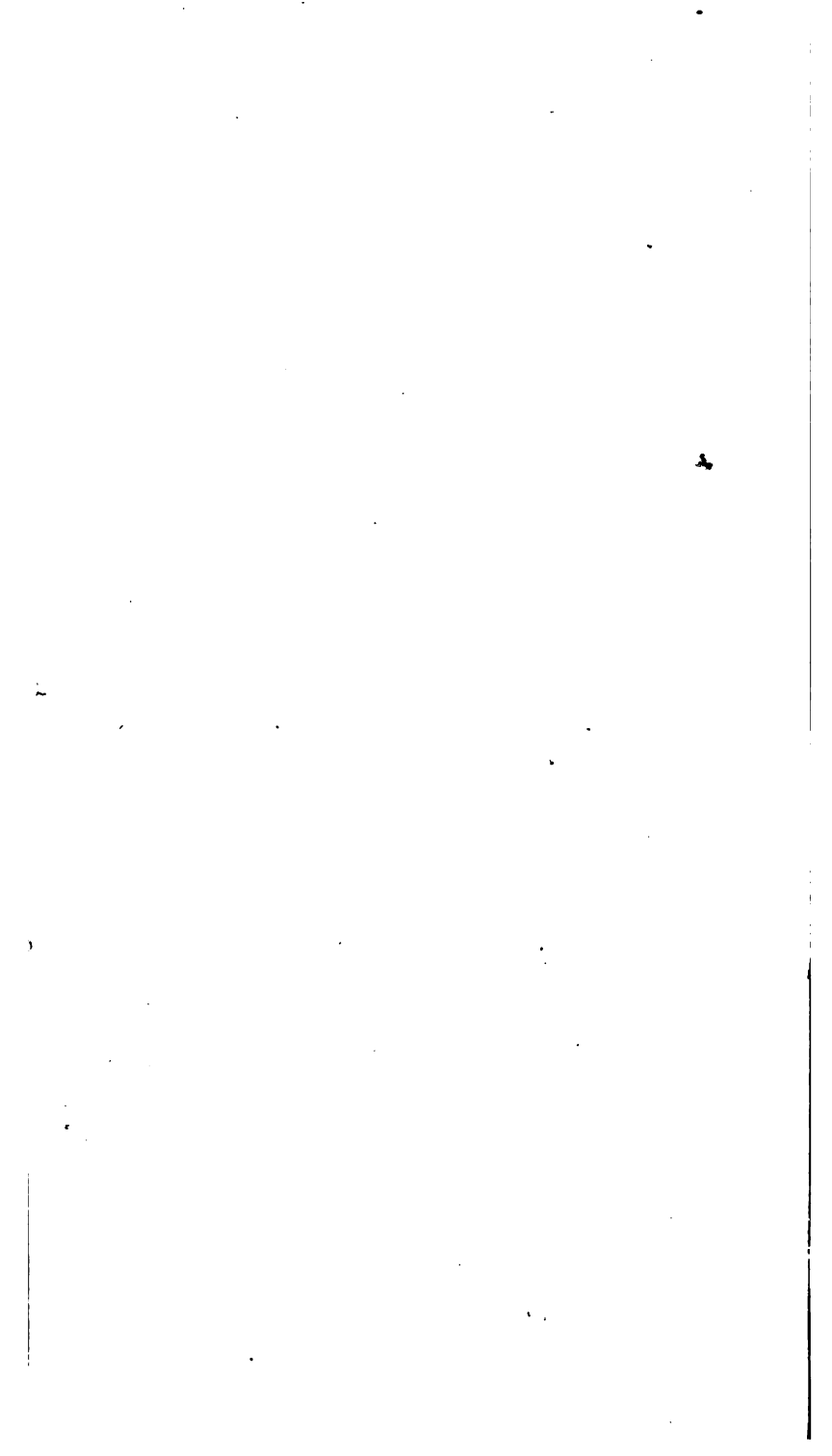
**CLASS 14.—DIDYNAMIA.—4 STAMENS—2 longer—
2 shorter.**

THIS Class, unlike those that have preceded it, is distinguished by the length rather than the number of the stamens. Like Tetradinamia it has four stamens in each flower, but there they are of one length, here two are longer than the other two. There is very little danger of confusing the two classes, because there is no resemblance in the character or first appearance of the flowers, and a very little experience will enable us immediately to distinguish a Didynamia: the calix is always of one leaf, and the blossom of one petal. None of these plants are poisonous. And here the learner must observe a quite different mode of distinguishing the orders. In this class there are but two orders, and these no longer determined by the pistils, but by the seeds. In the first order, termed Gymnospermia, the seeds are uncovered, that is, not inclosed in a pod or covering of any kind, but standing uncovered on the receptacle. In the second order Angiospermia, the seeds are covered, that is, inclosed in a capsule, or seed-vessel. Thus far this class is easy of distinction; but in the genera and species, we must consider it as presenting some difficulties at first, the number of plants being considerable, and in many instances nearly resembling each other. The first order, Gymnospermia, contains

Ajinga, Bugle—a blue flower very ornamental to our hedges—the flowers appear among a crowd of leaves, growing in a pyramidical spike, and the leaves are a good deal limited with blue or purple. Like many of this



Didynamia Gymnospermia.
Scutellaria Galericulata.
Blue Skull-cap.



Class, the flowers are lipped—that is, cut into two parts at the top, like a mouth. In this Genus the upper lip is small, and shorter than the Stamens. One species only is yellow.

Teucrium, Germander or Wood Sage, is difficult to describe in the Genus, because the species vary in colour and form. It has a lipped flower, the upper lip is upright, and divided into two almost to the base, the Stamens standing in the division.

Nepeta, Catmint, has flowers of the same form and is but of one Species. The Stamens approach each other at the top, the edges of the mouth are turned back, and the lower lip is scalloped: blossom nearly white, spotted with purple, and leaves very soft: the whole plant is aromatic.

Verbena, Vervain or Simpler's Joy, is readily distinguished as unlike any other—the blossom is not lipped, but divided into five nearly equal segments—there are very often but two Stamens in each flower. The small blossoms of a blue lilac, extend in spikes along the flowering stems that grow in pairs from the main stem: the leaves are much cut and jagged—one tooth of the Calix is much shorter and smaller than the others; the root woody and the stem rough.

Mentha, Mint, is a very large family, that cannot be altogether strange to us—the species are difficult to distinguish; but a *Mentha* may be known from other Genera by the blossom being cut into four segments of nearly equal length, the Calix into five; the Stamens upright and standing far apart. Many of these Mints, as Peppermint, Burgomot, and Pennyroyal, we know as garden herbs.

Glechoma, Ground Ivy, is a small plant, one of the first blowing flowers of the Spring. The anthers are in pairs, so arranged as for each pair to form a cross. The flowers crowded among the leaves, are blue and lipped; the leaves kidney-shaped, scalloped.

Lamium, Archangel or Dead Nettle—these and se-

veral of the following Genera are the race of plants we indiscriminately call Nettles. The *Lamium* is distinguished from others by having the upper lip unnotched and vaulted, that is, turning like an arch over the Stamina, the lower lip heart shaped, and the mouth or opening of the blossom having a bristle-shaped tooth on each side.

Galeopsis, Hemp Nettle, is only to be distinguished from the former by close examination. The upper lip is also vaulted but slightly scalloped—the mouth also has a tooth on each side—the lower lip is scalloped.

Galeobdolon, Yellow Archangel, is readily known, there being but one species, with a beautiful yellow flower—the upper lip is vaulted but not notched, and there are no teeth at the mouth of the flower.

Betonica, Betony, has awns or points to the Calix—the upper lip is upright and flat—flower dingy purple or rose-colour.

Stachys, Woundwort—has a vaulted upper lip: the lower lip is doubled back at the sides, and the middle division, larger than the rest, is notched. When the Stamens have shed their Pollen they lay themselves down towards the sides.

Ballota, Henbit or Horehound, has a salver-shaped Calix with five teeth and ten scores—the upper lip of the blossom concave and the mouth closed up with tufts of hair. The unpleasant smell will distinguish this plant.

Marrubium, White Horehound, has the upper lip of the blossom cloven and straight—the Calix with ten teeth, and the whole plant white with down.

Leonorus, Motherwort, is a plant several feet high—flowers white or purplish, leaves woolly and growing on leaf-stalks; particularly distinguished by the Anthers being sprinkled with shining particles.

Clinopodium, Basil, an aromatic plant—flowers of a bright purplish red—the Stamens crooked so as to bring the Anthers near each other, the Calix with thirteen scores.

Priganum, Wild Margoram, grows in a four-sided spike—is also aromatic, and bears pale red flowers.

Thymus, Thyme or Baum—all the plants of this Genus are fragrant, and perhaps are pretty well known to us under the general name of Thyme: the Calix is divided into two lips, and the mouth of the blossom closed with soft hairs.

Melittis, Bustard Balm—is distinguished by the Calix standing wide from the tube of the blossom, the upright, annotched upper lip, and the Anthers forming a cross: blossom white, with a mixture of purple.

Scutellaria, Scull cap—when the flower falls the Calix closes itself with a sort of lid, something in the form of a helmet—this will readily distinguish the two Species of this Genus, otherwise not at all alike.

Prunella, Self-heal, may be known by the filaments being forked to the top, one division only bearing an Anther: blossom purple or white.

The 2nd Order Angiospermia, seeds covered, contains—

Bartsia, Painted-cup—difficult to describe in the Genus. The flower yellow or purple, has two lips, one a little longer than the other—the Calix also two lips, mostly notched into four.

Rhinanthus, Yellow-Rattle, is easily known, by its crowded head of yellow flowers, its large, swelling Calix, the leaves grey underneath with a fine net-work of veins, and the square stem with deep stains of purple.

Euphrasia, Eyebright, a pretty and very common little flower, the two species of which do not much resemble each other; one is of a dusky red pervading the whole plant, the other yellow, white, and purple, elegantly intermixed: the generic characters are a cup cleft in four, and anthers terminating in a thorn at one end.

Melampyrum, Cow-wheat, is an elegantly formed flower common in our hedges—the blossom of a pale yellow, sometimes pointed with orange-leaves, narrow, consider-

ably tinged with brown or purple—the tube of the blossom is long and the lips compressed.

Lathræa, Toothwort, remarkable for being almost destitute of leaves, except a row opposite to the purple flowers which grow on one side of the stem in a double row.

Pedicularis, Lousewort, is a pretty lilac flower growing low in the grass, and remarkable in its leafy notched calix—the flowers crowded among the narrow leaves.

Antirrhinum, Snap-dragon, is a very handsome Genus, with considerable variety in the Species—all distinguished by a five-cleft Calix and a blossom bulging, or ending in a spur at the base.

Scrophularia, Figwort, excepting one yellow species, has flowers of a dusky purple, of which the tube is globular, the edge with five divisions, as also the Calix—grows in watery places.

Digitalis, Foxglove, we suppose to be known to all, in its tall, splendid spikes of purple flowers, so elegantly pendant one side of the stem—much valued also for its medicinal qualities.

Linnæa, Two-flowered *Linnæa*, a very long, trailing plant with fine stems, roundish leaves, and white flowers—remarkable in its double Calix, one with four, the other five divisions, emitting a sweet scent at night.

Sibthorpia, Bastard Moneywort, is also a trailing plant, with weak and slender stems—leaves very far apart—blossoms wheel-shaped, purple at the base, growing on stalks from the bosom of the leaves.

Limosella, Plantain Mudweed, has the leaves rolled inward, small, solitary flowers white or reddish—stems trailing.

Orobanche, Broom-race, a very remarkable race of parasitical flowers, growing on the roots of Broom and other plants—remarkable chiefly from the colour, the whole plant being of the same hue, varying from a rust colour, to a pale violet.

We have only now to describe our example, Plate 16.

We gathered our specimens in marshy ground, and from the form of the flower suppose it to be a *Didynamia*, which is confirmed on examination by finding two longer and two shorter stamens; the seeds not being inclosed in a vessel when the flower falls, we place it in *Gymnospermia*. The curious manner in which the Calix closes up the seed, leads to suppose it a *Scutellaria*. We find the stem much branched, smooth, angular and red—the leaves wrinkled, veined, notched at the bottom but not towards the top, and paler underneath. The blossom is of a beautiful blue, hairy on the outside—the anthers purple—the Calix almost uncut round the edge, with a sort of lid that afterwards closes. There is little difficulty in pronouncing it the *Scutellaria Galericulata*—Blue Scull-cap.

CLASS XIV.—DIDYNAMIA, 4 STAMENS, 2 long, 2 short.

ORDER 1.—GYMNOSPERMIA, Seeds uncovered.

Ajuga	Bugle
Teucrium	Germander, Wood Sage
Napeta	Catmint
Verbena	Vervain, Simpler's Joy
Mentha	Mint
Glechoma.....	Ground Ivy
Lamium	Archangel, Dead-Nettle
Galeopsis	Hemp-Nettle
Galeobdolon	Yellow Archangel
Betonica	Betony
Stachys	Woundwort
Ballota	White Horehound, Henbit
Marrubium	Horehound
Leonurus	Motherwort
Clinopodium.....	Basil
Origanum	Marjoram
Thymus.....	Thyme
Melittis.....	Balm
Scutellaria.....	Scull-cap
Prunella	Self-heal

ORDER 2.—ANGIOSPERMIA, seeds covered.

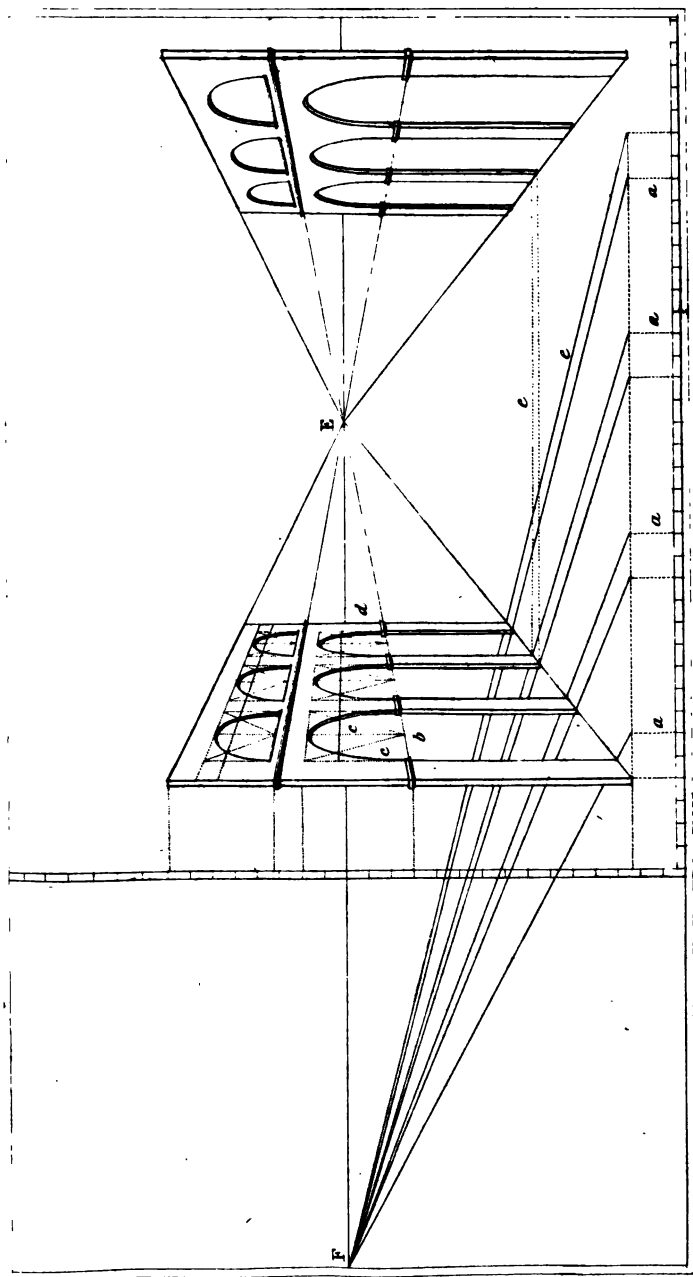
Bartsia	Painted-cup
Rhinanthus	Yellow Rattle

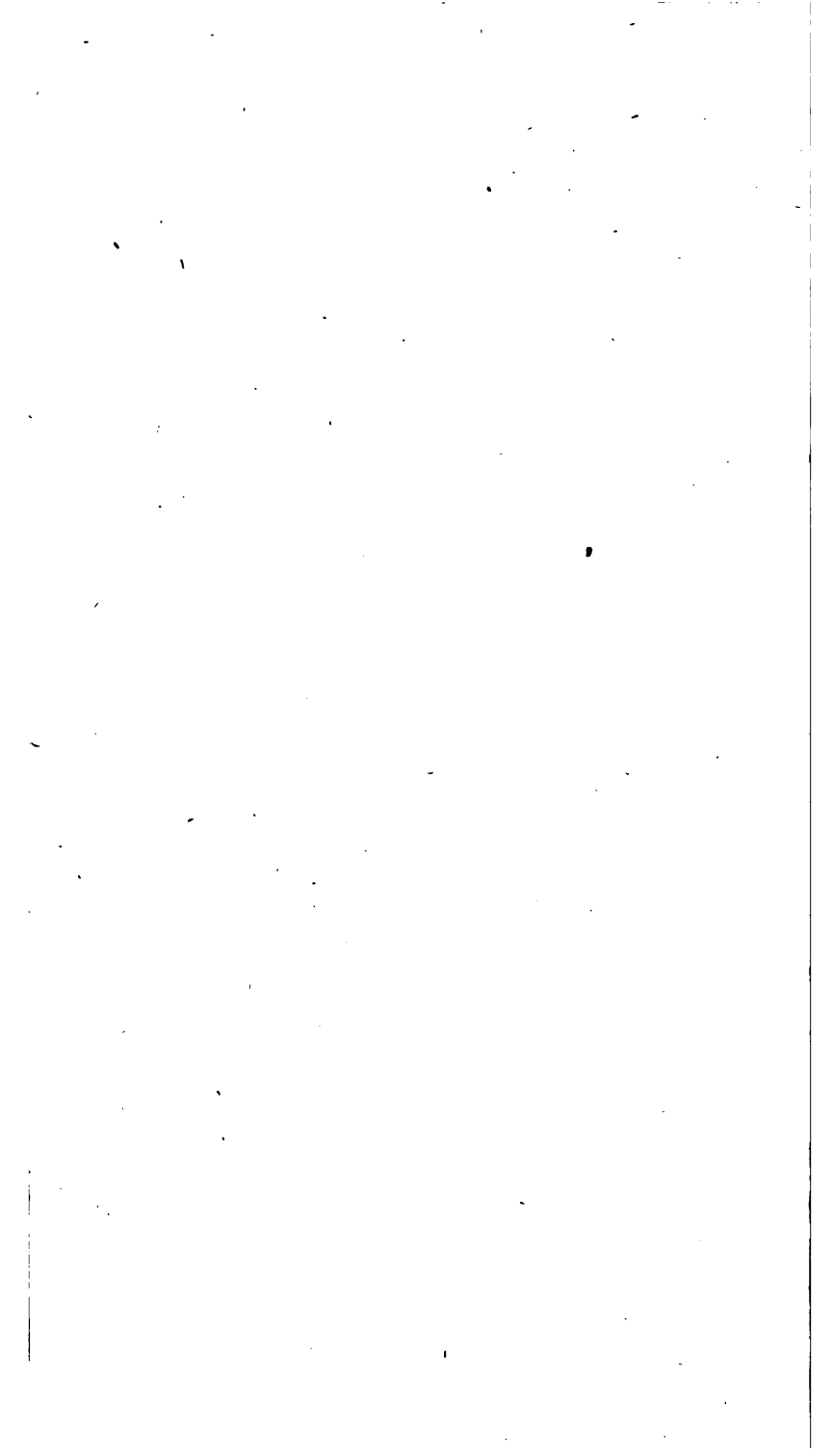
Euphrasia	Eyebright
Melampyrum	Cow-wheat
Lathræa	Toothwort
Pedicularis	Lousewort
Antirrhinum	Snap-dragon
Scrophularia	Figwort
Digitalis	Fox-glove
Linnaea	Linnaea
Sibthorpia	Moneywort
Limosella	Plantain-Mudweed
Orobanche	Broom-rape

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON XVI.—PLATE 16.

CONTINUING the study of arches, we present in Plate 16, an arched wall, suppose a ruin. We have as before marked on the ground-plan the arches and their intervening spaces, allowing for the one what we may term 6 feet, for the other 2 feet, (*a a a a*.) Thence having raised the perpendiculars of the arches, we proceed as usual to find the square that is to contain it. The height we have generally left to be determined by the eye—but there is no necessity for this uncertainty. If we know the height of the building in proportion to its base, we may graduate one side of the drawing, and mark thence every line as exactly as below. Having raised the pillars, and formed, of the height determined, the square that is to contain the arch, we must find its centre (*b*.) by the usual method of diagonals, which, to avoid confusion, we have effaced after finding it. From this centre we draw lines as usual, (*c c*.) With respect to the line (*d*.) that intersects them, in our rule of circles, we gave it as placed two-thirds from the centre; but an arch is not necessarily a circle, in which case it must be higher or lower as the form of the arch requires—but being determined for the first, the same line will serve the whole range of arches. One side of the building thus elevated, the other may be





formed from it. It would be inconvenient and unnecessary to apply another point of distance on the opposite side, and mark off the ground in the reverse direction—but all this may be avoided by horizontals, (*ee*,) from the pillars already formed, which will give at once the place and dimensions of the corresponding ones—we have marked one as a guide for the rest—the height of the arches, &c. to be formed in the same way, and when found, the squares and circles formed separately as on the other side.

ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

THERE is a depth which no created intellect can fathom, a theme on which no human tongue can suitably dilate—that depth is the love of God in Christ Jesus, that theme is its manifestation in the redemption of the human soul. It is not wonderful that God should look with complacency on the work of his own hands; that he should behold with delight that beautiful creation, which, when it was completed, he pronounced to be very good: but that God should so love the world, a world alienated from himself through Adam's fall, bewildered with error, immersed in wickedness, and filled with every sad variety of misery, that God should look upon it not only with pity and compassion, but *so love* this world of sin and sorrow, as to give "his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life;" this is indeed a mystery which angels may well desire to look into; it has heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths; but who can sketch them? the more it is studied, the more mysterious it appears; and the report of those who understand it best is this, "it passeth knowledge."

The Almighty is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works; he has stored the universe with the means, and has given to all creatures the power of en-

joyment; with the beams of his sun he warms and enlivens the earth; with the dews of heaven he refreshes and fills its furrows; with a liberal hand he pours down his benefits upon man, and sheds around him in rich profusion, the numberless blessings of his providence; and did the hearts of all thus crowned with mercy respond with the just tribute of gratitude to the Giver of all good? Then would the glad and cheerful song of praise be heard from shore to shore; then would the loud and never ceasing hallelujah ascend from every part of the habitable globe—but alas! it is not so; “while the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib,” man, ungrateful man, strangely blind or insensible to the hand that feeds him—strangely regardless of the infinite dignity of his Benefactor—strangely forgetful of the majesty, as well as the mercy of his Maker—receives his daily supply with cold indifference—claims the many mercies scattered on his path as his right, and while each revolving year returns laden with its flowers and its fruits—while every successive season lays its promises and its enjoyments at his feet, what is the constant welcome, the continual return called forth by the unwearied goodness of the great Creator? the repining spirit—the discontented murmur—the expression of disapprobation—the arrogant assumption of a creature indebted to that very goodness for the air it exhales—to prescribe the time—determine the measure, and adjust the manner in which God’s free bounty should be dispensed; or should it so happen, that the portion assigned him accord with the desires of his heart—should the dross of worldly prosperity be mingled to the taste of its possessor, then with the sad infatuation of a perverse and perverted spirit, does that favoured individual turn his back upon the Giver, and do homage to his gifts: but God is love—and love is long-suffering and kind—with unfailing munificence his providence is still ministering to the temporal necessities of his creatures, and for man’s spiritual need, a need of which he is too little sensible, a provision is made commensurate

with all the wants of the human soul, unlimited and inexhaustible; its duration, is eternity; its sufficiency, the fulness of God. This provision is laid up in Christ, it is set forth in the word of his Gospel—it is here that a table is spread in the wilderness, of which every one within the sound of that Gospel is invited freely to partake; it is true those treasures are unfolded, of which it is difficult to speak, because the imagery drawn from sensible objects, which, used by way of illustration, serves to heighten and adorn all matters of merely temporal interest, becomes, when applied to things unseen, things heavenly and eternal, so inefficient, that it is to these but as the faint outline, the colourless tracing of the landscape which glows on the face of animated nature in every varied tint of living beauty, or like the feeble and imperfect notes drawn from a reed, in comparison of that heavenly harmony which absorbs the soul, when, ascending from sweet and innumerable voices, the pealing anthem rolls upon the air its full and overwhelming melody of sound. But though the shadow be dark, though the figure fall infinitely short of the blessings it is used to describe, those blessings are substantially true, and as such they are assured and suited to every true believer by the external evidence of most awful and impressive facts, and by the inward witness of the power of those facts upon his own mind, a testimony which, according with the written word of God, is still increasing in strength as he advances in the divine life; and while the sceptic loses himself in the clouds of his own speculation, and the worldly minded make light of the doctrines of the cross, and go away, one to his farm and another to his merchandise, the few, for few indeed are they who are so poor in their own esteem as to need that, without which the lips of truth have said they must perish everlastingly; these few who have turned aside to see that great sight, God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself by the blood of his cross, who, looking to him who bare their sins in his own body on the tree, have

found peace and hope and life and joy; they have taken their station at the feet of their master, and have there learned to offer thanks to God for his unspeakable gift; they behold heaven and its glories thrown open to them in a way calculated to awaken and fix every generous emotion of the human heart, and a spark of pure affection is kindled in their souls, that ardent feeling of holy gratitude which shall never be extinguished: a flame that burns with still increasing ardour, that burns to pacify and not destroy its consecrated dwelling. "We love him," says the apostle, "because he first loved us,"—and this is the actuating principle of the Christian's life; one object is ever before the eyes of his mind—his once dying, but now risen and ascended Saviour; one desire takes possession of his soul, the desire of conformity to the whole mind and will of his Lord: one theme is ever dwelling on his lips, "He loved me, and gave himself for me." His soul is safe, for Jesus is his shield—his soul is blest, for Jesus is his portion—he who died to atone for the transgression of his people, lives again to insure their everlasting happiness—what then is the inference? His soul is safe—and shall he therefore sin?—the apostle Paul once proposed the question, and that blessed Spirit who dwells in the heart of every child of God, taught him how to reply to it, both for himself and every one of his fellow disciples, "God forbid." He whom his heart has been taught to love is holy: he reads inscribed upon the cross, "God is Love," but he knows it was his love of holiness which provided that atonement: and the love of holiness is the characteristic of every one who receives it. The Christian bears in mind his master's exhortation, "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and he estimates the love he bears to his Redeemer, not by transient feelings, however strong, nor by fervent expression, however insincere; but by the devotedness of his spirit, and the habitual consistency of his life. To the discouragements or the allurements he may meet with from the world, he has but one reply, "The

love of Christ constraineth me," and while he rejoices in him who loves him with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, possessing a peace that passeth all understanding, and a hope that will never make ashamed, the fruits of that love already bestowed; he is enabled patiently to endure, ~~as~~ seeing him who is invisible, until he enters into the heavens, and joins the everlasting chorus of "Hallelujah" in the world of light—"Hallelujah unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever. Amen."

IOTA.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

HEBREWS vi. 11, 12.

LIKE *Thee*, Lord Jesus, would I be,
 O that I were indeed like thee,
 Baptized with thine own Spirit's fire,
 And filled, like thee, with pure desire,
 To spread, in singleness of aim,
 The glory of my Father's name.

Lord, give me patience, faith, and zeal,
 Seal me with thine own Spirit's seal,
 Give me thy pleasure to fulfil,
 And with delight to do thy will.
 Wisdom divine—incarnate Word,
 Shine forth, thou glory of the Lord;
 Thou, full of truth and full of grace,
 In the mild beaming of thy face,
 Let thy pure light my soul surround,
 Within me let that light abound,
 Send down upon me, from above,
 Thy meekness, gentleness, and love,
 And every grace that dwelt in thee,
 And clothe me with humility;
 Let me thy promised Spirit claim,
 Lord Jesus, as I bear thy name,

Till every faculty and thought
Is by that Spirit captive brought,
In sweet obedience, Lord, to thee,
And *thou* art glorified in me.

O let me in thy service find
The food and solace of my mind,
With steady perseverance run
My race till all my work is done,
Then yield to thee my willing breath,
And magnify thy name in death.

Lord, would'st thou make this blessing mine—
Might I but in thy likeness shine,
And thus, like thee, adoring, own,
"My Father leaves me not alone"—
Would'st thou but cast a gracious eye,
With heavenly lustre, from on high,
Looking with approbation down,
And thus thy work of mercy crown,
Could I aught else on earth desire?
In heaven, could I aught else require?
O no, my God, to be like thee,
And thine approving smile to see—
Thy children's height of glory this,
The utmost of a creature's bliss.

For *this* I pray, and watch, and wait,
Till thou, O Lord, shall new create
My soul, and heaven within me prove,
That soul made meet for heaven above;
And when this blessedness is mine,
My God, the glory shall be thine.

IOTA.

~~~~~

#### ON HEARING IT SAID THERE IS NO SATISFACTORY HAPPINESS ON EARTH.

NAY, Sister, nay—but say not so—  
For o'er my memory even now  
There comes, as if it were a dream—  
A train indeed, of things that seem  
But shadows now, but they were erst  
Realities the best, the first.  
Say, if thou wilt, this morning's rose  
That died before the evening's close,

Was never sweet—or say the sun  
 That yesternight in clouds went down  
 Was never bright and never shone—  
 I could believe thee rather so,  
 Than this strange thing thou tell'st me now.  
 If never bliss on earth were given,  
 Then, Sister, I have been in Heaven.  
 For there were days, and days to those,  
 When every morning sun arose  
 Upon a scene more brilliant yet  
 Than that on which the last had set.  
 If joys went by, they made but room  
 For those that were in haste to come—  
 I missed them not—the full stream flowing,  
 Grew not more shallow for their going.  
 When day-light came, the first-waked thought  
 Was welcome to whate'er it brought;  
 And when it went, I bade it make  
 All speed to bring my pleasures back;  
 And if I slept, it was but then  
 To dream those pleasures o'er again,  
 And waking find that what I dreamed  
 Was not the shadow it had seemed.  
 The bird that warbled from the tree  
 Seemed as it only sung for me—  
~~The rose amid the foliage blushing,~~  
 Through shadow'd glades the streamlet rushing,  
 In Heaven the moon serene and clear,  
 On earth the landscape wide and fair—  
 O they were but the wreathed flowers,  
 The fretwork of those golden hours.  
 Was it not bliss, when erst I trod  
 From day to day that thornless road;  
 Where all I loved were treading too,  
 And joy and peace were all I knew?  
 And the eye that beamed in revelry  
 Kept e'er the brightest beam for me—  
 And brows where smiles for ever glowed  
 On me the sweetest smile bestowed?  
 What could I deem it else but bliss,  
 When chaste affection's fondest kiss,  
 Smother'd each tear-drop at its birth  
 Or ever it had stolen forth,  
 And every thought that fancy wreathed,  
 And every note that feeling breathed,

In kindred bosom e'er was heard  
 Without the aid of voice or word ?  
 Yon ivy that the oak entwines  
 Seems happy, Sister, while it winds  
 Its trusting branches round the stock  
 That guards it from the tempest's shock—  
 Yon pretty lambs that lightly bound  
 And play the daisied meadow round—  
 And yonder bird with golden wings,  
 From morn to night that blithely sings,  
 Through sunny glades, and shady groves,  
 To cheer the toil of her he loves—  
 Things such as these may taste of bliss :  
 And, Sister, is there none for us ?  
 And can it be, of all that Heaven  
 From its creative hand has given,  
 Of things in air, or earth, or sea,  
 That man, the first of all, should be  
 The only thing the world amidst  
 That never, never can be blest ?  
 Nay—memory tells far other tale,  
 And tells it all, alas ! too well.  
 For if those moments were not bliss,  
 Whence are the fearful agonies,  
 That still the troubled spirit rack  
 When memory brings those moments back ?  
 No aching void had ever chilled  
 A bosom that had ne'er been filled ;  
 Nor heart, with hopeless sorrow wasted  
 Broke for a bliss it never tasted.  
 No, Sister—had there e'er been none,  
 I had not now to say " 'Tis gone."

"Gone!" Thou art answered—If 'tis so,  
 The boasted bliss of earth must go,  
 What though it held enchantment's powers,  
 It is not meet for hearts like ours.  
 They do not go—the silent tread  
 Of moments stealing o'er our head,  
 Leave the immortal spirit's growth  
 Still rising in eternal youth ;  
 Destin'd for ever to survive  
 The waste of all that earth can give.  
 Say, is it bliss to-day to feed ;  
 And starve to-morrow on our need ?

## POETICAL RECREATIONS.

To have at morn and lose at night,  
And grasp to-day the fond delight  
Our eager spirits doat upon,  
And then, to-morrow, say 'tis gone?  
The wish, the hope; the feelings stay,  
While the joys they live on pass away—  
The hunger stays when the feast is done,  
The love remains when the lov'd are gone;  
And, Sister, can it satisfy,  
To see our treasur'd joys go by,  
And know their hard bequest but this—  
A pang proportion'd to our bliss?



### A SUMMER'S HOLIDAY.

THE Summer's sun is high: no mists enshroud  
The hills, and heaven is bright without a cloud,  
The languid rill but slowly ripples by,  
And all is stillness and tranquillity;  
Save when, at times, the echoing woods prolong  
The wren's shrill chirpings, or the cutkoo's song.  
There is a lowly cot beside that stream  
On which the sun with fierce but fitful beam,  
Thro' the dark foliage of embowering trees,  
Plays as it wavers in the "noontide breeze."  
The roof is bow'd, and yet no thought of care  
Breaks the calm sunshine of its inmates there;  
But peace and joy go hand in hand to bless  
That favour'd spot of rural loveliness.  
O'er the parched herbage slowly wandering,  
Light wreaths of smoke a trembling shadow fling.—  
Flitting from flower to flower, the summer fly  
Mocks wearied nature by its industry;  
The startled bee its wheeling flight pursues,  
And on unweari'd wing the chase renews;  
While o'er the sunny pool the beetle strays,  
And mirthful flies dance round in glittering maze.  
Oh! there were times when I could wile away  
In "dreamy listlessness" the livelong day;  
And, heedless of to-morrow, rove as free  
From care and turmoil as the gladsome bee;  
Flowers strew'd my path, and from them all I drew  
Bright summer musings and instruction too.



W. S.

**EXTRACTS.**

**GAMING** for amusement, in such as are either partially or wholly games of chance, particularly cards and dice, is not, and cannot be, innocent. It is almost, of course, a sinful waste of time. As an amusement it is unnecessary and useless. It refreshes neither the mind nor the body; and fails, therefore, essentially, of being a lawful amusement. Better amusements can always be substituted for it; particularly exercise, reading, or conversation; and among amusements, as well as among employments, we are bound to select the best in our power. In controversy, the hope of victory, the reluctance to be vanquished, and, universally, that continual state of suspense and anxiety always experienced in gaming, have, although in a less degree, substantially the same influence on the mind, and are furnished with the same temptations which are found in gaming for money. In addition to these things, gaming for money is almost always the consequence of an addition to gaming for amusement. At the same time, no man can stand up in his closet, before his Maker, and thank him for the privilege of gaming to-day, or ask his blessing to enable him to game to-morrow.

# THE ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

NOVEMBER, 1824.

## A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 189.)*

HISTORY OF HEATHEN NATIONS TO THE BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY,  
588, B. C.

ROME.

STILL farther advancing from the spot where this world's history began, westward of Greece and northward of the African nations, another people were now rising into importance, and making ready to subjugate a world that scarcely yet, perhaps, were warned of their existence; and, if we receive the date and the narrative of Æneas's Italy as authentick, the future destroyers of Jerusalem, who were to remove the people of God as a nation from the earth, were taking their obscure and unobserved beginning, about a hundred years before Saul was elected first king of Israel—during the government, that is, of the Judges. So distantly, so long, and so unmarked of man, does the Ruler of the universe prepare the instruments to work his determined purpose.

The arrival of Æneas in Italy is usually dated at 1177 years before Christ, and with him we generally consider the Roman people to have originated. But Italy was inhabited before, and seems to have been fully possessed by a variety of people; mostly by colonies from Asia, Africa, or Greece. In the early periods of history, whenever a city or a nation became over-populous, which while the limits of a kingdom were some few square

miles, might easily be the case, the superfluous numbers were sent forth to find themselves an abode elsewhere; and descending on the shores of some other land, they took possession of the unclaimed ground that no one cared to withhold from them, and became the rightful possessors of the soil. Italy had been already so peopled; we hear of *Hetrurians*, and *Latins*, and various others; but their history, as we have it, is a fable that cannot be depended on, nor is any thing important related of them. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with stating, that one *Latinus* was king of a small state of the name of *Latium*, lying on the western coast of Italy, in that part where *Rome* now stands. This king *Latinus* was engaged in war with the people about him, when he heard that a band of strangers armed, had descended on his coast, and were fortifying themselves on the spot of which they had taken possession. He at first prepared to go against them as an enemy: but finding them well-armed and brave, as well as homeless and unfortunate, he allowed them a peaceable possession in his kingdom, and made *Æneas* his heir by marrying him to his only child. We need scarcely remind our readers, that this *Æneas* is said to have been a Trojan flying from the destruction of his native city: but though this is generally accepted as the origin of Roman history, there is much reason to doubt whether the arrival of *Æneas* in Italy, was contemporary with the destruction of *Troy*. However this be, he came into possession of his small empire, at the death of *Latinus*, and bequeathed it to his posterity. Only three years' reign is ascribed to him, during which, he introduced the religion of his native land, and probably its customs also: and after died in an engagement with some of his neighbours of Italy. The people were persuaded he had miraculously vanished, and erected a temple for his worship as a God. So easily then was an object of superstitious adoration found and deified.

*Æneas* bequeathed his little kingdom to his son *A-*

canus, Iulus, or Euryleon, for all these names are ascribed to him. But Lavinia, the widow of Æneas, being with child, and bearing a son after his death, the rightful heir of a kingdom that was hers, Ascanius determined to resign it to him, and build another city for himself, by the title of Alba Longa. There Ascanius died, after a reign of thirty-five years, disturbed by some warfare with the neighbouring people. After his death the two cities of Latium and Alba were united into one state, and for four hundred years continued in the family of Sylvius, the son of Lavinia. Of these princes we know but the names and the length of their successive reigns, and therefore shall not enumerate them.

One Numitor became at length the sovereign, but was deposed by Amulius his brother, and his only daughter, Rhea Sylvia, was consecrated to the worship of Vesta, which obliged her to perpetual celibacy. To consecrate a female in this way, a common practice in heathen nations, was to separate them from the common offices and interests of life, to devote them to the service of the deity, tending upon her altars, and performing other sacred offices: the dignity of the situation was considered an ample compensation for the sacrifices it required. In the spirit, if not in the manner of it, it may be considered as resembling the devotion of nuns in more modern days, and was often used as an instrument of oppression, to confine those who were obnoxious to some more powerful rival. Such was the case with Rhea Sylvia; but the precaution was ineffectual, and Rhea gave birth to twins; for which crime she suffered death, and her children were to be thrown into the Tiber. Enclosed in a wooden trough, and carried to the foot of Mount Palatine, they were left to drift down the river; but the waters that had overflowed their banks subsiding, the little ark was left on the dry ground; and being found by Faustulus, the king's shepherd, who probably knew their origin, the infant boys were reared by him with more than ordinary care. We



do not repeat the story of their being fed by a wolf, because no credit is attached to it. Romulus and Remus, as they grew up, evinced by their character the greatness of their birth. They were eighteen years of age, when a quarrel arising between the herdsmen of Numitor and those of Amulius, and some blood being shed, Remus was carried before Numitor to be judged for the crime. Here the account he gave of himself, disclosed his birth to the old man, his grandfather. Faustulus followed him into the city with the wooden trough in which the infants had been exposed, with the design to prove to Numitor their claim to be his children; but, being observed as he entered the gates, he was seized and carried to Amulius, before whom he stated the truth; but to gain time for the preservation of the princes, pretended they were at a distance, feeding flocks in some remote desert. The death of the tyrant was then resolved upon as their only safety; and Romulus, collecting the country people, assailed the palace, forced the guard, slew Amulius, and replaced his grandfather, Numitor, on the throne.

Affairs being thus settled at Alba, the brothers proceeded to build themselves a city, the common practice of all who desired to reign; for a city was then a kingdom. Numitor bestowed on them, for the purpose, those lands on which they had been brought up, gave them slaves and beasts of burden, with instruments to break up the ground and rear their buildings; and permitted all who would, among his subjects, to join them. It is said that those who did so, were principally Trojans, of whom there remained fifty families in the time of Augustus. When about to choose a spot for the erection of this city, a disagreement arose between the brothers upon the choice, and Numitor, after the manner of the age, bade them refer the dispute to the decision of heaven,—by consulting the flight of birds—decreeing victory to him who should see the first or the largest flight of vultures. The decision, however, was not so easily made,—one saw the first, and the other the most, which did

but aggravate the dispute,—a fray arose between the partizans of the two brothers, in which Remus was killed, as is asserted by some, by his brother's hand.

Romulus now proceeded to build this city on Mount Palatine, the spot he had preferred. The first thing was to perform the usual religious ceremonies, for nothing in those days was to be done without them: and superstitious as were the ceremonies, we cannot but admire the principle that made the divine power and favour the first consideration in every undertaking. Romulus first offered sacrifices to the gods, and commanded all the people to do the same; and from that time declared that eagles should be the auspices of his colony; whence originated the far-famed Roman Eagles, their standard of victory carried through the world. After this, great fires were kindled before their tents, and all the people leaped through them to purge themselves. They then assembled to dig a trench round the spot where the assemblies of the people were afterwards held, and threw into it the first fruits of whatever they were allowed to make use of for food; every man of the colony was ordered to cast into the same trench a handful of earth, brought either from his own or some neighbouring country. This trench they called Mundus, the world, and made it the centre round which the city was to be built. Then Romulus yoking a cow and a bull to a plough, the coulter of which was of brass, marked out by a deep furrow the whole compass of the city. These two animals, the symbols of marriage, by which the city was to be peopled, were afterwards slain on the altars. All the people followed the plough, throwing inwards those clods of earth the ploughshare sometimes turned outwards. Wherever a gate was to be made, the plough was lifted up and carried, whence was derived the Latin word *Porta*, a gate, from *Portare*, to carry. When Romulus had brought his city to perfection, it is said to have contained about a thousand houses, or rather miserable hovels, the palace of the monarch having walls

of rushes, covered with thatch. As every one chose his ground, it was built without form or order; and till burned by the Gauls, probably remained a confused assemblage of rude huts.

On the exact year of Rome's foundation there is so much dispute and uncertainty, we cannot attempt to decide on it; but it seems probable from the best authorities, that it was about 436 years after the destruction of Troy, and 748 before the birth of Christ. At this time, as we trust our readers will remember, Lycurgus, the Spartan Legislator, had been dead about 150 years, and Sparta was governed by his laws—Athens was in its rise, something more than a century before the time of Draco—Tiglath-pileser was king of Babylon, about a hundred years before the time of the great Nebuchadnezzar—and Ahaz, the father of Hezekiah, was reigning in Israel. B.C. 748.

On completing the building of his city, Romulus assembled the people, and gave them liberty to choose their form of government. Without hesitation they proclaimed him king; but ere he ascended the throne, he consulted by augury the pleasure of the gods—the augur was favourable of course; for though this ceremony was always performed on the election of any to a high office in Rome, we do not find that the augur was ever otherwise than favourable to the predetermined purpose. Romulus was sufficiently employed in arranging the affairs of his mighty kingdom; the undisputed sovereign of a little band of rusticks, dwelling in their rude huts, began as it pleased him the foundation of a government destined to so much greatness, and which, in the plenitude of its power, retained the institutions of its first founder. Every thing therefore that Romulus did, or is said to have done, is interesting in history. His judgment in the arrangement of affairs, appears to have been considerable, as well as his zeal for the welfare of his subjects. His colony at first consisted of three thousand three hundred men, whom he divided into three equal tribes; these were divided into ten *Curie*; each *Curia*

into ten *Decuriæ*. The whole of the people were also divided according to their birth and dignity, into *Patricians* and *Plebeians*. The former, as of higher extraction, were to take care of the religious rites and ceremonies, and to bear all the civil and military dignities; the latter to till the ground, feed cattle, and follow trades, but not to have any share in the government. To bind these two ranks to each other by reciprocal interest, every plebeian was allowed to choose out of the body of the patricians, a protector, who was obliged to assist him with his interest, and to defend him from oppression. It was the duty of the patron to advise his clients, protect them as his children, and in every way promote their peace and happiness. It was that of the client to administer to the pecuniary necessities of his patrons, and to take part with him on all occasions. They might never accuse each other, or take contrary sides; and the infringement of this law was considered treason. This mutual tie had the effect of maintaining concord for more than six centuries, during which time we hear of no dissensions between patrons and their clients.

Romulus formed a senate consisting of a hundred persons chosen from the patricians, termed *Patres* or *Fathers*, on account of their age. Their descendants were the principal nobility of Rome. Three hundred horsemen were chosen as the king's guard, and called *Celeres*, from the quickness with which they executed the orders they received. The king had especial care of all religious matters, and supreme command over the armies in peace and war—but in civil affairs could not act without the consent of the senate. To the people was assigned the right of choosing magistrates, resolving on war, enacting laws, &c., but not without consent of the senate.

The religion Romulus established, combined in its worship the deities *Æneas* had introduced from Troy, and those of the previous inhabitants of the land. The

ministers were chosen from among the highest ranks, and were required to be at least fifty years of age; the sacerdotal families were exempted from taxes or bearing arms. Religious families were numerous, and, as in all pagan countries, formed the chief amusement and recreation of the populace. The religious order consisted of priests, augurs, and auspices, or aruspices. It was the business of the aruspices to inspect the entrails of the victims, and of the augurs to foretell events by the flight of birds.

As ancient history abounds with allusions to these things, we shall take this opportunity of explaining the nature of them—the obscurity of history to young readers arising greatly from its being taken for granted, that the meaning of all these things is previously known. Of course, the ceremonies differed in different nations and periods; but we give those of the Romans as specimens, by which all may be judged of.

The office of the augurs was to interpret the will of the gods by dreams, oracles, prodigies, &c.; and tell the issue of any action on which they might be consulted. There were various ways of doing this. When it was to be done by the appearance of the heavens, by thunder, comets, meteors, &c. or by the flight and singing of wild birds, the augur went up to some high place, took the augural staff, which was bent at one end like a crosier, and marked out with it the four quarters of the heavens. Then he turned to the East, and in that situation waited for the omen, which was of no signification, unless confirmed by another of the same sort. When the birds were kept in a coop for the purpose, the manner of divining from them was as follows:—early in the morning, the augur, commanding general silence, ordered the coop to be opened, and then threw in a handful of crumbs or corn. If the chicken did not eat greedily, scattered the food about with their wings, let a great deal of it fall from their mouths to the ground, or, above all, refused to eat, the omen was reckoned unlucky,

and some great misfortune was portended ; but, if they fed greedily, and let none of their food fall, there was full assurance of happiness and success. Another sort of augury was from beasts of various kinds, as wolves, foxes, hares, mice, &c. The observations were made upon their movements, whether they appeared in a strange place, or crossed the way, or ran to the right or the left. The last sort of augury was what were termed *Diræ*, accidents happening to any one, such as stumbling, hearing strange voices, &c.

The business of the aruspices, was to examine the victims slain at the altars, and by them to foretell the success of any enterprise. They took their observations from the victims before they were cut up ; from the entrails after they were cut up ; from the flame that arose while they were burning ; and lastly from the flour, bran, wine, or water, used in the sacrifice. Before the victims were cut up, it was an ill omen if they would not come to the altar without being dragged, if they broke the rope, fled away, avoided the stroke, struggled or bellowed much after it, were long dying, or bled but little. When the victim was cut up, they observed the colour of the parts, and where any were wanting ; a double liver, a little or lean heart, were counted bad omens. If the heart was totally missing, nothing could be thought more dreadful or fatal ; if the entrails fell out of the priest's hands, or were more bloody than usual, or of a pale colour, they portended sudden danger and ruin. The flame of the sacrifice furnished a good omen when it was pure and clear, rose up in a pyramid without noise, and did not go out till the victim was consumed. The smoke likewise was considered, whether it whirled about, or spread itself to the right or left, or yielded a smell different from that of broiled meat. If the incense they burned melted all at once, and had an agreeable smell, it was a lucky omen.

Romulus, finding his new kingdom something wanting in inhabitants, opened an asylum on Mount Capitolinus,

without the city walls, for all whom crime, discontent, or poverty, chased from their native land; and to be their protector, a new deity was invented. Still the colony was deficient, for all its inhabitants were men. The king had a ready stratagem to serve this need also. Proclaiming a feast and public games, the neighbouring people eagerly assembled to behold the sport; and at a signal given, Romulus, at the head of his men, rushing on them with drawn swords, seized their daughters, and carried them off to their houses, where they were forced to contract marriages, after the manner of Rome. The neighbouring nations, particularly the Sabines, who were the most aggrieved, resented the outrage, and sent an embassy to demand their daughters. Being refused, they made ready for war. But the aggrandisement of Rome was destined to be the issue of every contest. After some fighting, and various success, the Romans felt the difficulty of the contest, and yet could not with honour yield up the wives they had stolen. In this emergency, the plan was devised by the women, to become the mediators between their husbands and fathers. The proposal was acceded to; the only security required, was to leave one of their children in Rome, the others being carried in their arms, to raise the compassion of their grandfathers. Their ornaments put aside, and dressed in deep mourning, the Roman women advanced to the Sabine camp, and soon effected their purpose; the Romans and Sabines becoming thenceforth but one people; the two kings reigned together, till the death of the Sabine left Romulus sole monarch.

Some other successes against the inconsiderable states that surrounded him, stretched the small limits of Romulus's kingdom. But his pride grew with his power, and the senate, provoked by his arbitrary rule, resolved to rid themselves of it. Romulus having ordered a review of troops without the city, the senate attended him thither. A storm dispersing the soldiers, they remained alone with the king, and lost not the opportunity to effect their

purpose. Romulus was slain, and his body conveyed away. Some writers assert, that, to conceal the fact, his body was cut in pieces, and each senator carried off a piece under his robe. The credulous multitude were easily persuaded that their king had been miraculously transferred to the skies, where they ever after worshipped him as a god, under the name of Quirinus. Romulus died in the thirty-seventh year of his reign, and fifty-fifth, or, perhaps, sixtieth, of his age. B.C. 711.

Romulus dying without issue, some difficulty ensued as to the choice of a successor; the senate, therefore, for a short time, held the power; till at length it was agreed that the king should be a Sabine, but the Romans should choose him. There was among them an austere philosopher, leading a solitary life, and entirely devoted to the service of the gods. Upon losing his wife, he had given himself up entirely to the study of wisdom, and leaving the city, wandered from solitude to solitude in search of the woods and fountains that religion had made sacred. On this man the choice of royalty was fixed, and after some resistance on his own part, Numa Pompilius became second king of Rome. B.C. 713.

The reign of Numa was such as might be expected from his character. Religion had his first attention, and then the reformation of the laws, and the improvement of the people. It is asserted that he had some right notions of the Deity, and prohibited the representation of God by any earthly form: the Romans had neither paintings nor statues in their temples for a hundred and sixty years after. Among many others, he dedicated a temple to Janus, the symbol of prudence, which looked two ways, as if to examine what was passed, and what was to come. He reformed some of the laws of Romulus, particularly that which entitles a father to sell his children to slavery, confining that power to the time previous to their marriage. He promoted agriculture by a division of the lands his predecessor conquered, and by raising some industrious husbandmen to the first dignities of the state.



The body of the citizens he divided into distinct trades and occupations, granting certain privileges to each. Among these, the musicians held the first rank, because employed in religious services.

The last work of Numa was to reform the calendar, and by the manner in which he did it, we perceive the advances made in the knowledge of astronomy and the movements of the heavenly bodies at that period. Romulus had made the year consist of but ten months or three hundred and four days. Numa, better acquainted with the celestial motions, added the two months of January and February. To compose these months, he added fifty more days. He then took six more for the six months that had even days, adding one odd day more than he should have done, from superstition, to make the number fortunate: the pagans always considering an even number as the symbol of division, because it could be divided in two equal parts. Still he could get but twenty-eight days for February, and that month was consequently always considered unlucky. Numa was aware that the solar year consists of three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours, and arranged for the adding another day every four years; but the priests omitted these arrangements, which brought confusion into their calendar.

Numa had reigned forty-three years, when he died in the eighty-second year of his reign. In so confined a sphere, the character of the monarch became the character of the people, and, under the long reign of Numa, the Romans lost all their warlike and ambitious propensities, and became a peaceful and domestic people—seditions or murmurs were never heard amongst them. He left but one daughter, the mother of Ancus Martius, fourth king of Rome. B.C. 666.

The third elected king of Rome was Tullus Hostilius, chosen, as usual, by the people, and accepted by the senate. The monarchy was purely elective, neither family, country, nor estate being considered. Tullus was more disposed to follow the steps of Romulus, than those of

Numa; and very soon found occasion for engaging in war with the neighbouring states. It is in the account of these contests, that we meet with the story of the three rival combatants of Rome and Alba. It being agreed between the two armies to spare the effusion of blood, by selecting three from each to decide the contest, the choice naturally fell on those who seemed marked out by nature for the purpose. The story is told, that an illustrious citizen of Alba had two daughters, of whom one married Curiatius, an Alban, and the other Horatius, a Roman. Each of the two sisters gave birth on the same day to three sons, at this time in the flower of their age, and of great strength and dexterity. When the father of the Horatii was applied to for his consent to their accepting the challenge, it is told that he was at first alarmed at the proposition, but the love of his country, the strongest passion in a Roman bosom, prevailing, he left his sons to their own choice, and when he heard they determined to accept the proposal, exclaimed, "I am a happy father."

The combat of the Horatii and Curiatii being proclaimed in both camps, the people strewed the way with flowers as they passed, and crowned their heads with garlands: for they considered them as victims voluntarily devoting themselves for their country. A wide plain between the two armies was chosen for the purpose, and the kings of either side approached with their champions and officers, to conclude the treaty before the combat began. As the form of making this treaty served as a pattern for ever after with the Roman people, it is worth while to give a particular account of the manner of making it.

An officer named Aurelius, first asked king Tullus, whether he gave him orders to conclude a peace with the officer of the Albans. The king answered he did. "Give me then," said the herald, "the sign of my commission;" this sign was to be some Vervain (*Verbena*) pulled up by the roots. "Yes," answered the king, "bring me some Vervain that is pure." At these words

the herald went and gathered some Vervain on a little hill, brought it, and went on thus—"Do you appoint me to be *fecialis* and plenipotentiary of Rome to the Albans, and engage to protect my equipage and retinue?" "Yes," replied the king, "so far as is consistent with my interest, and that of the Roman people." Then the herald appointed another person to be *Pater Patratus* of the treaty, by crowning him with Vervain. His office, as such, was to pronounce aloud the words of the oath in the name of the Roman king and people, and to repeat the form of the treaty. After this, the *Pater Patratus* read the articles of the convention in the presence of the Albans, and then expressed himself thus: "Hear, O Jupiter; hear, O *Pater Patratus* of the Alban people; hear, O Alban people. Of these articles as I have just now read them out of the waxen tablets, without fraud or deceit, and as they have been from one end to the other clearly understood, the Roman people will never be the first violaters. If they should violate them, by publick authority and by fraud, may Jupiter at that instant strike them, as I shall now strike this victim! May thy stroke, great Jupiter, be as much heavier, as thy power is greater." At which words he killed a sow, which was to be offered up as a sacrifice, in confirmation of the treaty, by a blow on the head with a flint. The heralds of the Albans took the like oaths.

All things thus prepared, while the people stood expecting to see them engage, the combatants quitted their arms and flew to embrace each other with an appearance of the fondest affection. Again they separated, resumed their arms, and each one chose his adversary. Despair seized the Romans when they saw a first and a second of their champions fall—but victory was theirs—the *Curiatii* were all wounded, and the only surviving *Horatius* remained vigorous and unhurt. He feigned a flight to avoid engaging them together—they followed at different distances as their wounds would permit, fell separately under the victor's sword, while the Roman camp

resounded with acclamations in honour of their hero. The Alban king, Puffetius, immediately owned the superiority of Rome, and saluting Tullus as his sovereign, asked what were his commands—to which Tullus answered, “I command you nothing but to keep the Alban youth in readiness to march at my orders, in case I make war with the Veientes.”

The tragedy, however, was not ended; nor the exhibition of barbarity that in those days passed for virtue. The victorious Horatius, returning to Rome, met his sister, who, among other spoils, marked on his arm the robe she had worked for one of the Curiatii to whom she was engaged. Feeling overcame her reason, and she bitterly reproached her brother with the death: the eager victor, warm with conquest and flushed with pride, killed her on the spot, and hastened to his father’s house, who approved the deed, and forbade that his daughter should be buried in the tomb of her family. Horatius was tried for the murder, and sentenced to death—but was excused with some slight degradation.

On occasion, however, of a subsequent war with the Veientes, a near Italian state, the Albans shewed but little faith to their acknowledged victors; Puffetius marching off his army just before the engagement. Tullus, alarmed for the consequences of the defection, secretly made a vow to build a temple to fear and paleness—a summary method in heathen minds of propitiating the gods on sudden emergencies—and immediately exclaimed in the hearing of both armies, that he had ordered the Albans to withdraw to the hill and fall down thence on the enemy—the stratagem was sufficient—the enemy were alarmed, and the Romans inspirited. Tullus was victorious, and immediately took vengeance on his perfidious allies, murdered their king, destroyed their army, and razed the city of Alba to the ground, removing the citizens to Rome, which was obliged to be enlarged for their reception.

The next step was to summon all the cities depend-

ant upon Alba to submit to Rome, which being refused, some of them were attacked and subdued; several advantages also were gained over the Sabines, on some pretext of former wrongs. For this new people began their history as they continued it till all the known world was theirs, with a restless determination to enlarge their boundaries, and let none around them keep their own in peace; regardless altogether of the right of their demands or the justice of their wars. Tullus, now advanced in years, became gloomy and superstitious; and alarmed by pretended prodigies, ordained expiatory sacrifices for the destruction of Alba. The manner of his death was violent, but whether by lightning, or by the hands of his successors, remains uncertain: it appears that his whole family perished with him; and being considered as struck by the wrath of the gods, the general construction put upon sudden deaths, no honours were decreed to his ashes.

Ancus Martius, the grandson of Numitor, by his daughter Pompilia, was chosen fourth king of Rome. B.C. 633.

It may be observed here, that every Roman of consequence had three or four names: the first was called *prænomen*, the second *nomen*, the third *cognomen*, and the fourth *agnomen*. The *nomen* showed the family from which the person came; the *prænomen* and *cognomen* were a sort of nick-name, taken from some circumstance of birth, or exterior qualities or defects; the *agnomen* was a title of honour, as Africanus, Coriolanus, &c. Thus in Marcus Tullius Cicero, Marcus, the *prænomen*, signified that he was born in March; the *nomen*, Tullius, was that of his family, and Cicero alluded to a wart or mark on his face.

Ancus Martius pursued the steps of his predecessors, making war on every one with whom he could force a quarrel. We here meet with the first instance in Roman history of a city being taken by sap. The king besieging the city of Fidenæ, dug a way under ground

from his encampment; his men rising from this subterranean passage into the midst of the city, opened the gates to their companions and took possession of it.

Ancus greatly enlarged both his city and his dominions by his wars, always successful; and died after a reign of twenty-four years. He left two sons, one an infant, the other fifteen years of age, under the tuition of Tarquinius, the son of a merchant of Corinth, settled in Italy; not suspecting that a stranger could gain the votes of the people in preference to his son, and place the crown on his own head. A bold ambitious man, Tarquin had gotten himself admitted a citizen of Rome, that he might find a path to the honours to which he aspired. He endeavoured to appear entirely Roman, and changed his name, Leucanio Damaratus, which was foreign, into that of Lucius Tarquinius—the cognomen Priscus, old, was probably added after his death, to distinguish him from the other Tarquin. Distinguished at the court of Ancus by his politeness and bravery, he was raised to the rank of senator and patrician. Prudent in counsel as brave in war, he shone in the senate from the first of his admission, and always accompanied the king in his military exploits; his great riches not a little tending to his advancement. It is told that on the death of Ancus, he used many arts to gain the kingdom, and keep the young princes out of sight; but we do not exactly perceive why this should be, since the monarchy was purely elective, and the son had never yet succeeded to the father. He was elected by the people, and became fifth king of Rome. B.C. 609.

To render himself popular, Lucius added a hundred members to the senate, chosen from the Plebeian families. Wars, perpetually waged, and always successful, employed nearly the whole of this reign. But though always successful, the vanquished enemies were not destroyed, and the wars of each reign were generally with the same people—the Sabines, the Latins, the Etrurians—all small Italian states, immediately bordering on the

Roman dominions, and ever anxious to renew the struggle with their victors as soon as they regained strength. In an interval of rest from these wars, Tarquin greatly improved and fortified the city. He built the walls of Rome with stone, and those famous common-sewers, which have since been considered among the most wonderful works of the world. Rome contained within its compass four hills. In the vallies between, the rains and springs collecting, formed large pools, laid the streets under water, and made the city very unhealthy. Tarquin undertook to convey off these waters, and the consequent filth of the city, by means of subterranean canals to the river. He made arches for these common sewers of hard stone—their height and breadth were so considerable, that a cart, laden with hay, could easily pass through them under ground. To form a sufficient stream, it was necessary to cut through hills, and, under the city, through rocks, a navigable channel, covered with arches strong enough to bear the weight of houses built on them. The famous temple of Jupiter was also built by Tarquin on the Tarpeian rock.

Tarquinius had reached his eightieth year, when the sons of the last monarch bethought themselves of avenging what they considered the wrong done them by him. To effect this they hired two young men, who, dressed as wood-cutters, feigned a quarrel near the king's palace; surrounded by others of the conspirators, they were taken before the king to decide their disputes. While one was telling his story, the king intently listening, the other struck a hatchet at his head, left it in the wound and fled with his companion. The presence of mind of the queen Tanaquil secured the kingdom to her son. She assured the people Tarquin was not dead, and ordered them to obey Servius Tullius, his son, till he should be recovered. The sons of Ancus believing it so, left the kingdom, and for a long time the government went on in this way; till with much lamentation, the death of Tarquinius was announced as having just taken place, and Servius took, or rather

kept possession of the kingdom without having been elected, the first hereditary prince of Rome. B.C. 572. sixteen years after the Babylonish Captivity.

We have extended this section much beyond our usual limits—but being unwilling to divide this portion of Roman History, we must allow it in this number to take place of our Biography.

---

### REFLECTIONS

#### ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

---

*Ephraim is wedded to idols—let him alone.*—HOSEA iv. 17.

THERE is not in all the Scripture a more awful sentence. The command itself, the occasion of it, the Being who utters it—Let him alone. Methinks it should startle thousands, if it could meet them in their dream of bliss and gay contentedness with this world's good. Ephraim is wedded to idols—he has chosen the world for his portion, and likes it—he has set his heart upon the things of time and sense, and finds them sufficient to his happiness—his cup is full, his spirit is sated, he drinks it eagerly, and does not wish for more. Let him alone—do not rouse him from his dream to tell him it is no reality—do not disturb his conscience, or mar his pleasures, or wake his fears, or check his hopes: he has made his choice, let him have it, and abide it—I have done with him. O God, rather than pass such a sentence on us, pursue us for ever with thy chastening rod! If we have an idol that we love too much, better that it be dashed in pieces before our eyes—better that the scorpion-sting of sorrow chase from our bosoms every thought of bliss—better, far better, that we be the wretched and miserable of the earth, than that we be left to such a prosperity—a happy dream, from which the only waking will be eternal misery. While he deigns to correct us, there is hope



in the very zenith of our folly. While he punishes our sins with punishment, mocks our wild hopes, mars our mad schemes, and blights our expectations, there is hope that he will save us from the eternal consequences of our folly. But when he lets us alone—when the careless conscience feels no pang, the stupified conscience sounds no alarm, all on earth goes well with us, and no warning from heaven reaches us—when, in the enjoyment of this world's good, the Giver is forgotten, and no evil comes of it—when the laws of our Creator are broken and disregarded, and no punishment ensues—when we prefer time to eternity, and earth to heaven, and sin to holiness, and remain happy withal—start not our bosoms at the thought? He may have said of us, as he said of Ephraim, "Let him alone."

*Come, let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind up.*—HOSEA vi. 1.

THERE are few, perhaps—nay, there can be none but the absolutely thoughtless and insensible, who feel not at some time the bitterness of remorse for something that can be no more undone. Who knows not what it is to feel the painful consequences of some folly, or misjudgment, or indiscretion, rendered doubly more acute by the consciousness that we have brought them on ourselves, by conduct of which we perceive the wrong, and feel the consequence, but can no more recall it? Good to such, and at such moments, is the prophet's counsel—"Come, let us return unto the Lord." Self-love is wrath at the discomfiture—pride is wounded by the self-detection—the whole bosom is in tumult—passions roused, and feelings irritated—the sorrow is anger, and the shame is pride—and the spirit frets itself to madness, or sits down in gloomy despondency, to consume itself in the contemplation of what cannot be reversed. Better than this is the prophet's counsel. The moment we perceive we have been wrong—the moment the retributive

sword has touched us, instead of these feverish regrets, which have more of pride in them than penitence, let us return unto the Lord—calmly and submissively return, confessing the wrong, and with subdued and chastened feeling, owning the justness of the retribution. Having brought us to this point, he has accomplished his purpose in smiting us—the wound will be tenderly bound up—the pain will be assuaged—the spirit will resume its calm—and regret will subside into submission.

*I know that thou canst do every thing.*—JOB xlii. 2.

BUT Job had been long in learning it. We are habitually wanting in that ever present persuasion of God's power, which would dispose us to rest more entirely upon his promises. We acknowledge indeed in words, that God can do every thing, but we deny it in our thoughts and sentiments; we do not act or feel upon the persuasion. In hours of difficulty, it is more relief for us to have a promise of help from earth, than to have one from heaven. When the spirit sinks under the pressure of anxiety, if one comes in, and tells us he has the means to avert the danger, or remove the difficulty, the spirits rise, the heart grows light, and cheerfully throws off the care that oppressed it. But when he, our God, declares that he will neither leave us nor forsake us, that we shall want no manner of thing that is good, we take no comfort from the declaration—it does not seem to us that he can remove our trouble; we go on to fret ourselves about the issue as vehemently as if he had not spoken; we fly any where for aid rather than to him—we trust any offer of assistance rather than his. We know that the rich can give us money, that the powerful can give us protection, that the distinguished on earth can use their influence in our behalf; but we do not know, with the same practical certainty, that God can afford us all these, or any thing else that we may need. If we did, the first thought that must occur to us, when we ardently pursue any thing, would be that God can give it us—when we

fear to lose a possession, that God can preserve it to us—when danger overhangs, that God can avert it—when our case seems hopeless, that God can turn into day the darkness of our despair. If we really knew this, and were persuaded of it, the first impulse on every emotion of desire or of sorrow would be prayer, earnest solicitation, and confiding trust: there would be no such feeling as despair within us; because, however dark the seeming impossibilities that encompassed our soul's desire, we should find ever this trust remaining, "God can do every thing." "My peace can never be renewed"—"My loss can never be replaced"—"My heart can never be comforted"—"My bliss can never be restored"—this is our language day by day; for we forget, we do not know practically, though we should all freely admit it in words, that God can do for us and with us whatsoever he will. This is too much the case even with those who do not doubt his love, and his disposition of kindness and pity towards them: they know God is their friend, but they speak and feel as if their affairs were out of his reach—there is no influential and present consciousness of his absolute, and resistless, and limitless power.

*Je vous ai aimé d'un amour éternel.*—JEREM. xxxi. 2.

DIEU n'a pas attendu que nous fassions quelque chose pour nous aimer: avant tous les siècles, et avant même que nous eussions l'être que nous possédons, il pensoit à nous, et il n'y pensoit que pour nous faire de bien. Ce qu'il avoit médité dans l'éternité, il l'a exécuté dans le temps. Sa main bienfaisante a répandu sur nous toutes sortes de biens: nos infidélités mêmes, ni nos ingratitude, presque aussi nombreuses que ses faveurs, n'ont pu encore tarir la source de ses dons, ni arrêter le cours de ses graces. O amour sans commencement, qui m'avez aimé durant des siècles infinis, et lors même que je ne pouvois le ressentir, ni reconnoître! O amour sans mesure, qui m'avez fait ce que je suis, qui m'avez donné ce que j'ai, et qui m'en promettez encore infini-

ment davantage! O amour sans interruption, et sans inconstance, que toutes les eaux amères de mes iniquités n'ont pu éteindre! Ai-je un cœur, O mon Dieu, si je ne suis pas pénétré de reconnaissance et de tendresse pour vous?

Mais que vois-je? Un Dieu qui se donne lui-même, après même avoir tout donné; un Dieu qui me vient chercher jusqu'où mon péché m'a fait descendre; un Dieu qui prend la forme d'un esclave pour me délivrer de l'esclavage de mes ennemis; un Dieu qui se fait pauvre pour m'enrichir; un Dieu qui m'appelle, et qui court après moi quand je le fuis; un Dieu qui expire dans les tourments pour m'arracher des bras de la mort, et pour me rendre une vie heureuse, et je ne veux souvent ni de lui ni de la vie qu'il me présente! Pour qui prendroit-on un homme qui aimeroit un autre comme Dieu nous aime? Et de quels anathèmes ne se rend pas digne, après cela, celui qui n'aimera pas le Seigneur Jésus?

FENELON.

---

## LECTURES

ON OUR

### SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

---

#### LECTURE THE FOURTH.

---

*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy—  
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God  
—Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be  
called the children of God.*—MATTHEW v. 7, 8, 9.

“**BLESSED** are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” And where are they? For alas! from one end of the world to the other, nothing do we see but the hard dealings of one imperfect creature towards another. We might look around us and almost fancy this blessing would fall to the ground, a useless benediction that there

are none care to claim. For indeed, indeed, there is very little mercy shown among us—justice and our rights is the burden of the cry, “Have I not a cause?”—“Have I not a right?”—“Do I not well to be angry?”—Aye, but where is mercy then—for were there no wrong there could be need of none; and it is only where right and justice claim, that mercy can remit. We have written on this subject before; but we cannot well exhaust it: for, from the wide tumult of conflicting nations, that wakes alike the peasant from his hard straw, and the nobleman from his splendid couch, to stand by and see their palaces and hovels consumed together in quarrels that are not their own—that leaves the children fatherless and the wife a widow—makes of the fruitful land a waste, and of the proud city a ruin, and sends thousands of spirits to the unseen world without time to think on what awaits them there—from these, the larger plagues that devastate and scare our unhappy world, to the small bickerings of domestick life—the peace-destroying, soul-distracting animosities, that consume the little remnant of happiness left of man’s primeval bliss—whence are they all, but that man will show no mercy, pity, or forbearance, towards his fellow?

And yet it is in this disordered world of ours, that mercy should have her own especial reign. Nay, amid the whole existent universe, perhaps it is the only spot where mercy has been needed; for, where there is no wrong, there is no place for mercy. Mercy is not in heaven, for there abides the love that renders to all their due, and the justice that claims no more. Mercy was not in paradise, for there was nothing to forbear, and nothing to forego. But from the moment that our parents fell, that mercy, which is here promised in benediction to those who themselves are merciful, began to exercise itself to check the misery sin had introduced: the soul shrinks with horror at the thought of what we should have been without it. Beside the one great act of mercy that redeemed us from eternal misery, this pro-

aided blessing is very wide, and of hourly application to our need. It is true we are such insensible creatures that we do not observe its silent movements about our bed, about our path, and in all the ways of our careless and too confident walking in a dangerous world. But whether we think of it or not, and whether we acknowledge it or not, it is so, that every time we escape the consequences of our own mistakes—every time we come safely out of the difficulties our passions bring on us—whenever we are spared the immediate punishment we provoke from God, which is indeed as often as we sin against him—whenever we hold a blessing we have not deserved, which is as often as we hold any good at all, for we have deserved none—so often is there an exercise of mercy towards us. Ill, therefore, can we dispense with this promised blessing, even if we include not in it that great and final mercy which is to make of a hell-deserving creature a child of God and an inheritor of heaven. We must be aware that this is what is usually meant in Scripture language, by the expression, “finding mercy:” and though we know to our shame, that if the decision of this momentous question hung upon the condition of this promise, and that on the mercifulness of our dispositions depended the remissions of our sins, Heaven would receive no guests from earth—yet like all other tests of our faith and love, it is most certain this will be required of us—that acknowledging our need of mercy, and professing to expect it, we prove our sincerity by extending towards others what we so earnestly implore.

But if it be so that at last our want of mercy prove no bar to the extension of God’s eternal mercy towards ourselves, yet are we surely mad to slight this promised blessing as we do, by neglecting to perform the conditions of it, when it is impossible for our well-being, even in this life, to continue so much as an hour without it.

There is a large class of persons, we know, that make no acknowledgment of the mercies they receive. They

believe, for aught we perceive, that all the good they find is of their own deserving, or befalls them some way by accident: and that the evils they escape are evaded by their good fortune or their skill: and in respect of their sins, they either do not believe they have any, or think that their Maker is obliged to bear with them, and has no right to punish. Of such we can scarcely, upon our present ground, ask the mercy they ask not for themselves, nor ever perceive they need. Alas! how are they mistaken! for it is nothing short of mercy infinite, could bear with their ingratitude and stupidity.

But there are among us, we trust, who acknowledge, and feel, and are deeply sensible of the mercy on which they hourly depend—who know that when they go aright, it is mercy leads them—when they err, it is mercy spares them—when they die, it must be mercy saves them. To such as these the blessing in the text is no matter of indifference: it is the daily alms they cannot do without, and if bestowed to-day, they must have it bestowed again to-morrow; and if ever it be withdrawn, danger and misery inevitable must be their portion till it return again to rescue them. One might suppose that none such would risk the losing of the blessing by neglecting the condition annexed to it. But, alas! our eyes and our ears, aye, and our hearts, if we will let them speak, testify the contrary: we do not extend to others the mercy that we need. We hear nothing around us but hard judgment and reproachful words; and eager contention, and rigid exacting of our dues, and vehement retaliation of our wrongs—and complainings, and upbraidings, and detractions. Wisdom has said, “a merciful man is merciful to his beast”—but he who is so, extends not always equal mercy to his fellow-creatures: there are those who would not “needlessly set foot upon a worm,” and yet will make the heart to writhe with more than corporeal anguish, by the severity of their judgment and the harshness of their reproach. When we are wronged, we are not willing to forgive—when we are provoked, we do not

forbear our anger—when we prevail, we do not restrain our triumph. If we think ourselves wronged, we pursue our resentment with eagerness; the unkindest thing we can say, the most injurious thing we can do, is the most congenial to our revengeful hearts—if we see what we consider evil, the worst representation we can make of it, the darkest colours we can mix to paint it in, whether it be to represent it to our own minds or to the minds of others, are ever the most agreeable to our unkindly spirits. Supposing that we are too conscientious knowingly to wrong another, or lay on them what they deserve not, or deprive them of that to which they have a right—yet still there is a rigidity, a strict admeasurement in our dealings towards each other, which is the very opposite to mercy—to the liberal hand, and generous judgment, and forbearing temper: these would rather extenuate a wrong than expose it—rather forgive an injury than resent it—rather forego a just and fair demand, than give pain to the bosom of another. What wonder if we come short of the blessing our Lord has pronounced on a virtue so little in exercise amongst us: what wonder if we obtain but little mercy, while we evince so much preference for justice. If we would be taught of what is the mercifulness required of us, and how it is to be exercised—exactly such, and exactly so as we hourly need it, and are hourly receiving it from above: forbearance for our faults, blessings on our ill deserts, kindness in return for injury, and a tender pity that loves to cast a veil over the faults it might expose and punish.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” This is indeed a peculiar blessing for peculiar people, since it is that which none but they desire, and none but they could enjoy. To see God—we would rather for the most part neither see him nor be seen of him—it is the endeavour of our lives to shut him out even from our imagination’s eye, so very irksome to us is it to be conscious of his presence. And the reason of this is but too plainly obvious: there is that within us



which we must not, dare not show him—the impurity and falseness of our deceitful hearts. To see him who made us, loved us, the supreme and only good, our Maker, Lord, and Father—it should be a blessing of most eager acceptance and most fond anticipation—the hope of earth as it is the bliss of heaven. But ere we desire, we must love; and unpardoned sinners cannot love the presence of a pure and holy God. Might they come there, shame and confusion would be their portion, and every look from his eye benign, would be reproach and anguish to their unhallowed spirits. Might unregenerate sinners go to heaven, heaven itself would become their place of torment. The pure and spiritual worship of those happy beings, would be no bliss to them—the eye of divine purity for ever fixed upon them, where they could neither escape nor forget its gaze, and where the light of his countenance would expose to all the hosts of heaven the secret obliquity of their minds impure—O it would be to them but the torment of another hell. There cannot be stronger proof of it than in the conduct and feelings of the unholy in the present life. Unless God can be forgotten, they cannot be in peace—name him in their presence and you put their mirth to flight, and cast a gloom over their gayest moments. Those devotional services in which they are summoned to his presence, are most irksome and unacceptable; and if their fears impel them to compliance, their hearts, and thoughts, and wishes, remain without. The day that is called by his name, is the saddest to them of all the week; because the occupations of it tend to bring him nearer. Of all the employments and amusements of life, they ever give the preference to those which most effectually exclude God and his presence from their recollection, and put them as far from him as possible. It is impossible to look around us and within us, and deny that this is, or has been so with all. What blessing then to see the God we shun? What value in the promise of that which we avoid? Alas! none, so long as

this is the case; nor is the blessing meant for us till we have changed the character.

It is for the pure in heart. The expression staggers us, for we know not where to find them. The total corruption of our nature, which is the very basis of our religion, the continual warfare with corruption that has to be kept up in every christian bosom till the last moment of existence, seem to pronounce it impossible that the term should be applied any where: and assuredly ere the pledge be redeemed and the promise be fulfilled, death must purify the soul that life and its concerns have held in corruption. But though the blessing is future, it is here offered to some one in reversion; one it can be only to those whose intentions are pure, and whose supreme desire and aim is purity—those who at least with steady purpose are going on to the attainment of that perfection, which can be reached but in eternity. And if we take it in this limited sense, which it seems we must if we are to apply it at all, these words may mean, that where the desire after God and holiness is pure and sincere, God in his wisdom, in his will, and mercy, shall be seen even while we live on earth. In the experience of their own bosoms they shall see the beauty and excellency of the God they seek—he will manifest himself to them as he does not to the world: as one said of old—"I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, &c." We cannot see him with our bodily vision, but we may live in his conscious presence; we may perceive him about our bed and about our path, interesting himself in our concerns, and taking note of our conduct: no blessing, as we have proved, to the unholy and impure; but a blessing above all things to those who desire to be made holy. They do not desire to conceal their faults from him who alone can correct them, their infirmities from him who has pledged himself to cure them. They would rather bear the present shame of the discovery, and the pain of the chastisement, than be overlooked and passed

by, as the disowned child whom his father chasteneth not, because he does not love him. And as above all things, they desire to be made pure, most precious to them is this promised blessing, that they shall see him into whose presence perfect purity alone can enter.

But is it the fact that we value either the blessing or the purity to which it is pledged? It is the character of purity to shrink from the very touch of sin—nay, like the colourless waters of the clear spring, the very reflection of what is not white, assails its whiteness. Is there any such averseness between us and the approach of impurity, that appear in what colours it may, our bosoms disclaim the fellowship and dread its assimilation—the eye quick to perceive, the conscience quick to shun the bad admixture, however amalgamated with things most pleasing; even as the pure snow-drift will expose the slightest speck? Or is the last of our concern, and the least of our enquiry, the moral excellence, the correctness, the purity, of the things that please us? Do we like the profane jest, the unhallowed rhetorick, the well-dressed immorality, the modish vice? Alas! if we do, there must be some assimilation within that bespeaks another state of the heart than that our text describes. And then the blessing: the first cause replied to, answers to, the second. If we love impurity, we are as much averse to the presence of God as we are unfit for it: we can no more like the blessing than we can obtain it: we would rather hide ourselves in the mid-earth, than appear where we must see God, and meet the scrutiny of his most holy eye.

“Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.” Peace is the soul of religion, peace is the very bliss of heaven—for He who reigns there is the God of peace: well, therefore, may the children of God be distinguished by their love of it. On the world, since sin came into it, there has been but little, very little peace. The strifes and contentions of men, the agitating influence of circumstances, the disorder of

the very elements without us—within, the struggles, the cares, the wishes, the eager expectations, the tumultuous passions, the restless desires—Who with the Psalmist has not cause to say, “When shall I flee away and be at rest?” Joy indeed there may be, and some rich delights—but they are like the gilded drops that play upon the surface of the tide—now here, now there, now gone—glittering often but resting never: they may be pleasure, but they are not peace. This companion of innocence took flight from Paradise together with her; and though she came back indeed to earth, bearing the olive branch of redeeming mercy in her hand, she found but cold reception and an unmeet dwelling—there is not a bosom in which she can shelter, nor a heart in which she may abide, until its previous inmates can be dispossessed; and when she enters there, it is no more but the peace of the fortress before the besieging foe. Yet this good at least has attended on her re-appearance—there are those that love her; and these are they that shall be called the children of God. In every form, in every kind, they seek and desire to promote the restoration of peace, whether between man and man, or between man and God, or between man and his own conscience, for there is war in all.

This word, peace-maker has been interpreted to mean one who endeavours to reconcile a sinner to his offended God: however this may bear, certain it is that small peace can be made by other means, by reason of the tumultuous passions and rebellious feelings that always agitate the unregenerate bosom. But the child of God will assuredly desire to make peace by all or any means: to soothe the too eager passions of men, to conciliate the untoward tempers of others, to controul our own that they may not come into such fierce contact with them: and the afflicted, the doubting, the unstable—to comfort, to persuade, to confirm—all these are the peace-maker's office; the habitual endeavour and desire of his heart. And it is not little that may be done, even

in this disordered world, to lessen the tumult and still the sound of war. Many a long dispute may be cut off by a soft, conciliatory word—many a rankling animosity may be healed by an act of concession—and O how much may judicious kindness do to soothe the distractions of a sorrowful, perhaps of a guilty bosom.

This text well accords with the previous one—the child of God is merciful, because he needs mercy ; he is peaceful, because he needs peace. The restoration of that tranquillity of mind which sin and sorrow have destroyed, is his hope, his desire, and his prayer—peace with God by pardon of the sin that caused the enmity—peace with man by the subjection of that selfish spirit which wages such dire war—peace with ourselves by lawful submission to the will of Heaven, even through disgrace and tears. Deeply experienced in his own need of these—deeply taught in the agonies of a troubled conscience, and the restless tenacity of a selfish spirit, and the corrosive cares of an unsubmitted will, the child of God can feel for others what he feels himself, and does not like to add a feather's weight to that which is all too heavy : stilled is the contentious voice, calmed is the impetuous spirit—wronged, he is free to pardon, or wronging, willing to repair : he loves not angry disputation even for the right, and seeing guilt itself its own sad punishment, would rather soothe than aggravate the self-inflicted torment. And he shall be called the child of God from the resemblance that in this he bears to Him, his Father. It is here we must make to ourselves application of the text. We call ourselves, some of us, the children of God, and He, if we are so, knows us such. But how are men to recognize our birth, and call us by the title that belongs to it, unless there be some faint trait, some slight resemblance at least that betrays the relationship and proves our claim ? If they who name themselves by his name are as contentious, as quarrelsome, as tenacious—irritating and irritable, suffering their own minds to be perturbed by every trifle, and

perturbing all around them by their peaceless tempers—what wonder if men deride their claim, and doubt them to be the children of Him they call their Father. Where is the likeness? He is the God of Peace.

And having thus considered of the sacred text, it remains but that we each one for ourselves peruse the secret letter of our conscience, to inform ourselves how far we have an understanding of these words, an estimate of the blessings, or a claim to share them. To those who in their hearts find nothing that responds, we have no more to say but that so often urged before—they are the words of our Saviour and our God. To those who appreciate, and desire, and would fain partake, we may say—nay, we can do no better than repeat the sentence—they are the words of our Saviour and our God—for that is the best assurance can be given that they will be fulfilled, and their fair promise kept.

---

## LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

---

### LETTER THE SEVENTH.

---

EQUALLY universal with music and drawing—I am pursuing, dear M., the subject of my last—is the study of languages in female education. I have no doubt you are already advanced, if not mistress of more than one; and whether to perfect yourself in those already taught you, or to acquire others, I should consider it as among the most useful and improving methods of employing your time and powers. The acquiring of a language is an exercise of the intellect, in itself delightful and innocent, independently of the utility when attained; and I think that utility equal at least to any other accomplishment within our reach. The difficulty it presents is lessened by every additional language that is learned;

and it is much less at your age than it is earlier. But that our early years must be usefully employed, and habits of applying the mind must be acquired, and that what is done then, does not remain to be done afterwards, and thus so much time is saved, we should say, that a girl who begins to study a language at sixteen, will know as much of it at eighteen, if she pleases, as if she had been taught it from her first childhood—excepting, perhaps, as it regards the pronounciation, which is said to be best obtained when we are young—and this from the increased powers of mind, brought into action in the study of the language to be acquired.

I know you will immediately ask me, what languages I advise you to make choice of for your future study. French, I pass over as a thing of course attained—custom has made it indispensable; and, in itself, as the universal language of the civilized world, it must be desirable. In this, I conclude, you have been perfected, and therefore only advise you to keep it up by frequent reading of such French works as are distinguished for truth, elegance, and taste. Italian is next in the fashionable list of modern acquirements. It is very easy of acquisition, and every thing is worth knowing; and then all ladies must sing, and all ladies must sing Italian; and since they must sing, and must sing Italian, it is certainly desirable they should know what it is about, and not offend our ears by their mis-pronounciation, or our delicacy by words of which they know not the meaning. It is a sweet language, too, and contains many works that it is expected every one should know something of, but which, as far as I have found, few ladies who learn the language ever read. Having said so much for it as this, we must conclude with owning that if it did not take so little time to learn after other languages are understood, we should not consider Italian particularly well worth the trouble. Having conceded so much to fashion, as to put these two languages first, I must assure you that my own judgment would have placed Latin before them, as the most useful

and the most desirable to which you can apply yourself. The time has been when public opinion in this country attached something dreadful to the idea of a woman's learning the dead languages; and though Italian, German, Spanish, Gallic, or Hindostanee, if they pleased; with all the nonsense ever written in them, might be gathered into her brain, without the least risk of injury, the smallest droppings of Latin and Greek would turn it entirely. As we have never been able to learn the medical or philosophical grounds of this opinion, we cannot pretend to controvert it—even when our ladies were employed in making puddings, or in spinning yarn, we do not see why the pudding should be heavy, or the web entangled, if the lady were thinking of Virgil, any more than if she were thinking of Racine; and if a little classical knowledge was a source of ostentation and pedantry in the few women who possessed it, it was merely because it was rare—an evil which its becoming general must necessarily terminate. It is alleged, that women, by this line of study, leave the place assigned them of Providence, and attempt to make themselves the competitors of the other sex. The gentlemen who take such quick alarm, pay themselves small compliment. Latin and Greek should not be their only vantage ground: Providence has given them ample powers to keep their superiority—a sensible, reasonable, and well-informed man, with learning or without it, has nothing to fear from our advances towards him—the idle and frivolous may, perhaps, have cause to dislike the superiority of a sensible woman, whether she learns Latin or not. But this prejudice is passed, and, we believe, no longer needs to be contested.

Yet with all, what I recommend to you, is not to become a deep, classical scholar, fit to take a degree at Oxford or Cambridge—not to pass all your years, as boys are compelled to do, from seven to twenty-one, in studying Latin and Greek; but I do strongly recommend you to acquire a grammatical knowledge of the



former language at least, and a facility of reading and understanding it, and tasting of its beauty. It makes other languages easy of acquisition, gives you a better knowledge of your own, assists you in most scientific pursuits, improves your style of expression, quickens your perception of the beauty and effects of language; in short, it opens a source of rational occupation that cannot fail of improving the mind it exercises. In the comparison, I should think a little Latin worth all the Italian in the world.

It has become fashionable lately, to a limited extent, and among a particular class of persons, for girls to study Hebrew. The motive to this is obvious; it is the language of God's chosen people—it is that in which all other languages, as far as they can be traced, seem to originate, and it is that in which it has pleased God to bequeath to us the greater part of his own Holy Scriptures. This is sufficient to give it infinite importance, to say nothing of its unequalled force and beauty. But this does not touch on the propriety of its becoming a female study. I am cautious of attaching too much importance to the reading of the Scriptures in the original, for private Christians; our translation is amply sufficient; and she who reads the English Bible, and remains unimpressed, will likely read the Hebrew, and remain the same. I might be staggered to, did I not know that the use made of a thing is no test of its excellence, by the exercise of this talent that has been seen in some ladies of our day—where a knowledge of the original Scriptures has induced them to provoke every opportunity of wordy argument and dangerous controversy, when they had better have listened submissively, and learned in silence. If Hebrew is to teach women to dispute about doctrines, and argue over their religion, let it be for ever excluded from our studies; but I see no reason why it should do so. It has this great advantage, this one high interest above all others—that, whereas every other study does for the time it occupies

withdraw the mind from the things of God, this necessarily holds it to them; for Hebrew must be studied in the Bible; and, whereas, in other languages, the meaning of a word learned, is but another word known—here every word is of deep and personal interest to the learner—a message from the God of Heaven to himself. It has been said, that while learning, we do not think of this—but sure I am, a pious mind cannot study the language without thinking of it; and the tracing out the meaning word by word, does certainly give a very intimate and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures.

---

### THE LISTENER.—No. XVII.

THERE was somewhere—not in England, I should suppose—a very extensive prison-house, in which immense numbers of persons were confined under suspicion, for they had not yet been tried, of manifold misdemeanours, some in the overt act, and others in hidden disaffection towards a government to which they owed allegiance. From the babbling infant who had come there for his father's crimes before himself could have committed any, to the hoary head of age, bowing already to the grave that was waiting to receive him—from the coarse, unthinking peasant who had followed where others led, to the lofty and commanding spirit, that must answer for many a crime beside his own—every age was here, and sex and nation—every complexion and condition of mankind were assembled in that vast prison-house, to wait till it should please the sovereign—for in that country there was no Habeas Corpus act—to come from his far-distant court, and judge the prisoners of the crimes of which they stood accused.

Around this strange abode, there was a wall too high for any foot to scale, too thick for any eye to penetrate, in order to discover what might be beyond it. Within

the limit, the imprisoned seemed to walk at large—there was space for all to live and move at ease, but not without perpetually crossing each other's way, and coming in near and frequent contact; and if any would have fled from his fellows, he could not, for the wall was round him and about him, and he might not pass it: there were paths many, and ways many, but this impervious barrier was the issue of them all, and "no farther," was the fatal check upon their else unrestricted motions. Suspected of unequal crimes, but as yet untried and unconvicted, they were not distinguished from each other by any anticipatory punishments, seeming to suffer promiscuously the hardships inseparable from their state of duration and disgrace. And not few, indeed, were there. Famine, and want, and pain, and misery, were there. Some eyes were upward in untold despair, as if still to demand of Heaven what to Heaven itself had become impossible to bestow—and some were on the ground, in deep despondency, as if they loathed to meet the sun-beam that had shone on scenes now lost to them for ever. Their very pleasures, when they seemed to flourish most, were but as that baleful tree, very fair to look upon, that drops pestilence and death on all who venture to repose beneath its branches. For while the parent sat at ease, fondly administering to the needs and pleasures of a beautiful family, one by one he saw them sink beneath the hardships of their condition, till there were none remaining. And the bosom that had brought with it all that was needful to its happiness, in sweet possession of which whatever was suffered was scarcely felt, and whatever was wanting was not missed, was doomed to see the pestilential vapour of the prison arise, and chill to death the frame of its beloved. Industry toiled hard and sowed its seed, and forgot in labour, as others in pleasure, the dangers of his state; and when he should have reaped the fruit, the winds of heaven, from which his prison-house was all unsheltered, had blighted it, and

he was left to want. Some, who once had friends, and families, and homes, sat here apart from all, and laid claim to nothing, and found regard of none—and some whom all caressed, and all bowed down to, and who seemed to abound in every thing, fed secretly on the ashes of affliction, and fasted from all but tears, consumed by memory of something past, or dread of some half-seen future. The lofty and capacious intellect was there, working its own misery with its own greatness, to which there was nothing to respond, and which nothing in that small space could satisfy. And feebleness, and ignorance, and imbecility, were there too, suffering contempt, neglect, and scorn, for deficiencies not of their own choosing. And though there were some on whose cheek the bloom was fresh, and in whose eye the beam of joy was bright, they were regarded by the more experienced as but the less conscious victims of as sure a fate; for it was known they could not evade, though they might forget, the consequences of their suspected character. And to all, and to each, beside the unequal sufferings of their actual state, there remained the approaching judgment to which they were reserved, coming they knew not when, threatening they knew not what, more awful for its uncertainty, more appalling for the obscurity that hung upon the issue.

Does not the question forcibly suggest itself, How would these prisoners conduct themselves towards each other? Involved in one common calamity, standing in the same fearful predicament, compelled, willing or unwilling, to remain together, to take of the same scanty comforts, and abide the same but too sufficient ills—each one liable to whatever the other was enduring, and no one secure from succeeding to his neighbour's woe—how does it seem they would deport themselves to each other in this so strange condition, that had brought them together without their leave, and forced them to abide each other's company, without their pleasure asked? Reason, and common sense, and feeling; nay, and self-interest itself, stand agreed upon the answer—kindness,

courtesy, and pity, would be the tone of such society. They would not all love each other—dissimilar habits, uncongenial tempers, varieties of intellect and condition would make that impossible—they would not all esteem each other—for defect of moral worth in some, in others native imbecility or deformity of character, would render them no objects of esteem. But there would surely prevail in this society a tone of benevolence and courtesy, the result of a participated destiny. The untried criminal would not begin before-hand the punishment of his fellow criminals, by treating them according to the measure of their supposed, though yet undecided guilt. However much unlike, no one could stand off from another as a being with whom he had no feelings or interests in common. The common misery, the common danger, would create a fellowship between the most opposite characters, that would claim a word, a look at least of kindness, as they went by each other, or sat down together in the narrow limits of their prison-house. It would seem that one could scarcely have a concern in which the others felt no interest, a feeling that the others would not wish to spare, a desire the others would not wish to gratify—from sympathy if not for love, from pity if not esteem. And least of all would those who had most hope of pardon and favour from the sovereign when he came, look coldly on those with whom it might fare worse—a sense of their own danger would teach them pity, and conscious guilt would make them merciful. Here, in short, the wisest would see in the most simple, the noblest in the basest, a being whom, if nature had placed afar, suffering and danger had brought near of kin.

Some one has wisely said—our readers may have observed before now that we always think that saying wise which accords with our own opinions—and beautifully as wisely said, “Courtesy is strictly speaking a christian grace. It is a plant of heavenly origin. This present evil world, like the ground which the Lord hath cursed, is utterly incapable of yielding any thing so good and

lovely. Courtesy cannot grow in selfish nature's soil. It is never found but in the garden of God." I had just been reading this very pretty sentence, as quoted for my observation in the letter of a friend, when passing into society, I happened to hear it boldly asserted that it is not desirable to make ourselves agreeable to those we do not like, and warmly contested that universal courtesy is almost a sin. So, then, I said within myself, here are opinions in most determined opposition—the plant that one would cherish as the very growth of heaven, the other plucks up and casts away as a noxious and pernicious weed. I had dwelt with pleasure on the former sentiment as true, and just, and beautiful—but what then becomes of the other? They cannot both be just or both be true. Yet did it seem to me of some importance that they who are setting forth on the business of life, should perceive between the flower and the weed: and setting myself to consider of the matter, it appeared to me that this world of ours is no other than the prison-house described, and our condition in it but altogether that we have depicted. How then does it seem that we should behave in it?

It has pleased God, for reasons wise, since they are his, to form the inhabitants of his earth in moulds so different, that each one cannot assimilate with another—like ill-accorded instruments, well-tuned perhaps, and perfect in themselves, but which yet can make no harmony together, because the pitch of one is higher than the other. It has pleased him too, to endow our minds with feelings, known and understood by all, though difficult to define, that draw us towards some persons in preference to others; and while we go by the mass with indifference, binds us with indissoluble affection to some selected few; for no reason that can be given, but a natural and spontaneous preference, or perhaps some affinity of tastes, principles and pursuits. These selected few, for however many, they are few in the comparison, are what we usually call our friends; and to these our

deportment may be left to other influence, and guided by other rules than those of general courtesy. But these apart, the larger mass of those with whom we are brought in contact, are persons for whom, to use the common expression, we do not care—we have no choice or preference for them. It is to these that a habit of universal courtesy is or is not to be cultivated—that we are or are not to take pains to render ourselves as agreeable and acceptable as circumstance and higher duty will permit.

We know there is a sinful conformity to the world that is forbidden, and whatever that may be defined to be, we beg not to be understood to desire that the line be broken, for God must not be offended that man be pleased, and sin must not be committed from any motive of expediency whatever. But civility, attention, regard to the tastes, and respect for the feelings of others, are not sins—on the contrary they are the plant that has been asserted to be of christian growth, a flower of the garden of God. We are aware also that it will be contested there is a degree of insincerity and deception in assuming an appearance of attention and complaisancy towards those for whom we have no regard, nor any kindly feelings. Be it admitted, however, that we ought to have kindly feelings towards every one—criminals chained to the same galley, slaves fettered and toiling in the same mine, are not more closely conjoined in one common fate, have not more claim upon each other's sympathy, than men inhabiting together this prison-house of earth. We ought to have a feeling of benevolent interest for every one of mortal birth—our aversions, our contempt, our disunion, our animosity, all these things are defects, blemishes, symptoms of mental corruption and disease—and if they cannot be eradicated, we are obliged to any garb of decency that can contribute to conceal them. Our christian perfection would be to have no unkindly feelings towards any one—and the next best thing to this is to be conscious of them and ashamed of them,

and endeavour to conceal them, as we would do a loathsome and unsightly wound: the effort is a self-sacrifice, and will go far to subdue the feeling. It may be asserted again, that a universal desire to please and to oblige, is dangerous to ourselves, as it may be the offspring of vanity too eager for the approbation of men, and ever aiming at its own gratification. It may be so: but in this case it is the motive, not the conduct, that needs to be amended. To pay a courteous attention to those who do not particularly please us, to give satisfaction to those who can give us none, is, as we have observed, a sacrifice of our selfishness that may proceed from the highest tone of christian principle.

Are we then to be as courteous, and attempt to be as agreeable to those whom we do not admire, or perhaps do not approve, as to those whose qualities and principles claim our esteem and approbation? We need not choose them for our companions, or take them to the confidence of our bosoms—we need not seek them or desire them—but our house is narrow; the path we go on is straight; the way is crowded, and we must be much in contact; the duties and intercourse of life must bring us into connexion with those whom we did not and could not choose. And what are we that we should feel contempt or disregard for any one? If others have their peculiarities, have we not ours? If they have their defects, have we not ours? nay, and our vices too, for which we are all hasting forward to an equal judgment? And in this narrow house of our sojourning, surely every one has a claim to what every one can do to make sweet the bitterness of life. For O! there is enough for all to bear—the dwellers in that prison-house were not so happy that there was no need of each other's courtesy to soften their condition: there was not so much scarcity of suffering, that the conduct of one should prejudice the other's crimes, and aggravate the punishment prepared for him. And who are these we think unworthy of our attention and civility, unworthy the care to please? Beings per-



haps more worthy than ourselves, though less externally endowed: they, perhaps, who, had we been in need, would have cherished us, in affliction would have consoled us; though needing them not, we have never proved it—some, it may be, who, though we perceive it not, have hearts so deeply tried in sorrow, that could we know all, our bosoms would yearn with tender pity over what we ignorantly wound by neglect and incivility—and some, it is more than probable, whatever be the cloud of ignorance or sin that now hangs over them, with whom we are destined to pass a long eternity in the holy fellowship of heaven.

Upon christian principles, then, we are prepared to say, that it is our duty to be courteous, and, as far as may be, agreeable to all with whom Providence brings us in connexion, whether we meet them for a day or an hour, or the whole compass of our lives. We are not to be idle to please the idle, or ignorant to please the ignorant, or vicious to please the vicious—and if we were, we should not so succeed in pleasing them—but we are to laugh with those that laugh, to weep with those that weep—to contribute all we can, in small things as in great, to ameliorate the dark condition of our race, and scatter flowers on a thorny path. If we are in company with those whose tastes and habits are opposed to ours, we are to put some restraint upon our own that theirs may not be offended: if with those whose manners are disgusting or tempers uncongenial to us, we are bound to cast a veil over the disgust they undesignedly excite. We are bound to withhold a remark that will give pain, or an opinion that will offend, unless some essential purpose is to be answered by their expression. To say this is deception or insincerity, is no other than to say it is deception to restrain any evil passion, or suppress any angry thought or selfish feeling—nor is there any thing in manners and tempers we hold more selfish, unlovely, and unchristian, than that sort of self-indulgence which wounds every body's feelings under

pretext of candour and sincerity. We counsel the lovers of so much honesty, to make clean the mansion and put forth no few of its inhabitants, ere they venture to set wide the gates, that all may be witness of what is passing within.

It appears to us, young people cannot go forth into the world under a more false impression, than this persuasion; that they owe no courtesy to any but those whom circumstance or preference chance to make their friends. They owe it to every individual without exception who has not forfeited it by offence against them—for every individual is their fellow, and their kindred, and their companion, in a destiny of which the beginning, and the purport, and the issue is the same; and therefore each one is a claimant on their sympathy and benevolence. To say that we would do them any kindness in their need, or confer any substantial benefit in our power, but refuse to conciliate in our ordinary intercourse, is to offer that which we have not, in excuse for withholding that which we have—our benevolence may never have an occasion of exercise in substantial benefits—in complaceness, kindness, and courtesy, and an accommodating spirit, we may always and to every one evince it.

We know that the devoted christian has something more to say respecting the discountenance that should be given to folly and irreligion, the distinction to be made between those who serve God and those who serve him not. This distinction must exist in the feelings of all who do sincerely love their Lord—but we cannot see in it an excuse for the cold, repulsive, harsh, unsocial, unconciliating manner some pious people assume towards those whom they consider less religious than themselves. We are the fellow-criminals, not the judge—whatever be our penitence and our hope of pardon, we are here the attainted rebels of our sovereign, not the administrators of his justice; and whatever be the present promise of his mercy towards us more than them, his pity takes not

its limit from our judgment, and it may be they will enter into the kingdom of heaven before us.

But if yet it does not appear that we ought to cultivate habits of kindness, attention, and civility, to all around us—behold, there was One who came into that crowded prison-house that did not belong to it—its attainted inhabitants were not to his mind—there was no spirit there congenial to his nature, or fitted to hold communion with him—their ways were not as his ways, nor their feelings as his feelings—day by day their discordant natures jarred on his holy bosom, and their impure pursuits revolted his celestial innocence. Yet he walked courteously in the midst of all, and stood not aloof from any—he wept over their ills, indeed, and he reproved their wrongs; but he kept none at distance as unworthy his regard; he dwelt with them as a brother and a friend, took interest in their lawful occupations, conformed to their habits, and adapted his benefits and his advice to the peculiar character and need of each. Is the subject greater than his king? Is the servant wiser than his Lord?

---

## INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF NATURE.

---

### BOTANY.

(*Continued from page 230.*)

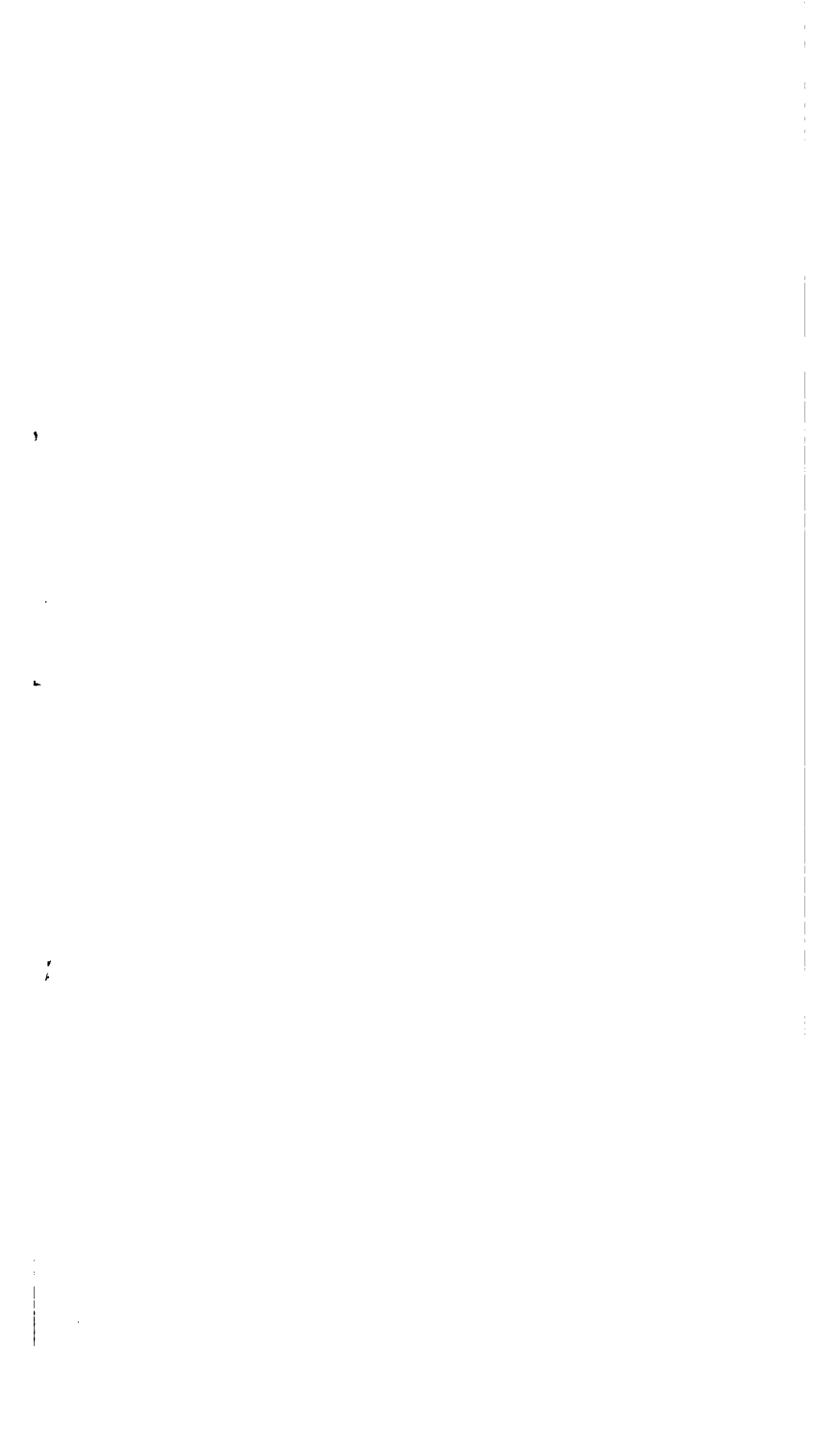
#### CLASS 15.—TETRADYNAMIA.

OUR fifteenth Class in Botany is *Tetradynamia*, distinguished by having six Stamens in each flower, two of which are shorter than the other four. This difference, however, is not always very perceptible, and we might be apt to confuse the flowers of this Class with those of *Hexandria*, having also six Stamens, but for the marked difference in the character of the flowers. This there-



*T. Bigham, sculp.*

*Tetradinamia Siliquosa,*  
*Cardamine Pratensis,*  
Meadow Ladies-smock.



fore, the learner should especially observe; that the *Tetradynamia* flowers have always four Petals, which is not the case with any plant in *Hexandria*, and which will remove all difficulty as to the length of the Stamens. In this Class the Orders are distinguished neither by the seeds, as in the last, nor by the Pistils, as in the former Classes, but by the shape of the Seed-Vessel. The Orders are but two—if the seed-vessel is a pouch, a sort of broad roundish pod, the plant is of the first Order, *Siliculosa*—if it is a long pod, it is of the second Order, *Siliquosa*. The flowers of this Class are not remarkable for beauty—the Mustards, Cabbages, Cresses, Radishes, Turnips, and other useful vegetables are all comprised in it; the whole race seeming to have a natural and distinctive character, and that rather of utility than beauty.

In gathering plants of this Class for examination, we must be careful always to select those that have the seed-vessel already formed; as we shall rarely be able to trace the Generic character so as to decide the name of our flower, without it.

In the first Order of this Class, *Siliculosa*, we have

*Alyssum*, *Cameline*—this plant is white or yellow. The pouches are on very long stalks, bearing the style at the end—two of the filaments are made with little teeth. The pouch has a swollen appearance, but marked with a cavity as if pressed inwards.

*Bunias*, *Sea Rocket*, a pretty Lilack flower, growing near the sea—the pouch is crooked and four-sided—smooth fleshy leaves, and a woody stem.

*Crambe*, *Sea Kale*, known to us as a vegetable for the table, is distinguished by its beautiful, waved, and jagged leaves, frequently tinted with purple—the blossom large and white.

*Isatis*, *Woad*, has a chocolate coloured pouch, on slender stalks, drooping Petals, and Calix yellow. This valuable weed is cultivated to make from it a blue dye: it is that with which the ancient Britons painted their bodies.

*Vella*, *Cress Rocket*: There are so many Genera of

what we commonly call **Rockets** or **Cresses**, that we scarcely hope to mark out the difference by this slight sketch; so much are they at first appearance alike. This plant has a pale yellow flower, and the globular pouches are set with prickles—the leaves are cleft and the pouches drooping.

**Subularia**, **Awlwort**, blossoms under water, with narrow, pithy leaves, and small white flowers, the petals of which bend inwards.

**Draba**, **Whitlow-grass**. There are several species of this plant, all white or yellow, growing in bunches: it is difficult to describe in the Genus, having no particular characteristic but the oblong pouch, undivided and rather compressed, with flat, parallel valves within-side.

**Lepidum**, **Dittander**, or **Pepperwort**, has the pouch notched at the end and flattened—flowers white, small, and obscure.

**Thlaspi**, **Cress**, or **Shepherd's-purse**, has a heart-shaped pouch, the interior like a keeled boat. This is a numerous race, of which the flowers are small and obscure, always white, and without much to distinguish them, but the heart-shaped pouch.

**Cochlearia**, **Scurvy Grass**, or **Horse-radish**, has a very rough pouch, notched at the end—flowers white or purple.

**Coronopus**, **Swine's Cress**, is one of those small, white-flowered weeds that abound by the road-side and among rubbish—the pouch kidney-shaped, compressed, and rough.

**Iberis**, **Candy-tuft**, is of the same description, but may be distinguished by the inequality of the white Petals, the two outer ones being larger than the others.

In the second Order of this Class, **Siliquosa**, bearing pods, instead of pouches, we find

**Dentaria**, **Coral-wort**. This is a large flower of a pale purple, rising very high on an undivided stem. In the bosom of the upper leaves, it bears bulbs that fall off, and taking root, produce the future plant.

**Cardamine, Ladies'-smock,** has a long, two-edged pod. One species, which we propose for our plate, is a handsome flower—the others less so, and mostly white.

**Sisymbrium, Water-cress, or Rocket.** The plant we are accustomed to use as a salad, is one species out of many of this Genus. The blossoms of all are yellow or white, with cylindrical pods, and the leaves are winged or compound.

**Erysimum, Winter Cress, or Hedge Mustard,** is distinguished by a straight, narrow pod, exactly four-sided. Blossoms small and yellow.

**Cheiranthus, Wall-flower or Stock.** We shall probably know these plants by their affinity to our garden species. They may be distinguished by a gland or tooth on each side of the Germen.

**Hesperis, Damewort.** This flower has the Petals placed obliquely or slanting towards the side—an upright undivided stem, flowers varying from white to purple, in a bunch terminating the stem.

**Arabis, Cress or Turkey Pod,** is marked by a nectary, resembling a reflected scale within side each leaf of the Calix, though in some species too minute to be seen without a magnifying glass. The pod is long, narrow, and compressed—flowers white, yellow, and purple.

**Turritis, Tower-wort,** is another of the large race of Cresses, so much resembling each other in general appearance. The pod is long, stiff, and angular, and lying close to the stem—flowers white and upright.

**Brassica, Cabbage Turnip, or Colewort,** is of various kinds, best distinguished from other Genera by the glands on the Stamina, there being one between each shorter Stamen and the Pistil, and between each longer Stamen and the Calix—flowers always yellow.

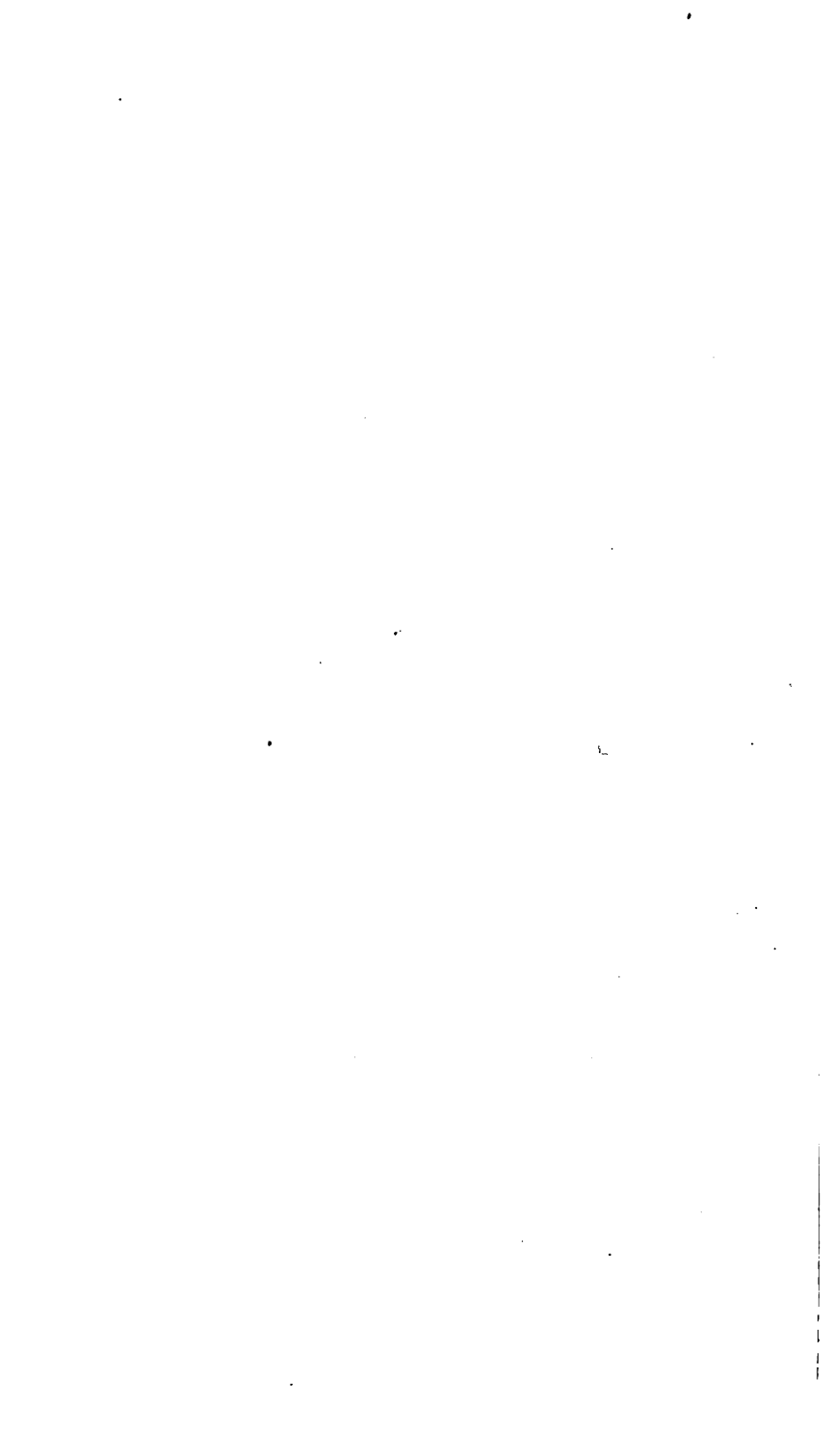
**Sinapis, Mustard,** is of three species; one we know as young salading; and another as the seed of which common mustard is made for our tables. The flower is yellow—has glands similar to those of the last species,



and in all respects much resembles it, except that the Calix leaves expand—in the other they are close.

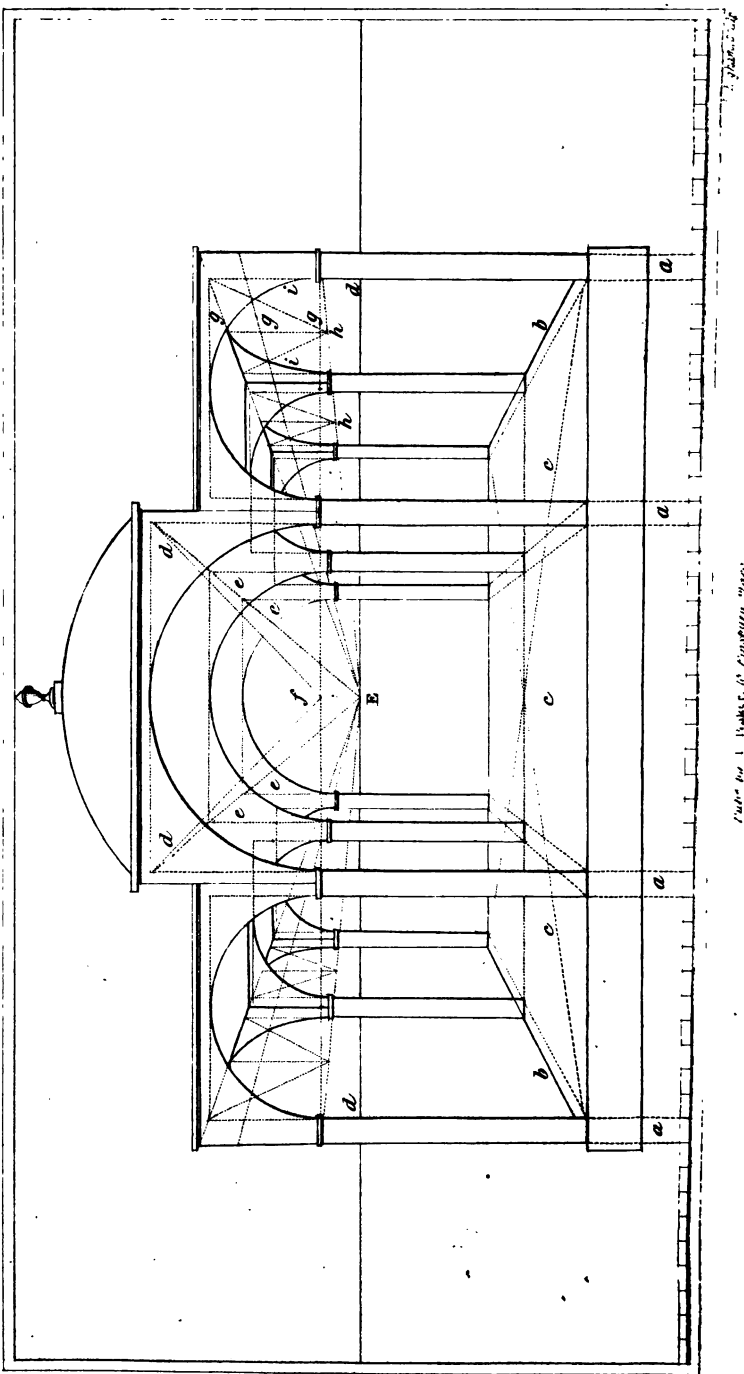
Raphanus, Radish, or Charlock, has pale flowers, strongly veined with purple—the pod roundish, and with cells that make it appear jointed.

The specimen chosen for our plate, is a flower too common to be a stranger to any one who gives attention to the wild beauties of the meadow or hedge-row. It is found in both, blowing abundantly and early. We make choice of it, because the parts are distinct, and it is one of the finest flowers of the Class. We perceive, on gathering the specimen, that it is likely to be a *Tetradynamia*, from the cruciform flower, the four-leaved Calix, and the general appearance and character of the plant: this, on examination, is confirmed by finding six Stamens, two of which are distinctly shorter than the rest. The oblong pods, of which, even if we have not a full-grown pod, we may judge by the form of the Pistil, the long Germen of which afterwards becomes the pod, determine it to be of the Order *Siliquosa*, the second Order of the Class, and we have next to ascertain the Genus. The long, two-edged pod, opening with a jerk, the divisions rolling back, the knob at the summit, and the Calix a little expanding, are all the generic characters given us by Withering; but these are scarcely sufficient to distinguish it; and if we do not know it is a *Cardamine* beforehand, we shall be obliged probably to examine the specific characters of several Genera, before we can quite decide it to be so. In the present specimen, we find the Petals large and handsome, of a pale purple, beautifully veined, terminating by a handsome bunch a straight, stiff stem, about a foot in height. The Calix is small, blunt, and not much expanding from the flower. The leaves are compound—the leaflets, or divisions of leaves, being towards the root broader, and approaching to round, but narrowing as they grow nearer to the top, till they become quite strap-shaped, none of them at all



# PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE XVII



notched. We can have little difficulty in recognizing by this description the *Cardamine Pratensis*, Meadow Ladies' smock. Plate XVII.

**CLASS XV.—TETRADYNAMIA, 6 STAMENS, 2 Shorter.**

**ORDER 1.—SILICULOSA—Seed-vessel a Pouch.**

|                 |                           |
|-----------------|---------------------------|
| Alyssum.....    | Camline                   |
| Bunias .....    | Sea Rocket                |
| Crambe .....    | Colewort, Sea Kale        |
| Isatis .....    | Woad                      |
| Vella .....     | Cress Rocket              |
| Subularia ..... | Water Awlwort             |
| Draba .....     | Whitlow Grass             |
| Lepidium .....  | Mountain Dittander        |
| Thlaspi .....   | Shepherd's-purse          |
| Cochlearia..... | Scurvy-grass—Horse-radish |
| Coronopus.....  | Swine's Cress             |
| Iberis.....     | Candy-tuft                |

**ORDER 2.—SILIQUOSA—Seed-vessel a Pod.**

|                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Dentaria .....   | Coral-wort        |
| Cardamine.....   | Ladies' smock     |
| Sisymbrium ....  | Water-Cress       |
| Erysimum .....   | Winter-Cress      |
| Cheiranthus .... | Wall-Flower—Stock |
| Hesperis.....    | Damewort          |
| Arabis .....     | Turkey-pod        |
| Turritis .....   | Tower wort        |
| Brassica.....    | Cabbage           |
| Sinapis .....    | Mustard           |
| Raphanus .....   | Charlock—Radish   |

**PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.**

**LESSON XVII.—PLATE 17.**

**PLATE** seventeen represents an open temple, formed of horizontal and receding arches, which is no more than a combination of our former rules. In order to execute this figure, we have need of no points but the point of Sight (E.) By the dotted lines (*a a a a*,) we mark from the ground plan the proportions of the building,

allowing for the centre fourteen feet, for the side aisles nine feet each, and for each pillar one foot. The elevation of the front is then drawn by the eye, or according to the proportions known or determined on. The method of finding the receding pillars, if not already understood, will be perceived by the Visual Rays (*b b*,) carried to the point of Sight (*E*,) for the size; and the diagonals (*c c c*) for their position: the elevation found from the first pillars by the Visual Rays (*d d*,) will determine the height, and by meeting the perpendiculars of the pillars (*e e*), the size of the succeeding squares. The squares must be then divided as usual for the circles by thirds; but the learner must observe to draw the Diagonals from the centre of the base line of the half circle, as (*f*,) and not from the point of Sight (*E*,).

The horizontal arches of the side aisles are found exactly in the same way, the whole of each arch being separately found, though in appearance broken by crossing each other. To avoid confusion, and the centre being an example of the same thing, we have not left any of the lines in these. Our next concern is with the receding arches, of which the only difference is, that the base and upper lines, and the division of the thirds (*g g g*) must be drawn to the point of Sight, and the centre of the base (*h h*) must be found by the diagonals (*i i*) and not placed in the apparent centre as (*f*,) Observe also to draw the circles only as far as they can be seen behind the horizontal arches.

---

## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

---

### THE VINE-BRANCH.

I SAW beneath its native stem  
 The sever'd Vine-branch lay'd—  
 The dews were fresh upon its cheek—  
 The sun-beam on its head.

The new-blown flower did not droop,  
The leaf was green and fair—  
Vigour and life were in its veins,  
As if it flourish'd there.

A little while the Vine-branch liv'd,  
The smiles of heaven sharing—  
A little while it seemed as blest  
As those the stem was bearing.

But still the sun-beam shone in vain,  
The Vine-branch felt it not—  
The summer grew, the winter came,  
And the Vine-branch bore no fruit.

So fades and falls the promise fair  
Of poor mortality—  
So perishes the boast of earth,  
When parted, Lord, from thee.

There seems a bud, there seems a flower,  
Our wisdom's specious dress—  
The brilliant, but unlasting guise  
Of nature's helplessness.

But ill shall the rootless virtue stand  
Temptation's trying hour—  
And soon shall the feeble spirit bend  
To earth's delusive power.

Brief as the bloom of the rootless branch  
The boast of earth shall be—  
Nor truth, nor peace in the bosom bloom,  
Till united, Lord, to thee.



IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES ON THE TERRORS OF A  
THUNDER-STORM.

Yes, Love—and when the storm shall come again—  
And come it will, however it delay—  
You shall remember, too, the soothing calm  
That closed the evening of this fearful day.

Passed are the clouds that hung so dark and low—  
 The rushing torrent flows a tranquil stream—  
 Changed is the thunder for the linnet's voice,  
 The vivid lightning for the moon's pale beam.

The herbage, perfum'd with this morning's tears,  
 Sheds more than wonted fragrance through the air—  
 And the frail flower that sunk beneath the rain,  
 Blossoms this evening more than ever fair.

Observe it well—for other storms than these  
 Bitter experience tutors us to dread—  
 Thunders more terrible than those that roll'd  
 With harmless menace o'er our shelter'd head.

And many a shock, in life's yet future day,  
 That nature feels not, may be felt by thee—  
 And many a cloud of bitterest portent  
 Darken thy atmosphere unseen of me.

Remember then, with what a transient frown  
 The tempest hung its terrors o'er our head—  
 Remember what a sweet and placid calm  
 Embellish'd nature, when the storm was sped.

So think, when sorrow hangs upon thy soul  
 'Tis but a little, very little while,  
 Ere Heaven will brighten on earth's darkest day,  
 And light our evening with a holy smile.

#### WHAT IS LIFE?

- " OUR dayes are swifter than a poste,  
 " Our life is on the wing—  
 " We fade as leaves by tempest tost,  
 " Sicklied and withering.  
 " Ere long, man giveth up the ghost  
 " And ends his sojourning.  
 " So runs our life as the poste hasteth—  
 " So fades our strength as the leaf wasteth.
- " The mourners go aboute the streete—  
 " The dust returns to earth—  
 " Th' attendants gather up his feet;  
 " Hushed is the voyce of myrthe.

"To minstrels and musicke sweet,  
 "The pype no more gives birth—  
 "But theye now wet with teares, or ever  
 "A month has runne shall weep him never."

W. S.

~~~~~

FAIR is the face of nature—truly fair
 The frame of this vast universe—the sky,
 The sea—and all that my delighted eye
 Pursues unwearied—roving here and there
 In search of objects beautiful or rare—
 But nought of rare or beautiful, on high,
 Beneath, around me, can my soul descry,
 That with the nobler spirit may compare,
 Thus traversing creation—and thus taught,
 The good that satisfies the soul's desires
 Must vainly in terrestrial things be sought.
 Superior to herself that God must be—
 Therefore expanding, rising, she aspires
 Till, through things visible, her faith lays hold, O God, on
 THEE. VERITA.

~~~~~

SWEET is the hour of prayer—that hour is sweet,  
 Which brings me, blessed Saviour, to thy feet—  
 And pleasant also is the work of praise—  
 And, by thy grace, through all my changing days  
 While life is mine, to thee, O Lord, I bring  
 My humble song; my grateful offering.

O it is sweet, when pressed with many a care,  
 To come and cast them all on God in prayer—  
 And sweet it is in praises to employ  
 Our happier days when brighten'd o'er with joy;  
 And also sweet when earthly joys are flown,  
 Still to give thanks, and joy in God alone.

VERITA.



## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

---

*Tales from Afar.*—By a Clergyman lately resident abroad.—Author of an Alpine Tale, &c. London: Printed for F. Westley. 1824. Price 4s. 6d.

NOTWITHSTANDING the name of "*Tales*," this little work is rather of a descriptive character, and therefore cannot fall under censure, as approaching to novel-writing. It is a work that we believe most young people—we do not exactly mean children—would read with pleasure: for descriptive writing has more charm at an earlier period of life, than when the mind has been exercised in the deeper interests of sentiment, and the more stimulating activities of life. A tone of piety without exaggeration, or any thing of an argumentative nature, to which, as found in some religious stories, we strongly object for the inexperienced, reigns throughout these *Tales*, or rather descriptions of character; while the style and sentiment are peaceful, pleasing, and correct. We conclude, though not told so, that the sketches are from nature. Though the principal part of the volume is prose, we extract the following lines,—suggested by the previous story of a friend dying in a foreign land,—as in themselves pleasing, and most easily separable from the rest.

### A MONITORY EPISTLE.

*Addressed to a Young Friend intending to Travel.*

FROM the mother's breast that fed thee,  
From a father's arms that twined;  
From the brother's love that led thee,  
From a sister fond and kind—

Thou art going! think on ocean,  
Ere thou launch thy fragile bark;  
Think of its tumultuous motion;  
Of its tempests wild and dark.

There, the wave of pleasure flowing,  
Lends thy fancy wings of air;  
There, in bliss the breezes blowing,  
Round thee flap their banners fair.

So thy golden dreams may tell thee—  
My heart once thus whisper'd too;  
But, ere long, may grief compel thee,  
To attest my warnings true.

For the shores where virtue nursed thee,  
When thine eyes shall search in vain;  
When thy keen regrets have cursed thee;  
Then believe this votive strain?

I far lands have tracked beguiling,  
As I deemed, life's listless way,  
While the tempter near me, smiling,  
Onward lur'd me still to stray.

"Distant hills," he said, "rose greener;  
"Other plains more flowered spread;  
"Farther skies yet stretched serener  
"Over earth's enamelled bed."

Eager round I roamed creation,  
I hope before me gaily sung:  
But deluded still, vexation  
Deep my tortured bosom stung.

Knowing where I went, nor caring,  
Rest I sought through change and time;  
Reckless I a heart was bearing,  
Still the same from clime to clime.

Think not that life's wings wave lighter  
On Ausonia's balmy shore;  
Dream not that the wound is slighter  
Which thine eye ne'er wept before!

Will thy morning shine for ever?  
Still be blest the evening hour?  
Will the hand of pleasure never  
Cease to deck thy noontide bower?

Will no dark remorse pursue thee?  
No accusing conscience cry?  
Will no eye of terror view thee?  
No avenging God be by?

Hark! I hear a voice of warning  
From that lone sepulchral gloom:  
'Tis some mother, there adorning  
Her poor boy's untimely tomb.

O! how oft has morn's bright billow  
Borne the buoyant heart away,  
All whose hopes from that night's pillow  
Fled, like evening's fitful ray!

Ah! methinks I see thee yonder  
Lean convulsed thy aching head,  
While Despair and Anguish wander  
Shrieking round thy cold death-bed.

There no voice of love to cheer thee  
From the healing page of life!  
Mother, no, nor father near thee,  
To o'erwatch the last sad strife!

Think, oh! think then, ere to ocean  
Thou commit thy helmless bark,  
Think of all its dread commotion,  
Of its waters waste and dark!

In the path alone of duty  
Can th' immortal mind repose;  
Peace dwells there; and there in beauty  
Sharon's gentle flow'ret blows.

In those shades where Jesus mildly  
Medicates the wounded breast,  
Thou shalt find, now wandering wildly,  
For thy poor, tost spirit—rest.

Hadst thou once but proved what healing  
Breathes from Gilead's gifted balm,  
Long ere now had every feeling  
In that hapless heart been calm!

Come with me, then, and I'll guide thee  
Where no syren weaves her wiles:  
Lo! that hallowed spot beside thee—  
There EMMANUEL sweetly smiles!

*A Practical Guide to the Composition and Application of the English Language ; or, a Compendious System of English Grammar, Literary Criticism, and Practical Logic.* By Peter Smith, A.M. Price 10s. 6d. London, 1824. Oliver and Co. Edinburgh; and Whittaker and Co. London.

WE can with much confidence recommend this work to the notice of our readers, as well to those who teach as to those who learn. It appears to us a more efficient guide than any thing we have met with in the form of an English grammar within the compass of a school-book. There are few persons, perhaps, but have found the insufficiency of those we generally use. In the education of girls, we believe there are few things so generally ill-taught as English grammar: indeed it is rarely learned at all—for we cannot consider it as learned in any degree by the repetition of rules that are never applied and never understood. Next to the Primer, or contemporary with it, the Abridgment of Murray is put into the hands of an infant, and no book in the catalogue is more assiduously worn out and perseveringly renewed through all the earlier years of education. Asking pardon of established practice, we believe this to be of no use whatever; and excepting that it does not signify what an infant learns to exercise its memory, we should think it an entire loss of time; for we are certain, no one idea is gained by the committing of these rules to memory at an early age: or at any age at all, if no more be done. Yet this is what is generally called learning grammar; and we have never, we believe not once, met with a girl of fifteen who could correctly parse a sentence, or tell why she wrote it in one way in preference to another. Thanks to habit and an ear, we get up a language that passes without offence, but is very seldom spoken or written correctly. Yet surely this is an object worthy of more attention, and might be attained in less

time than we actually expend in *not* attaining it. To do this, we must go more deeply into the study of grammar, and at an age when we can understand "the why and the wherefore," as well as the fact. In the work before us, the system appears to us full, clear, and practical, and such as might be pursued with advantage. The second division of the work, *Sketches of Literary Criticism*, may also be studied with advantage, whether or not we assent to all its nice distinctions. Ladies are not all to be authors, but they must all talk and they must all write, and to know the real meaning and true value of words is no small accomplishment—we do not hesitate to say it is a very rare one; and it is impossible not to observe in society the ridiculous misuse of words and want of proportion between the expression and the meaning to be expressed. The third part of the work is entitled *Elements of Logic*. We are aware that logic is not a usual part of female education—but as we deprecate ignorance of any thing, and are advocates for the exercise, in any way, of the reflective powers, we consider even this part of the work as far from useless to a young woman.

# THE ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

DECEMBER, 1824.

## A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 259.)*

SUMMARY OF THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD TO THE TIME OF THE  
BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY. B.C. 588.

HAVING thus traced up the history of each separate kingdom to about the same period of time, we propose to pause upon it for a moment, look back upon the ground we have gone over, and consider the altered state of the Creator's work since the period of its first creation. And here again we must ask excuse, if, from our desire to combine and elucidate for the benefit of younger readers, we seem to re-tell our story, and lose time in repeating what we have related before.

From the small limit of man's first paradise, or rather from the yet narrower compass of the Ark, that floated secure over the waters of a drowning world, we have seen the race of mankind gradually yet rapidly increasing. Separating themselves as their families became numerous, we have seen them divide amongst them the soil that was at first the common property of all, and expending upon it their labour, and often defending it with their blood, become by prescriptive right the sole possessors of their portion. Upon this first security of exclusive possession, we have seen them quit their wandering, independent habits, and settle in the enjoyment of their possessions; building them cities, forming themselves into nations, instituting laws, and amassing the knowledge, experience,

and invention, as well as the wealth, of each generation, for the enriching of the succeeding ones. We have seen, too, that from enjoying and improving, they passed to disputing over their separate allotments, city against city, and nation against nation, till some growing great upon the spoiling of the others, a few nations came to prevail and be distinguished from the rest; and these we term the great kingdoms of the earth, and enquire curiously for their history and progress; and who governed them, and how they rose and how they fell, makes up the history of the world.

Too numerous soon for the fertile spot on which they were first created, the richest in its productions, and the finest in its climate of the whole surface of the globe, we have seen its inhabitants spreading themselves to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, even into the impervious wilds of Europe, the torrid deserts of Lybia, and the wild Scythian wastes. And from the simplicity of their first estate, in which they took of the produce of the ground for their immediate need, built them a hut for shelter at night, and left it as done with in the morning, and knew not and guessed not that there were other needs or other joys than the bare demands of nature and her small supplies, we have seen them multiplying with rapidity their necessities and the means of supplying them—feelings, tastes, and powers awakened in their bosoms, that at first lay hidden even from themselves; gratifications for every sense in almost endless variety invented or discovered; countless contrivances to increase the enjoyment of life and ward off its ills. Whether the happiness of man had increased with his knowledge, powers, and resources, is a doubt that will never cease to be agitated and disputed of amongst us, and will still be decided according to the different feelings of those who discuss or reflect upon the subject. Had man continued in his first estate, a progressive increase of happiness was clearly the portion intended for him by his Creator. Adam was perfectly happy in Para-

dise, because he was innocent and secure from ill, and had wherewith to satisfy all the desires he had; yet was it but our nature's childhood: the exquisite enjoyments that increased knowledge and expanded intellect have brought into our world, the countless delights that refinement has multiplied upon us, which, however perverted by our sins, are delights, and given of heaven, though misused, were probably yet in reserve as the reward of exerted and cultivated powers—communicated, as still they are, from God, but left to the receiver to improve and work with to his own advantage. Had he continued in innocence, happy at first, Adam had probably increased his happiness by increasing his powers of enjoyment—enlarging by cultivation at once his desires and his means of gratifying them. What this world might have been had man not fallen from his first estate, it is not even in imagination's power to picture, nor is there any necessity for the speculative attempt to do so. Yet contemplating what it is, some faint idea we may form of what it might have been, had every thing in nature and every thing in man exactly served the purpose of its creation, and produced the good without the evil that we now derive from it; for from every power, moral and physical, we are conscious of deriving both good and evil—pleasure and pain—the good and the pleasure were the original purpose, the evil and the pain were the after-hap that came of man's disobedience. If, therefore, the flowers had been left to grow without the weeds, we must suppose that mankind would have been in a more exalted state of happiness after some thousand years, than when placed in his first simplicity in the garden of Paradise. But this is a picture of which there is no original now, whatever there may be hereafter. If it ever was a design, it has not taken effect: the great Originator allowed it to be put aside at its very commencement, and a very different result to be substituted in its stead. Never, however, let us indulge the idea that he has been baulked, defeated, disappointed; or



doubt that he will ultimately do what he pleases with that which is absolutely his—perhaps exhibiting to the admiring universe hereafter this now corrupted globe, in all the perfectness for which he originally designed it. But leaving conjecture for the too sure reality, we perceive that the good and the evil have increased together. Every refinement that has added to our means of enjoyment, has introduced its attendant vice and consequent misery—every enlargement of the capacity for intellectual pleasure, has proved a new inlet through which our spirit may be wounded, and a new weapon by which we may wound the spirit of others; and sadder far than all, every newly-discovered gift of heaven, or newly-invented means of using it to our advantage, has been an implement of grosser outrage upon his laws, a draught of deeper oblivion of his claims. It may well therefore be questioned, whether man was better or worse, more happy or more miserable for the rapid progress of civilization and refinement we have been tracing in our history of the world—in short, whether the Egyptian with his well-digested code of laws, the Mede with his luxurious feast and splendid palaces, the Carthaginian with his ships and merchandise, the Athenian with his arts and learning, was a happier being than the wandering herdsman, whose knowledge was the management of a few poor sheep, his dwelling the tent he bore upon his shoulders, and his proudest possession a well of water. For our own opinion, we should not hesitate to pronounce that he was so—for in this world which the Author of all goodness once pronounced so good, we believe the good to be enjoyed does yet prevail above the evil suffered; and that a proportionate increase of both by higher cultivation, must therefore on the whole be on the side of gain to us.

But in this space of between three and four hundred years that we have been reviewing, a change had taken place more striking than all we have been alluding to. The world that God had created for himself had cast off,

rejected, and entirely forgotten him—nay, more than forgotten—for he was to them as one that had not been, whose existence was altogether unknown to them. The elements, whose properties he had imparted, the sun and stars that he had made, the creatures he had endowed with extraordinary powers, the best things and the worst things that his hands had moulded from the dust—nay, even the rebel spirits, his enemies, whom he had cast out from heaven, had divided amongst them the honour and the worship that were all his due, but no one knew to render him. And more extraordinary if possible than this—for all these, the children of men, God had rejected and abandoned, and left to the course they chose—we have seen the people he had chosen from the rest as the medium through which he was to carry on his purpose of redeeming mercy, and save his name from oblivion and his world from destruction—the descendants of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, whom he kept so holy in a corrupted world—the nation that he redeemed from bondage, put into possession of a fertile region, established in all the greatness and splendour of an independent kingdom—the people to whom he made known the truth when all beside were in error—with whom he held close and intimate communion when he was unknown to the whole world beside—strange as it is, we have seen these people too reject and forsake him, and grow into an excess of wickedness and idolatry surpassed by none, till they provoked him to take away their kingdom, and send them, his children, into captivity of the children of men, his enemies. And such is the condition of the world at this period of our history, 3416 years after the Creation. But amid all this seeming confusion, and controversion of the Omnipotent design, we may be assured there was perfect and entire order as far as regarded the purpose of the Most High. The world that had forgotten him, and seemed of him forgotten, was but making ready for the events that were to follow, for the one great purpose for which he had

borne with their wickedness and stayed his justice—and still, as we shall find, though seemingly averted, his eye was on the people he had chosen.

Meantime we have traced up the history of the principal nations of the earth, who before this period held an eminent station in its history. The first of these distinguished nations we found existing on the earth, was Egypt, of whose story we can find no beginning, and we reach almost the end, before that of any other nation, except the people of God, has a beginning. It made its appearance on the historical page as a nation already great, rich, and luxurious, though we know not how it came so; and when we took leave of it under the reign of Amasis, B.C. 569, it was on the eve of being subdued and sunk into obscurity by the growing power of Assyria, the heights of its greatness being already past. Next in succession to Egypt, and partly its contemporary in greatness, we turned to Assyria, of which the beginning was equally obscure, and which we left at the summit of her greatness, under the famous Nebuchadnezzar, who left his extensive conquests and splendid capital of Babylon to Belshazzar, his successor, B.C. 562. The brief history of the Syrian empire was begun and ended, being absorbed in that of Assyria. Media we left under the reign of Cyaxares, in 584, very near, as we shall hereafter see, to the time of its absorption in the Persian Empire. Persia we have named but as a kingdom just emerging from obscurity, the whole of whose history is yet untold. Scythians, Celts, Phrygians, and other smaller nations, we have named as people who filled up the space dividing or surrounding those greater nations, and occasionally interfering with their history, but claiming scarcely any history of their own. Of the Greek kingdoms we have clearer and more entire records, and though strangely mixed with fable, we hear of their beginning and gradual advance to greatness. We left them at the period of the Captivity, Athens and Sparta at least, already distinguishing themselves in arms, and

enjoying a settled legislation, though not yet at the summit of their glory. Athens was just settled under the laws of Solon, who died about 562; and Sparta, whose history is as yet obscure, had been for a long time prospering under the established institutions of Lycurgus. Next in succession, but not inferior in importance to these, we passed to the history of Carthage; of which we can learn nothing excepting its commencement; and it will be remembered that we left its history in entire obscurity, though certainly growing into consequence. Later in its origin than any of these, we lastly reach the history of Rome, whose small beginning and as yet small progress, we terminated at the death of Tarquinius, B.C. 572; but little dreaded or regarded yet by those other nations, the whole of which it was thereafter to grasp in the extension of its enormous power. Such is the history of the Heathen world up to this point of time. The Jews, we scarcely need to repeat, perhaps, were as a nation gone—ten tribes, composing the kingdom of Israel, were totally lost, to re-appear no more in history; we know not what became of them. The other two tribes, forming the kingdom of Judeah, were captives to the king of Assyria, and removed to Babylon; Jerusalem was burned to the ground and existed no longer, and her territory was either desert, or the dwelling of strangers.

1201 With respect to the remaining surface of the globe, we know nothing of what was passing on it; but doubtless it began to be pretty extensively inhabited. As we hear that the king of Egypt conquered Africa as far as the Atlantic, we must suppose the whole northern part at least of that continent was in some measure peopled. All the Islands of the Mediterranean and the southern coasts of Europe we know were so; and probably the eastern parts of Europe and the north-western parts of Asia were at least overrun, if not settled by the Celts and Scythians. Of the eastern parts of Asia, beyond the Indian rivers, we are quite uninformed; we shall

find of them no ancient history : probably the population of the earth had not yet extended itself thither ; neither, as we may suppose, to the southern parts of Africa.

We hope our readers may by this time have formed a clear and connected view of the world's history as far as we have advanced with it, and will see at one glance how every nation then existing, was situated, and what parts of the history of each were contemporary with each other—for this is what we aim at, as being that which is least perceived in the general mode of writing and reading history. It is the better to gain this purpose we make the present pause in our progress, loitering by the way to look back on the ground we have gone over. We have only now to conclude this first Section of our General History, by a brief review of the progress of knowledge, arts, sciences, and legislature, as far as we can judge of it, up to this period of the world's existence.

We have the means of knowing but very little as to the progress of civilization in the Antediluvian world ; but however much it was, Noah and his sons must have had all the benefit of it, when they began afresh the affairs of the depopulated earth. This second commencement of the world therefore, could not be so simple and unlearned, or as we should call it, barbarous, as the first ; and rapidly from thence knowledge accumulated and skill increased. We are not disposed by any means to echo the opinions of those who look to these distant periods for the golden age of wisdom, and talk of Egyptian and of Eastern learning, till they really believe that we have done nothing since but degenerate from the knowledge and wisdom of our remote forefathers. We rather suppose, on the contrary, that all the learning of Egypt and the East united, would scarcely enable a professor of literature in the present day to support his pretensions. Yet is it not the less true, that we derive almost every thing from them—for whence is human perfection derived, but from the imperfect

commencement? The mechanical arts, those at least that materially affected the comforts and necessities of life, were, as it might be expected they would be, the most rapid in their advancement, while scientific and intellectual improvement awaited the leisure of a maturer age. Hence in some things it does seem that the skill of man had reached its perfection at this early period, and gone farther too, as appears, than we can follow. The enormous fabricks of Egypt are not only beyond our power to imitate, but beyond our conception of the manner in which they were erected, so incalculable seems the mechanical power that would be necessary to raise to such a height such immense masses of stone. The splendour of Solomon's Temple dazzles our imagination, and but that we read it in records of indisputable authenticity, we should treat it as a legend of some fabulous region. In the richness of their stuffs, the fineness of their embroidery, and the splendour of their dresses too, we are led to suppose the antients far outvied us—but in this it is to be remembered that the eastern language in which the report must have descended to us, is the language of exaggeration, and also that when all was new, things might seem and be described as undoubtedly curious or magnificent, which could they be presented to our experience in their reality, would seem but awkward fabrications. And in <sup>yd. b.</sup> ~~some~~ respects, perhaps, to the richness and abundance <sup>of their</sup> ~~of their~~ materials rather than to their skill in using them, were to be attributed the wonders they produced. The treasures of gold, and jewels, and ivory, and marbles, and precious woods, treasures that exhausted nature cannot now pour forth fast enough to satisfy the demands of the increasing world, were then probably in unlimited abundance in those regions, of which they are the native productions. However this be, notwithstanding the almost marvellous accounts of their doings, we are inclined to believe there was more abundance than refinement in their luxury, more labour than skill in their

productions. Certain it is, however, that before this period, they knew how to manufacture in some way all the most useful articles for the better accommodation of life. Their cities far exceeded our cities in magnitude and splendour, and their fabricks almost pass our imagination: and enough of Egyptian sculpture remains to prove the extent of their attainments in that art at least Painting, as we have before remarked, seems to have been of later growth: perhaps we can scarcely say that any progress had yet been made in it, though rude designs or imitations of objects there certainly were. Language and composition, whether prose or poetry, we know had in one instance reached its highest perfection—for we suppose it cannot be disputed that the Hebrew Scriptures stand unequalled in the literature of the world; though certainly there comes the doubt whether the language of Scripture as well as the matter might not be miraculously inspired; we have no records to prove that there were other such poets and historians as Moses and David, nor indeed that there were poets and historians at all; except that their use of written characters implies a knowledge of composition, as does also the frequent mention of songs imply a knowledge of poetry, at a very early date. Musick seems to have been among the first awakened faculties of man, but we have no means whatever of judging of the progress made in it as a science before the present era of our history, nor the perfection to which their instruments were wrought; it is impossible that we should have any, unless their musick could have remained for our inspection; because whatever might be recorded of it could be but the judgment of contemporaries, whose knowledge of musick could advance no farther than the science itself. It seems likely that the vegetable world should be an object of study that would early present itself to the enquiring mind of man, and we have some mention of it among the accomplishments of Solomon. But probably the knowledge of natural history as well as astronomy, was

confined to what was practical, and of use in the concerns of life; for the specimens of Egyptian wisdom transmitted to us, leave us no reason to suppose they had much knowledge of either. All was dawning, however—every thing before this period was begun, and all the arts of life in some measure understood. The greatest remaining barbarism seems to have been in the moral perceptions; for amid all their legislative wisdom, there appears but small accuracy in the distinctions of right and wrong. The progress of civilization, after the manner we described in our early numbers, had long ere this effaced all traces of the equality of man, and his originally equal claims to power and possession. The right of some to command while others obeyed, of some to abound while others wanted, was recognized every where. In short, the constitution of the world and its general aspect were not very much different to what they are at present. And with this slight review taking our leave of it generally, 3416 years after the creation of man in Paradise, and 588 years before the great era of the Saviour's birth, we shall now resume, where we left it, the history of God's chosen people.

---

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

---

*The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.*—PROV. viii. 13.

A BEAUTIFUL definition of that distinctive fear that may consist even with perfect love, of which it is elsewhere said that it casteth out fear: for this fear is love itself, since it is no more than to hate evil for love of him whom it offends. It is not to walk delighted on a forbidden path, to take with appetite of forbidden fruits, the enjoyment only lessened by fear of discovery, and dread of punishment. It is not to keep his laws from



dread of retribution, wishing all the time it were permitted us to break them. It is not to do evil as often as we may, and good only when we must, lest we provoke the wrath of him we fear; ever when that fear is removed or veiled from our immediate perception, preferring the evil, and making choice of the wrong—and when we follow on the path he prescribes, esteeming it a sacrifice, and consenting to make it only because we dare not meet the consequences of disobedience. This is fear such as rules the bond-slave, who does because he must do what his master bids; and this has torment in it—for the inclination and the fear are not agreed, and whichever be yielded to, the other gives us pain. But the fear of the Lord is to hate evil—to leave it as a loathsome bitter, rather than a forbidden sweet—a thing more fearful in itself than in its consequence: a thing which if the choice were permitted us we could not choose, because he we fear dislikes it, and we are of his mind. It is to be miserable, not delighted on any path that he has not appointed. It is not to abstain from sin and love it, but to hate it and so abstain: and this because that evil is the thing he hates, is what offends him, is what provokes him, affects his honour, invades his right, pollutes his works—Him, even him we fear and love. And when the fear is so defined, surely it is no other than the love itself.

*Fret not thyself because of evil men, neither be thou envious of the wicked.*—PROVERBS xxiv. 19.

BY separating in our minds the things of time and sense from their eternal issues, we work for ourselves pain and sorrow that we might well escape. We fret ourselves against an order of things that if God ordained not, he thinks proper to permit, though we his creatures are ill-content to do so. There is much, it is true, that we may have personally to suffer from the evil-doers, and we cannot avoid being pained by it—but even then it does not become us to fret ourselves, be-

cause of them—to be impatient of their evil words, resentful of their falsehood, and poignantly alive to every wrong, as if we did not know that though “flourishing now as a young bay-tree,” to-morrow “we go by and it is gone.” But besides our participations in the injury, there is in us a fretful impatience of the wrong we see, an irritable eagerness to correct it, not unmixed with envy at its seeming success: and as a nearer approach to God makes us more susceptible of what is sin in others as well as in ourselves, this fretfulness because of it becomes thence a stronger temptation, and needs to be guarded against. Pity, not resentment, intreaty, not invective, is what the wicked claim from creatures of like nature with themselves: and in respect of their success, small need is there of our envy—their prosperity is a fiction, not a reality now; for there is not, perhaps, a sin that brings not with it its own temporal punishment—we may not perceive the retribution though we know the wrong, and so our souls grow fretful and envious of their escape—for we saw the outward act, but cannot see the deep, internal pang, the secret bitterness of the fruits they gather. But knowing beyond all this the eternal doom of the unrighteous, is it not strange that our bosoms should ever be moved by them, except it be to pity? Or that we should wonder, except it be at our own impatience of their successful wrong?

*Car il faut croire de cœur pour être justifié, et confesser sa foi par ses paroles pour obtenir le salut.—*  
ROM. x. 10.

EN vain l'homme se flatte de la foi de son cœur, s'il la dément par sa langue, par ses maximes, par ses mœurs. Ces deux moyens institués de Dieu pour le salut, renferment tous les autres. Une foi sincère et véritable honore Dieu dans le cœur: la confession l'honore devant les hommes. La première détruit dans le pécheur la présomption de ses propres forces pour le bien, en

l'obligeant de ne se confier qu'en Dieu. La seconde l'oblige à mépriser l'estime et la malice des hommes, pour n'estimer et ne craindre que Dieu. Qui rougit d'un tel maître n'est pas digne de le servir : bien moins de régner avec lui. QUESNEL.

*Ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.—1 THESS. v. 4.*

WE start with instinctive horror from the idea of sudden death. Tell in society some tale of those who die unwarned, and every cheek grows pale and every bosom starts. What is it a sign of? They who are awake can never be surprised—they on whom the light of day is shining, fear not the coming of the thief. Our fears bespeak our danger and betray our state. We are asleep and in darkness. Sweetly dreaming over our possessed delights, or as deeply, though less sweetly, absorbed in sublunary care, we are not listing for the steps of him who comes to take away both joys and care; and though he be even at our doors, we cannot hear him. And worse than this, we are in darkness. If wakened suddenly from our careless slumbers, we know not how or where to help ourselves, we cannot find the path of safety—surprised, overtaken in the midnight darkness of ignorance and sin, frightful indeed must be the awakening, by such a guest, from our unguarded slumbers. But he who is prepared can never be surprised. Sober, watchful, and ever expectant of that day he knows must come, the child of light cannot die suddenly. His armour is always on, he never slumbers, his treasures are made sure—death will come to him as to the other; but though he have no warning of his approach, he does not die unwarned—for he has all his life been waiting for its coming. No state but this is safe.

*Venez, voyez et goutez, combien le Seigneur est doux.—*

PSAUME xxxiii. 8.

QUELLE folie de craindre d'être trop à Dieu ! C'est craindre d'être trop heureux ; c'est craindre d'aimer la volonté de Dieu en toutes choses : c'est craindre d'avoir trop de courage dans les croix inévitables, trop de consolation dans l'amour de Dieu, et trop de détachement pour les passions qui nous rendent misérables. Méprisons donc les choses de la terre pour être tout à Dieu. Je ne dis pas que nous les quittons absolument ; car quand on est déjà dans une vie honnête et réglée, il n'y a qu'à changer le fond de son cœur en aimant, et nous ferons à peu près les mêmes choses que nous faisons : car Dieu ne renverse point les conditions des hommes ni les fonctions qu'il y a lui-même attachées ; mais nous ferons pour servir Dieu ce que nous faisons pour servir et pour plaire au monde et pour nous contenter nous-mêmes. Il y aura seulement cette différence, qu'au lieu d'être dévorés par notre orgueil, par nos passions tyranniques et par la censure maligne du monde, nous agirons au contraire avec liberté, avec courage, avec espérance en Dieu : la confiance nous animera ; l'attente des biens éternels qui s'approchent pendant que ceux d'ici-bas nous échappent, nous soutiendra au milieu des peines ; l'amour de Dieu, qui nous fera sentir celui qu'il a pour nous, nous donnera des ailes pour voler dans sa voie et pour nous élever au-dessus de toutes nos misères. Si nous avons de la peine à le croire, l'expérience nous en convaincra : Venez, voyez et goutez, dit David, combien le Seigneur est doux.

LECTURES  
ON OUR  
SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE FIFTH.

*Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.*

*Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you for my sake.*

*Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*—MATTHEW v. 10, 11, 12.

ONE of the ideas that most forcibly arrest the mind in reading passages of this description, is the striking difference between the opinions of God and the opinions of men; the fruit of that fatal disseverment which took place between the Creator and his creatures at the Fall: they were no longer of a mind—a false estimate of every thing, of right and wrong, of good and evil, of happiness and misery, supervened upon the clouded intellect of man—he no longer saw things as God saw them, nor judged of them as God judged of them—with the first-committed sin a deep delusion passed upon his mind, a mist of most impenetrable error; and through this, as by some optical illusion we may see things distorted, or discoloured, or reversed, he has ever since perceived, and felt, and judged of all about him and within him. What in the estimate of God is wretchedness, man has determined to be bliss; and has bewailed and pitied those whom God pronounces blessed:—what God has approved, he has treated as the wrong, and what God condemns and forbids, he has found to be just and beautiful: and too well we know the disorder, and misdoing, and darkness, and confusion, this opposition of judgment has brought into our world.

It was part of the Gospel mission to re-accord these disunited minds, to reconcile the creature to his Creator, not by pardon only and the removal of the barrier that was between them, but by reconciling, re-according, making once more to be agreed, the opinions of the renovated spirit with those of his Maker: and it is one of the strongest proofs of such renovation, that the awakened spirit gradually changes its opinions of every thing, and begins to see them as God sees them, and judge of them as he judges—happiness and misery, and right and wrong, and good and evil, become words of very different import—they remain indeed in his vocabulary, but as to the meaning, they not unfrequently change places, and mean the very opposite to what they meant before.

The divine Preacher, intent upon this his mission, goes on boldly to pronounce them blessed whom mankind esteemed the most miserable of the earth; to mark out, as objects of distinguished favour, the despised, suffering, and distressed of our race. But who was of his mind? Of all who heard him, none, perhaps—for even the few disciples who followed him, and listened eagerly to his words, were as yet uninstructed as to the nature of that kingdom, and honour, and happiness he had promised to bestow—they had not yet tasted for his sake the draught of earthly bitterness, and found it sweet and good for them to drink of. But how must the words have recurred to the minds of those disciples, big as they were with rich assurance and holy consolation, when he they followed was withdrawn, and they found themselves alone in a world that refused them the common rights of humanity, loathed, pursued, tormented them as the vilest and most degraded of their race. And then too, doubtless they believed what, when they heard it, they might have doubted, that they were blessed indeed amidst it all—many a one among his hearers, lived to verify the Preacher's words, and prove that amid fire, and sword, and nakedness, and cruel mockings, and unsparing tor-

tures, they were blessed—the only blessed in a world that scorned them.

The fire is gone out, and the sword is sheathed, and the voice of the persecutor is hushed—the name of the despised One is acknowledged in our world, and Christian is an appellation we should be loath to have denied us, however little we may be disposed to do to prove our claim to it. Are the words then now without a meaning, and the promise void? Has it ceased to be a precious and most valued blessing, finding no head to light upon? Far, very far indeed is it from being so. It stands inscribed by the hand divine for the consolation and encouragement of all who need it, and never, while the world endures, will the promise stand unheeded and unclaimed. We are very little disposed to exaggerate the wrong to which a sincere Christian is exposed from an unbelieving world. On the contrary we incline to think too much is said of it in general, and too much is made of it; and we would caution young Christians against imagining that every opposition to their wishes is a persecution, and every idle jest upon their principles, an injury that will entitle them to future compensation. We like to think so, because we like importance; and our pride is gratified by the idea that in suffering for his sake, we are rendering back something to Him from whom we receive all things—and there is a dignity, a sense of greatness attached to voluntary endurance, that exalts us in our own esteem. Even our better feelings come in to the delusion—gratitude to our Saviour, a wish to follow in his footsteps and share his cross, and inherit the blessing annexed to it, may make us really willing to suffer persecutions and anxious to persuade ourselves we do so. And I fear from one or other of these motives, there are some so absolutely determined to be persecuted, that they provoke it by every manner of indiscretion and violence; and beginning the warfare of their own good pleasure, lay claim to the praise of martyrdom for all the wounds they happen to receive in it. We need a great

deal of candid and close examination of ourselves upon this point, for it is a dangerous error—it feeds our pride, nourishes a contentious disposition, and beguiles us into various sorts of imprudence and excess.

Before we venture to prefer our claim to the blessing annexed to persecution, we have many things to consider. There are the words of our text—"for righteousness' sake." We may be reviled and opposed for what we call our religion, while our righteousness has small share in the concern—for, alas! it is sometimes so far in the back-ground, that our persecutors have not even noted its existence: and not seldom, if they had, would they, for its very loveliness, have spared to wrong us. We are to consider, therefore, what it is in us that provokes the opposition we meet with, whether from friends or foes. It may be some eccentricity of conduct or needless singularity in things unimportant—it may be some arrogant assumption of superiority over those who are less enlightened than ourselves—or an impertinent intrusion of our sentiments when uncalled for—or a violent and intemperate maintenance of our opinions—or neglect of the proprieties of life, or offensive tempers, or defective judgment. Now none of these things are the righteousness of the gospel—and though they may so mix themselves up with our religious profession as to seem to make a part of it, and the world's injustice may refuse to make the due distinction between the profession itself and the errors that attain it, the fact is still, that we suffer not for our righteousness', but for our folly's sake. And then, as the holy text goes on, it must be for "his sake"—his, the Saviour of the world, the despised and crucified then, now the openly acknowledged, but secretly neglected Saviour. And further, it must be "falsely." Thus again we have to consider the nature of that evil which is spoken against us—are we sure it is false? Or, if not true, have we given no needless ground for supposing that it may be so? We are to be cautious not only of deserving blame, but of giving occasion to it.



And if that evil which is uttered against us be groundless and malicious, we have still to examine ourselves how we have provoked it—is it for his sake? Is it because we have loved him, and owned him, and served him, because it has been plain to all that we do so, that we have become objects of slander and injustice from the world? Or have we made us enemies by our own tempers and misconduct, glad to vent their resentments upon our religion as the point on which we are most accessible? If it be the latter, the Lord shall judge them for their doings: but rather than take pride to ourselves as the suffering servants of our Saviour, we have need to be humbled that by our faults we have provoked aspersions on his name and on his cause.

These cautions taken, there does yet remain a blessing for the persecuted—rejoicing and exceeding gladness or those whom the world reviles, maligns, and slanders. Such were those who in the earlier ages of Christian history suffered the loss of all things from the enmity of men, excited by their holy lives and righteous principles, and open avowal of the Saviour's name. There was clearly no other cause of enmity—men would not have troubled themselves about them, emperors and kings would not have stooped from their thrones to intermeddle with the follies of an obscure and contemned people, had there not been some greater ground of enmity than their own follies and indiscretions. They did indeed suffer for righteousness' and the Saviour's sake, and great is their reward in heaven. And now is not the blessing void, though the case is greatly altered. There never was a period or place in which real piety stood so high in publick estimation as it does now in this our happy country. We may almost say religion is fashionable. Profaneness and open outrage upon its requirements are inelegant and ungenteel; the great and gay will run after a popular preacher with as much eagerness as to a favourite opera; religious publications are scattered through every house, and even venture to show them-

selves in our circulating libraries. The fashionable mother, who is training her children for a world which is the sole inheritance she desires for them, thinks religious instruction necessary to their perfect accomplishment—the miserable votary of dissipation, in the first moment of disappointment, turns to some religious friend for consolation—thus acknowledging they know the value of the treasure they have not. The memory of very many can record the time when it was not so; but now we must confess, even that sort of persecution which affects us only in our feelings and dares not touch our external welfare, has almost ceased:—for indeed we are not disposed to give so important a name to the laugh of folly, and the blunders of ignorance: the mind elevated by real piety cannot be wounded by them; nothing can well come within the reach of such weapons but our vanity or weakness.

Still there are cases and occasions perhaps to all, when the devoted Christian receives hard measure from the mistaken world. They persist in judging of him not as what he professes himself to be, the chief of sinners, mourning for his sins, and struggling to subdue them, but as what they in mockery call him—a Saint; it is that he feign would be indeed, and sighs and longs to be, but which he dares not call himself. And then they affect to be surprised at his weakness, and outraged by his errors—they watch for his falling as for a triumph—and while the faults of others or their own are neither grief nor shame to them, they wonder, and whisper, and pass the satiric smile, and raise the lip of scorn—not that they care who sins, for they prefer sin to holiness—but because they hate the objects of the Saviour's love and the profession of godliness, and are delighted that the one should be offended and the other disgraced. And these are indeed shafts that strike home. The Saint, as they call him, the contrite sinner as he feels himself to be, knows far more than they can tell him of his own defection—their reproaches can never be so bitter as his own—whatever be

their estimate of his faults, the amount is as but a cypher to the account he makes of them—they cannot sink him in his own esteem, for he is lower in his own than ever he can be in theirs. But O, with what reckless cruelty do they urge the shaft into his stricken bosom, and deepen the blush upon his cheek, and add weight to the burden too heavy for his strength already. For sins that they would commit without a thought or a care, his spirit sickens in agonizing sadness; they know it, and delight to add mockery to his pangs. Let him put aside his sorrow, and the love of righteousness from which it springs, and the holy faith that it testifies, and commit the same sins as carelessly and wilfully as they do, and they will make him no reproaches—for it is not him but his religion they dislike—it is not for his, but for righteousness' and his Saviour's sake that they revile him.

And no less hardly than of his bad deeds, is the world disposed to judge of the good deeds of the honest christian, who is by all means endeavouring to grace his religion and give glory to his God. This is no action, perhaps, however excellent, for which a wrong motive cannot be supposed; and such it is the delight of men to invent and ascribe to those, whom in their conscience they know to be better than themselves, and actuated by purer principles. For every generous act they find a sordid motive. If he speaks forth his sentiments, he is ostentatious; if he is silent, he equivocates them—if he is serious, religion makes him melancholy; if he is gay, he is not so sober-minded as he pretends—every sacrifice of his inclination is extravagance, every indulgence of it inconsistency. If the truth were so, they would forgive him freely, for then he would be even as themselves; but because it is not so, they hate him and revile him and misjudge him.

Some too, we know, have to endure much from the opposition of those who do really love them and desire their welfare, but who forming themselves a false esti-

mate of good, cannot consent to see them prefer eternity to time, and heaven to earth, and holiness to sin. Though we should not call this persecution, since it results from mistaken kindness, it is yet most hard to bear; and to resist and offend those we love, because we love our Saviour better, is a suffering for his sake that may well lay claim to share the blessing pronounced on all who suffer for him. There are some also, most undoubtedly, whose earthly prospects are affected by their religious honesty: who for their Saviour's sake must forfeit friends, and house, and lands, and much that nature values and sense desires. Honoured and happy indeed are these, for they shall receive ten-fold of all they lose.

In all these things the preacher's voice is sweetly heard—Rejoice and be exceeding glad—be glad in your sorrows, be glad in your dangers, in your losses: for great is the honour already enjoyed, and great the reward prepared for you hereafter. The present honour is, that the world has so dealt with others and with greater than ourselves. The prophets who of old spake out the will of God in a world determined not to hear it, were the first objects of persecution, the first reviled and ill-judged of. The apostles, those honoured companions of our Lord, the saints and holy martyrs who succeeded them, beings now immortal in the heavens, found on earth no better treatment. But chief of all are we honoured in being thus conformed to our Lord himself in the manner of his sojourning upon earth. Should we desire the smiles of a world that never smiled on him? Could we value approbation from a world that looked on perfect purity, and holiness, and truth, and did not like it? Might we go smoothly and uncensured on our course, encompassed with favour, encouraged and caressed, it would seem we must bear but little resemblance to him who found such different treatment; for why should men like in us what they loathed in him, and greet in the servant what in the master they resisted? Our colours must be lowered and concealed, ere they who slew our captain, would let us

pass without a sound of warfare. Unlike him indeed we are, as the faintest shadow to the substance it imitates, but can never be mistaken for: very great then is the honour, if in this we may something be made like him, share of his wrongs, drink of his cup, and be partakers of his destiny. Yet is this but the present honour—the rich reward is in reserve: it is no less than to share, in recompense of our disgrace, the kingdom he purchased for his by his own. To fulfil his Father's law he was reviled, persecuted, and evil-spoken of, and claimed for his reward immortal bliss and glory for those who should be willing to bear the same for him. He saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied, though the gain was not his, but ours—and we too shall be satisfied, though the purchase is not ours, but his. The division is very unequal, truly. He who was Lord of all, the greatest, purest, and most spotless being, bore the reviling, the persecution, and the wrong of creatures who were but as dust beneath his feet; and the price of his endurance was no more but to bestow on those very creatures a portion of the glory that before was all his own, and admit them to be partners of his bliss. Our suffering for his sake, be it at its most, is but the petty malice of creatures like ourselves, injuries but little passing for the most part our deserts, privation of good that was never ours but by sufferance, wrongs that though they pain can seldom really harm us—and the reward assigned, amazing inequality! is no less than the kingdom of heaven itself—eternal, never-ceasing bliss! Our sufferings, be they what they may, cannot be the purchase of such unequal recompense—but our willingness to bear them is accepted by Him as a proof of the gratitude, and love, and conformity to his will, which is all he demands of us.

Such is the meaning of the preacher's words, as they stand now addressed to us, as erst to those of old; and now as when he spake them first, we ask, Who is of his mind? Not they who think the praise of men of more

value than the approbation of God—and we fear they are not few among us—who of all the opinions they can find, place his last upon the scale, to be only attended to when the world shall give its leave. Is it not in vain we are told that God has so said, has so commanded, so forbidden? It is the custom, every body does it, I shall offend, I shall be blamed, I shall be ridiculed—are circulated and accepted among us as decisive of all controversy? Men think those happy whom the world esteems and highly speaks of, decks with its laurels and fosters with its praise. He, this divine preacher, was of far other mind. He knew that an unrighteous world could not love righteousness, and that the smiles of men would never be conceded to principles that must be a tacit reproach upon their own. He knew, for he had ample cause to know, that goodness in its best and loveliest form was not acceptable in a corrupted world: on their curses therefore and not upon their praise, he chose to hang his blessing—and there, whether we be of his mind or not, the blessing surely stays. And many a deeply stricken spirit has gone safely to heaven under their frown that their caresses would have ruined; and many a hesitating spirit has been driven by their unkindness to cling closer to its God—and many an erring spirit has learned in their reproaches its forgotten duty. Blessed, thrice blessed, if for the transitory frown of a mistaking, mis-judging, and mis-dealing world, one smile of approbation can be gained from him for whose sake we have braved and borne it.

But we do not think so—we do not act as if we thought so. Daily and hourly we equivocate the best feelings of our hearts, lest men should frown on them; we smile on the vice we loath, lest they should cry out upon our preciseness: we give into their language, and habits, and occupations, however adverse to our feelings, lest we should lose their favour and be discarded from their embrace. We blush, yes, strange as it sounds, we even blush when they charge us with too much love and too

much duty to our Saviour—we start aside from our path for the idlest jest of the idlest tongue; and are stung to madness by the reproaches of man, while the disapprobation of God sits lightly on our bosom. Or if we stand fast, if we endure it, do we account ourselves blessed—honoured above all other honour—glad above all gladness?—Or do we not hang down our heads disgraced—bewail and fret ourselves as if we had hard measure from the hand of Providence—weep where we were bidden to be glad, and sorrow where we were bidden to rejoice? Ah! when will man and his Maker be agreed?

---

## LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY

ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

---

### LETTER THE EIGHTH.

---

I CLOSED my last letter with some observations on the study of languages, as one of the most desirable occupations of a young woman's leisure, for such I decidedly consider it. In the acquisition it is a pleasing exercise of the mental powers; and when attained, a possession that can scarcely tend to dissipate the mind, or lead to an ostentatious display of our intellectual wealth. There are few companies in which any one knows or cares how many languages we understand, or in which vanity itself can devise the means of making it appear. This may seem to some a reason why study is useless: but begging pardon of a too fashionable system of education, I am of a different opinion—for while I would abridge in nothing that can multiply home amusements, heighten our intellectual pleasures, and embellish the social intercourse of life, display is the object I should most anxiously avoid, as that to which females are by nature and circumstance sufficiently propense, which

proves not seldom the bane of their peace and the debaser of their moral worth. We have already given this as a reason why we think drawing is a safer talent than musick, and we repeat it as a reason among others for encouraging the acquisition of languages in preference to many other studies.

But, so far from that dearth of occupation some people's weariness implies, I find the subjects thicken on me as I advance; and if I go on to recommend all I think worthy of attention, I fear you will presently exclaim against me, that time is too brief to answer the demand. Well, when it is really so, let us stop; for not one of all these things is necessary to our happiness or duty, our present worth, or our eternal welfare—but while there is a half-hour frivolously spent, or indolently wasted, let us go on; Heaven has not been without a motive in giving us such varied powers and such endless means of exercising them. Before I proceed to other literary pursuits, I must say something, as I know you will expect of me, upon the subject of needle-work, the peculiar task of woman, and that which occupies three fourths of the time of all those, taken in the aggregate, who are occupied at all. It is difficult to prescribe a general rule, when every different situation in which an individual can be placed, requires a different one. There can be no doubt, however, that every girl should know how to do useful work; and that she may do so, I should have it taught in the very earliest years, before time becomes too valuable to be so expended: before eight or nine years of age this might be done with, and no more intrude upon the invaluable years of education. But this is irrelevant to my subject, which is the occupation of your time when education is nominally finished. I do not mean to depreciate the achievements of the needle, or exclude its operations as an innocent and often useful employment, even when not absolutely a necessary one. In a family circle, where conversation is desired, or reading aloud



is practised, it is a resource that supplies occupation for the fingers, leaving the thoughts disoccupied and free for other matters. Even in solitude it may be the occasional repose of a mind that has been carried out of itself by other occupations, and desires to recall its scattered forces, and concentrate them within itself by quiet meditation. You will perceive that I speak this of work as a matter of choice, where to do it or not to do it is at our pleasure, duty or necessity apart. Where the duties of our station absolutely require it of us, there needs no opinion to be given; because duty is to be done of course, and to be done before every thing else, however desirable and however lovely. The only danger is lest you mistake for duty what is in fact a tasteless choice ennobled with the name. We go into many houses—five out of six perhaps, in which we hear the ladies, married and single, grumbling over the quantity of work they have to do; and in excuse for their ignorance upon every subject presented to them, the incapability of all rational discourse, and rejection of all counsel for their mental improvement, they answer us with the want of time, by reason of this endless quantity of work that is imposed on them. Yet on mature examination of this onerous duty, I have generally found that some portion of the work would have kept their waiting-maids out of mischief—another portion might be paid for by a small fraction of the money that is spent on some folly they would be as well without, and make happy beside the starving cottager who might be so employed—and a greater portion far than these was that which might just as well be left undone; which neither duty, necessity, nor the proprieties of life required should be done at all. Now of all these portions, dear M., abridge your working hours; the dress that consumes your time is far more costly than that which empties your purse. As far as propriety requires, both must be conceded to it; but never accustom yourself to think that while one is to be economized the other is of no consideration—and

that though it is to be calculated whether a dress will cost one guinea or ten, it does not signify whether the preparing of it cost you a few hours or as many days or weeks. I do not bid you spend no time upon your dress, nor can prescribe the quantity; because it can be only determined by the requirements of your station in life, and your pecuniary means of meeting the necessity: but I charge you not to consider that what only takes up time to procure, is lawfully within your reach; and while you would be ashamed to exceed in your expenditure, make bankrupt of a possession money can never repurchase, nor economy replace. Maintain an habitual sense of the value of time, and cultivate a taste for improvement, and the quantity of needle-work will adjust itself—you will never then sit down to it, without measuring the motive and the need of doing so. This explained, it is the least of my intentions to prohibit you the use of the needle. Whatever has been my impatience on seeing people in the most vigorous moments of their most vigorous days sit hour by hour, stitching what may just as well go unstitched, it has not been greater than my pleasure, in watching the patient invalid, whose enfeebled powers were as little capable of mental as of bodily exertion, as she beguiled the tedious hours of unwilling inaction, by the even unnecessary exercise of ingenuity in this innocent employ. By no means would I have you made incapable of such a resource.

---

### THE LISTENER.—No. XVIII.

WALKING one morning by myself—an unfavourable circumstance for a Listener—and in a lonely place, where though I could not please myself as Rousseau did with believing the foot of man had never trodden, I certainly could discern no traces of his despoiling hand—a fit of enthusiasm, such as poets I suppose are subject to, seized upon my brain in favour of nature's unassisted

works: and in most sublime soliloquy I began to decry the assassinations committed by man's sacrilegious hand upon her native charms. I compared the briery path I was creeping through with difficulty, to the broad beaten turnpike; the elegance and simplicity of the wild flowers half hiding, half showing themselves upon their beds of green, to the trained, and trimmed, and methodically-planted flowers of the garden; trees whence no pruner had ever dopped a branch, grass whence the mower had not filled his scythe, nor the reaper his bosom—recesses where for years the red-breast had returned to rebuild his nest and found it as he left it. "What a pity is it," I exclaimed, "that man should intermeddle with what God has made, and mar the beauties he can never mend. When all that avarice and vanity suggest has been tried to torture our parks and gardens into form, are they to be compared to the wild, woody glade, that knows no training but from nature's hand, yearly returning to redress her work?" So I thought, and so have poets said and sung for ages past—and so sure was I growing that every thing should be as nature made it, that it is possible I might have gone on to say, as some of them have said, that rather than clear a wood for building houses and making turnpikes, it would be advisable to live like our forefathers in the hollows of trees, and reach our habitation over sting-nettles—had I not in the midst of my soliloquy egressed from this same wood, and within ken of man's lamented depredations, found myself upon the beach. It chanced that there was walking there a man who seemed intent on finding something among the pebbles beneath his feet. Often he stooped down to pick them up, and after a little examination, threw them from him—once only I perceived that having looked on one with attention, he retained it in his hands. "Why," said I, "do you prefer that stone to all the rest?" "Because," he replied, "it is of value, and they are worth nothing." "And yet," I answered, "I see no beauty in that, more than in the others—it is a rough, brown

stone." "It is so now, and there is no beauty in it, but there is value: when I have cut and polished it, and set it in a golden rim, its beauty will be acknowledged, and rival purchasers will contend for the possession. Come to my laboratory, and I will show you the richest jewels of the Eastern mine, and you will say they seem but inelegant and worthless stones—see them again upon the brow of royalty, or on the neck of beauty, and you will gaze on them as nature's most exquisite productions." This was true—but then my soliloquy was absolutely wasted—for here were nature's most valuable, most inimitable, and probably most tedious productions, not only improved by art, but owing to it all their perceptible though not their real value. The gem was a gem while it lay neglected in the sand; but most would have passed it by unheeded, or finding, have rejected it as of little value: and even when the worth was ascertained, we doubt much if any lady would be ambitious to string the unpolished jewels for her bosom, or bind them in her hair.

There are things beside stones that, valuable in themselves, need the factitious aid of ornament to make them lovely. All the polish in the world, it is true, would not make of the worthless stone a diamond, and whoever knew the value, would take the gem without it, and reject the other in its richest brilliancy; but the rich jewel must be set and polished, ere its beauty is perceived, or with the unskilful, the glittering paste may be preferred before it. Is not this a truth too much forgotten by some who think it enough to be good, without remembering to be agreeable? With some parents who while they are storing the minds of their children with knowledge, and leading them forward in the paths of truth, carefully noting every symptom of mental deformity—fearful, perhaps, of fostering vanity, or overlooking the importance of recommending by exterior beauty the interior worth—are totally neglecting their manners, habits, and appearances? Is it not so with

some young persons, who earnestly desiring to please their God, and loving their fellow creatures for his sake, do yet misjudgingly despise or carelessly neglect those trifles that, trifles as they are, make all the difference between an agreeable and a disagreeable woman, and though they affect not the moral or religious worth, will make that work the more or the less acceptable and lovely. Such persons are surely doing wrong, and if professing to be religious, doubly wrong—for the blame will be cast upon their religion, not upon themselves—they render that unlovely and unattractive which is in itself most beautiful; they revolt where they ought to win. There is no natural connexion, no possible affinity between religion and awkwardness, coarseness and incivility, an unpolished manner or an ungraceful mind. This seems so impossible, that we should not need to speak of it, did we not see every day instances of a mistaken, we could almost say, a proud neglect of these attentions in persons whose minds are truly occupied with great matters; and did we not every day hear, without being able to contradict it, that good people are disagreeable. To elder persons and to parents much might be said—but I listen for the young, and will end my apostrophe with the tale that gave rise to it.

I have heard or read of somebody, who on visiting the magnificent fabricks of Italy, which they had heard were of marble, were very much disappointed to find them not polished from top to bottom, smooth and shining like a marble chimney-piece—for aught they saw, the buildings might as well have been of stone. Much such a dunce, I fear, did I prove myself, when I accepted an invitation from a family of whom I had heard so much good report, I had long been anxious to be admitted to their society. The excellence of their education, the cultivation bestowed on their minds, and the high religious principles that regulated their conduct, were things of so much notoriety in the neighbourhood, I could not but have formed the most pleasing anticipation of pleasure in my inter-

course with them, and the highest possible estimate of their worth. If I was disappointed, the fault undoubtedly was mine; for their worth was equal to the representation made of it: they were all I have said, and all I had heard: what right had I to expect more? I had heard these young ladies had both talent and principle—I went prepared to admire and to love them. As I stayed some time in the house, I had opportunities of observing them under different circumstances, at home and abroad, in company and alone: what I have to remark, therefore, must not be understood to have passed in one day, or in quite such rapid succession as I may tell it; neither did each thing happen once only—I describe rather their habitual deportment.

When I was first conducted into the house, two young ladies were sitting in the drawing-room, one engaged with her book, the other with her needle: whether each one had a task to perform, and feared the doom's-day clock might strike before it was completed, I cannot say; but neither ceased their occupation when I entered, though as a guest and a stranger, it might have been expected I should be in some manner received by them in their parents' absence. They answered when I spoke to them, it is true; but they never made any attempt to address me. Miss Julia kept her elbow on the table, and her head on her hand in such a position as almost to turn her book towards the sofa on which I was sitting; and even when she did speak, held her eyes as intently fixed on her book, as if some magick power held them there in perpetual durance. Miss Emma, whose work was of a description I thought might as well have been done in her chamber, or at least removed on the entrance of a guest, was, I perceived, under the influence of some vow not to remove her nose above two inches from her thimble, though there was scarcely a passage between them for the few words my importunity forced from her. The most natural inference from such a reception would have been, that my visit was unwelcome: but I had rea-

son to know the contrary; and I had frequent occasions afterwards to observe that all persons, whether friends or strangers, had to encounter on their approach the persevering industry of these ladies. Indeed, whoever desired the Miss B.'s civility, must wait for it; for when a few days after I introduced to them in our walk some young persons with whom I knew they desired intimacy, they gave an inclination of the head with a look that might very well be mistaken for a frown, turned their backs immediately, and went on with their own conversation. Be it not, however, supposed that the Miss B.'s could not communicate, or would not—when it was perfectly convenient to themselves. Julia was indeed of a temper silent and reserved, though wanting neither of feeling nor affection—Emma was lively and animated in the extreme—it was easy to perceive that the same effects in each had resulted from different causes. In Julia, from an indolent indifference to things she considered not essential—in Emma, from a contempt of what she believed beneath her.

There was company that evening. and having found the young ladies so extremely agreeable alone, I was something curious to see what they might be in society. They did not however think it necessary to be ready for some time after they were expected in the room. At length Miss Julia made her appearance through the doorway—one might almost say through the door—for she opened it but barely wide enough to force her small person through the interstice. Whether there was any one present she was glad to see, remained a riddle; so eager was she to get possession of the nearest corner of the nearest chair she could find; seeming by no means aware that she might sit as safely in the middle of it—and having reached the port, she took care to leave it no more that night. Emma's approach was by no means so peaceful: with the assistance of a gust of wind, she contrived to startle every body from their seats by the banging of the door, stumbled over two stools and a

work-table before she reached the upper end of the room, and went down on the sofa with a bang, that, had her specific gravity been greater, might have endangered the fragile ornaments of the chimney. And this evening, though I could not hear the subject of her discourse or guess the cause of her mirth, I had the first proof that Emma could both laugh and talk ; for she continued during the whole evening in half whispering discourse, accompanied by frequent titter, with a young person of her own age, their hands fast locked in each other, to intimate, I suppose, the inseparability of their affections. And woe to the unlucky wight who attempted to be thirds in the discourse. I addressed them sometimes and so did others—but an immediate cessation of their discourse, a monosyllable reply to our address, and a look exchanged between them, sufficiently intimated that we might spare ourselves the trouble. Certainly had I been asked that night if the Miss B.'s were agreeable girls, my veracity or my friendship must have conceded in the reply.

The time did come, nevertheless, when I was allowed to hear these young ladies converse—but though to all appearance they spoke the vulgar tongue, the subject of their discourse was not much more intelligible than if it had been the vernacular language of Kamskatchka or Peru. Neither persons nor things had the names by which I had been accustomed to hear them called : and then there was so profuse an admixture of “by-words,” “family sayings,” and “standing jokes,” one needed to be provided with a glossary as long as the list of French Idioms with which a modern traveller sets out on his first visit to Paris. That all this was very amusing, and very innocently so to themselves, I make no doubt—but I had been accustomed to suppose that when we speak at table, or in company with others, good-breeding requires we should converse in some known tongue, that all may if they please take part in the conversation. So sure was I, however, of the talents and good sense of the ladies,



I did not doubt their conversation would be very edifying if ever I could gain a share of it, and I resolved to abide in patience some opportunities of addressing them in my own way. In pursuance of this resolve, I watched every occasion to draw them into conversation. Walking with Miss Julia, I gathered a flower and made some remarks upon its properties: she knew nothing about flowers and thought it a useless pursuit. I ventured to observe that since the Almighty had condescended to create them, it might possibly not be beneath his creatures to take notice of them. Thinking these subjects might be too light for the lady's wisdom, I next attempted something deeper—but her modesty here came in aid of her taciturnity; and she said the subject was too deep for her understanding: and so the conversation ended. Sitting with Miss Emma, I asked if she had finished any drawings lately. She answered that she had done several, but did not know where any of them were; a plain intimation that she drew for her own pleasure, not for mine. When assembled in the family circle, my attempts were equally fruitless: the young ladies never happened to hear what was passing in their presence. Julia seldom answered till she had been addressed three times; and Emma generally chimed in to the middle of somebody's speech, with remarks quite foreign to the subject—setting all right in the end by confessing they were thinking of something else—a compliment of which they were very prodigal in all companies. As these ladies were christians, I would not suppose them to be more than usually selfish, nor in their dispositions were they—but in defiance of what is usually supposed to be a requisition of good breeding, they were invariably fond of talking of their own affairs. It has been said that to be agreeable in conversation, we must never speak of ourselves: the Miss B.'s had no such maxim; however abstract might be the subject where it begun, it always ended in, "*I saw,*" "*I said,*" "*I did—my friends—my house—my studies—my family—my prospects.*" I had

not long been acquainted with them before I perceived that particular attention had been paid to the pronunciation of their words, and as their education had been something classical, it cannot be disputed that they were most technically correct. There are those whose think it more elegant, because more polite, to talk the language of the society in which we live, and allow words to keep the sound custom had assigned them—however this be, they had an invariable habit of repeating immediately, by accident of course, every word they supposed to be mispronounced by another: I never found an opportunity of telling them, that I knew those who would spoil any speech they happen to be making, rather than repeat in a different manner a word they suppose to be mispronounced by another. I might not have observed upon this extraordinary accuracy, had it not been to contrast it with an inaccuracy of a very remarkable kind—for though so particular about the sound of words, these ladies evinced a marvellous disregard to their meaning. At the breakfast-table we had tea *excruciatingly* hot, poured out of a *lovely* tea-pot, and accompanied by bread and butter of *infinite* excellence. In our walks—when the *vile* weather did not prevent walking—we saw the *sweetest* ships that ever sailed the waters, the most *exquisite* cows that ever ate grass; and returning *agonized* with cold, we not seldom found a *heavenly* fire, by which we sate down *enraptured*, comfortably bewailing the *cruel* shortness of the days and the *eternal* length of the nights; particularly when we had an *immeasurable* quantity of chesnuts to roast, of which the ladies declared themselves to be *devotedly fond*.

My ears were not the only senses doomed to be *agonized*, to use the ladies' own word, by their incongruities. As there was no appearance of extraordinary economy in Mrs. B's establishment, and I had no reason to suppose a want of means, I could not but be surprised at the ordinary adjustment of the young ladies' habiliments. The evenings I saw them in company, they were indeed

expensively dressed—but on all common occasions it was difficult to say whether the sempstress or the washer-woman was most wanted: added to which, their clothes, being always too big or too little, were evidently made for somebody else: the outer and the inner garments could seldom agree to keep the same boundary—the buttons would not button and the ties would not tie—if other people wore things one way, the Miss B.'s wore them in the opposite—not, as I found on enquiry, from affected singularity, but because they did not observe but what other people's were the same. After keeping us waiting half an hour for their presence at the dinner table, they made their appearance in their morning dress, not at all the cleaner for another day's service, excusing themselves that they had not had time to dress. Observing Miss Emma's locks one morning in all the simplicity of native straightness, I ventured to ask if she had been bathing. By no means; but she had been reading so late the night before, she had not time to curl her hair.

One thing must be acknowledged—if the Miss B.'s never thought it necessary to please in manner, person, or conversation, there was at least so much of fairness in their dealing, that they never thought it necessary to be pleased themselves. I had been in the habit of supposing that civility requires us to seem pleased with whatever is done to please us—and that without dissimulation; for if the thing itself is not acceptable, the motive of kindness that dictates it should be so. Nothing you could show them met their expectations—nothing you could give them was what they wanted—wherever you went with them, they wished themselves at home. If you talked to them they yawned, if you played to them they chattered, if you read to them they went to sleep. They were sufficiently attentive at all times to their own accommodation; some might think they were totally occupied with themselves to the entire exclusion of every thing else. If their companions would walk, they were tired—if they would sit, they feared to take cold—the





*Monodelphia Polyandria.*  
*Althaea Officinalis.*  
Marsh Mallow-Wymote.

grass was wet and they could not damp their feet—the bushes had thorns and they should tear their clothes—the stiles were high and they could not get over—the hills were steep and they could not get up—all great inconveniences, as every body knows—but as they were strong and healthy, I was fain to wish they would sometimes wet their feet, rend their clothes, and take cold into the bargain, rather than be always consulting their bodies' welfare to the impeding of every body's purpose, and the interruption of every body's pleasure. But I fear my readers will be tired of my friends—in truth, and so was I.

---

## INTRODUCTION

TO

## THE STUDY OF NATURE.

---

### BOTANY.

*(Continued from page 291.)*

### MONADELPHIA.

#### FILAMENTS UNITED INTO ONE.

OUR Classes are now no longer distinguished as at first by the number of the Stamens. The character of the Sixteenth Class, Monadelphia, is the having the Filaments, or thread of the Stamens, united together so as to seem but one at the base, though separating at the top to bear the Anthers; and the number of Stamens being no longer needed to distinguish the Class, are made use of to determine the Orders; these in English Botany are three—Triandria, three Stamens; Decandria, ten Stamens; Polyandria, many Stamens: for though the Class contains many more Orders, it is not necessary to introduce them, as we have no species in them of British growth. The Genera of this Class are very few, and the Species, except of the Geranium, are few also, not of much elegance and beauty: the Class does not,

we think, present any particular difficulty to the learner. The first Order, Triandria, three Stamens, contains only *Juniperus*, Juniper, a well-known ever-green, of which the essential oil, extracted from the berries, is used in composing the spirit known by the name of Gin. These berries are two years in forming, being green the first year and afterwards black. It is a low, rough shrub—the leaves fine and prickly—male and female flowers distinct, the former without blossom, the latter with three Petals.

The second Order, Decandria, ten Stamens, contains only the *Geraniums*, Crane's-bill—a family of almost countless numbers, and if we include the foreign species, of most unrivalled beauty, as rich in perfume as in colour and form. But our British Species, though numerous and elegant, are small and not very striking, and mostly without scent. The long beak attached to the receptacle distinguishes the Genus—the seeds also having a long twisted tail. There are sixteen Species, all in some respects different, yet not always easy to distinguish from each other; in colour varying from red to purple; in form bearing always five Petals, a Calix with five divisions, and five seeds: they are mostly low or creeping plants.

The third Order, Polyandria, many Stamens, contains *Althæa*, Marsh Mallow, the beautiful plant given in our plate, but not correctly called Mallow, as it confuses it with the succeeding Genus *Malva*, to which it does not belong.

*Malva*, Mallow, is a very handsome flower, though of the commonest we have. It has a double Calix, the outer one generally of three leaves. The large pink flowers of this plant, that meet our eye every where, cannot well be strangers to us, and of one species we have already given a drawing in Plate 3.

*Lavatera*, Sea-Tree Mallow, is a plant sometimes from four to six feet high, with a very thick stem like that of a cabbage—the leaves have seven angles, and are soft as

the finest velvet—the flowers growing mostly in pairs, are of a reddish purple, with a dark blotch at the base of each Petal: the outer Calix is cleft in three, but not into separate leaves.

*Taxus*, Yew Tree, we scarcely need describe. The male and female flowers on different plants, are without blossom: the very beautiful scarlet berry is two years in coming to perfection; it is not, as some suppose, poisonous, but the leaves of the tree are very fatally so. The wood is extremely beautiful, and as it seldom decays, particularly useful.

*Pinus*, Scotch Fir, is also a common tree, we believe not often wild in England, but abundant in Scotland. Like most trees, it has flowers without blossom, bears white and drooping cones, and foliage of a gloomy green.

These being all the Genera of this small Class, we have but to describe more particularly the subject of our Plate. We gathered it in a salt-water marsh, the situation in which it is usually found, and could not but be struck with its more than common beauty. A numerous set of Stamens, united in a tube at the base, and bearing a crowd of Anthers above, readily decide it to be a *Monadelphia Polyandria*. The Calix, like others of the Order, is double, but we know this Genus from the rest by the outer Calix being cleft into nine divisions or sometimes more. The stem is upright, above a yard high, branched and cottony. We find the leaves soft as velvet, very strongly ribbed and elegantly folded, the lower egg-shaped, but narrower towards the top. From the bosom of the leaves proceed bushes of flowers of the most delicate pink, the Petals of which are fringed at the base: the Filaments of deeper pink, and dark purple Anthers add to its beauty—to each flower is a bristle-shaped scale—and as there is no other like it, we immediately recognize the *Athæa Officinalis*, Marsh Mallow, or Wymote.



## PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

## CLSS XVI.—FILAMENTS united in one set.

## ORDER 1.—TRIANDRIA—3 Stamens.

Juniperus . . . . . Juniper

## ORDER 2.—DECANDRIA—10 Stamens.

Geranium . . . . . Crane's-bill

## ORDER 3.—POLYANDRIA—many Stamens.

Althæa . . . . . Marsh Mallow—Wymote

Malva . . . . . Mallow

Lavatera . . . . . Sea Tree Mallow

Taxus . . . . . Yew Tree

Pinus . . . . . Scotch Fir

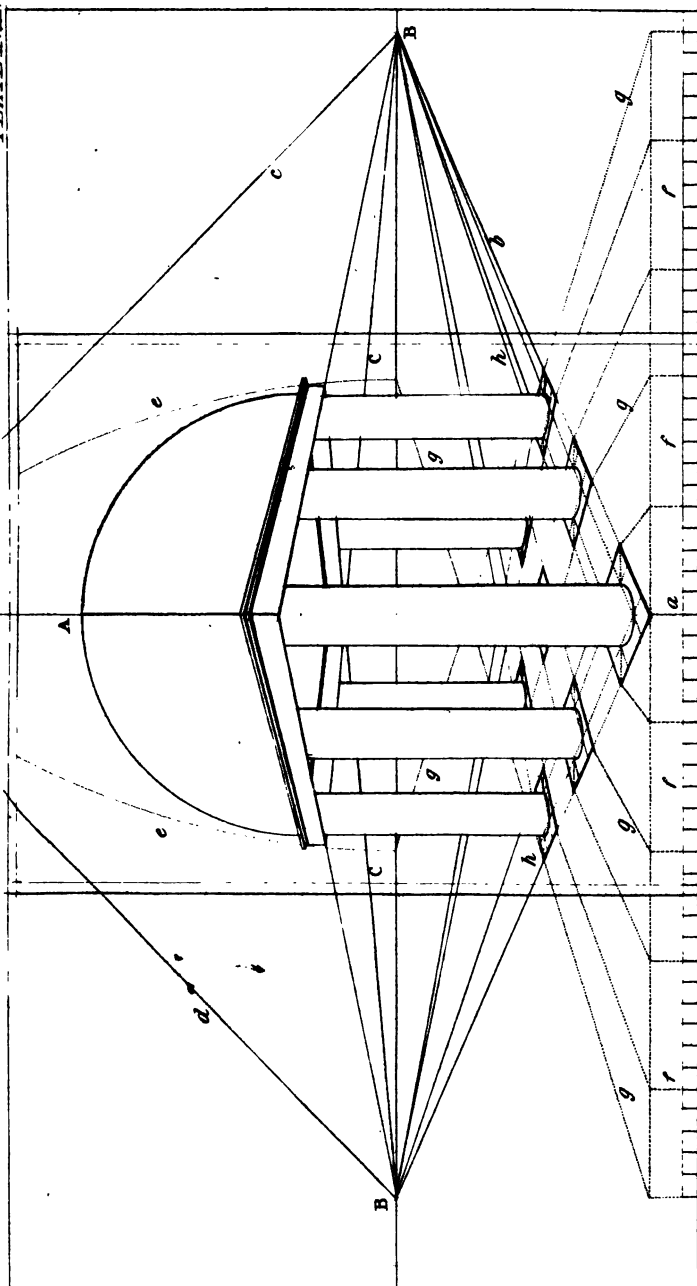
## PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

## LESSON XVIII.—PLATE 18.

WE trust our pupils have not forgotten the former rules on oblique objects. We have in Plate eighteen a building so placed, with one angle immediately opposite to the eye, and the sides receding from us at equal angles. It is composed of nine circular pillars standing on square bases, and forming a square building. We beg it may be observed, that we pay no attention to architectural proportions in these drawings, because that is not at present our object, and as it does not affect the perspective, we rather consult the size of our paper and convenience for placing the points within it. The Point of Sight being placed as usual, and a Point of Distance placed over it at a proper distance, on the vertical line (A), which is unavoidably off the paper, we proceed to find the Accidental Points: we trust the method is remembered, but lest it be not, we name it again briefly. From the near angle (*a*,) we draw the ray (*b*) to such point on the horizontal line as it seems in the object before us to reach—suppose (B.) Thence the line (*c*) to the Point of Distance above, and at the right angle from it, the line (*d*), back to (B) on the opposite side, which Accidental Points (B B) are the Vanishing Points. Then

# PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE XVIII.



T. Hughes sculp.

Pub'd by T. Baker, 10, Abchurch Lane.



with the compass extended from (B) to the Point of Distance, we drop down the lines (*ee*) to find the Accidental Point of Distance (*cc*.) This done, we may erect the building, marking off either way the equal sides, allowing five feet for the base of each pillar, and six feet for the intervening space (*ffff*.) From these points, Diagonals (*gggg*) are to be drawn to the points (*cc*.) which crossing the Visual Ray (*hh*.) will give the points from which all the lines are to be drawn for the pillars—these once found, we must mind that all the other lines go to the points (*BB*), not to (*CC*.) The proportion of the pillar to the base is arbitrary, or determined by the object before—the near pillar being drawn, the dotted lines (*ii*) crossing diagonals from the horizontal corners of each square, will give the size of the other pillars, as will be seen by carefully examining the dotted lines—one pillar only being concealed. We trust the building may now be completed, without more assistance from us.

## GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

### AMERICA.

WE have now to speak of the fourth quarter of the globe, as it is usually called, in fact nearly half; the most extensive of our four divisions, but in population, power, and influence, hitherto the least important. Most distant from the spot of man's creation, and separated as far as we yet know, from all the other continents by the waters that surround it, it is naturally the last to be inhabited, known, and cultivated; its very existence long remaining a secret to its kindred of other nations, from whom it was so completely distinguished by the situation in which it lay. Whether the ancients had at any time a knowledge of the existence of this large Western Continent, has seemed doubtful to some. It has been asserted, but never proved, that the Phœnicians sailed

thither in their trading vessels—but it seems much more likely that the broad Atlantic was never crossed by Eastern navigators, till, in much more modern times, the shores of America were hailed by Europeans as a new discovery; or if occasional wanderers reached her coasts from the nearer points of Northern Asia, they either never returned, or did not make known the existence of such land to the rest of the world. When or how America began to be inhabited we therefore cannot know: but when we are informed that the extent of ground on this large continent is 14,110,874 square miles, and that the number of inhabitants existing on it some few years since, was not more than 20,500,000, being but three inhabitants to every two square miles, as well as from the low state of civilization in which they were found, we must conclude that America has not been inhabited from the earlier periods of the world's existence. As the Northern extremity of America has not been certainly reached, we cannot speak exactly of the latitude in that direction—it extends very nearly, perhaps, if not quite, to the Arctic pole or Northern extremity of the earth. Cape Horn, the Southern point, is in about fifty-five degrees South latitude: so that a hundred and thirty or forty degrees, upwards of eight thousand miles is the least extent of this continent in length; the width greatly varying in different parts. To give a general description of so immense a tract of country, is not easy: and some, though as yet not the larger portion of it, is daily changing its appearance by the advancement of culture and civilization. Still, however, it retains those natural characters of rude magnificence that distinguish it from the other quarters of the globe. The deep, impervious forests, the foaming cataracts, the immense lakes and rivers, form a scenery more wild and savage than any with which we are acquainted in the eastern world. It is divided so nearly by the approaching waters of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, which water it on either side, that though still united by a narrow pass, called the

Isthmus of Darien or Panama, we generally speak of it as two continents, North and South America. The native inhabitants of both these continents are Indians, wild, dark, and savage; but great part of it is now inhabited and possessed by the descendants of European settlers, who found and seized the lands that belonged to nobody, or to the savage natives who had not the means of defending them. These intruders keep, of course, the habits, laws, and religion they carried with them, or such at least as have been formed from these, under the influence of circumstances. The English gained possession of much of North America and the Islands of the centre, distinguished with us by the name of the West Indies—the Spaniards and Portuguese of great part of the southern continent. But some of these possessions are already become independent of the European countries that claimed them, and others are struggling to become so; and we must of necessity look forward to a period when America will be a continent of established and independent governments. While the descendants of strangers are thus contending for the more genial and cultivated parts, the natives have been chased into the wild regions of the interior, where they still preserve their ignorance, rudeness, and independence. The northern boundary of America is not yet known, as every effort to pass it has hitherto failed; but as far as has been traced, it is bounded by the Frozen Ocean, a region of almost perpetual ice. On the whole Eastern coast, lie the waters of the great Atlantic, and on the West, those of the Pacific Ocean—the former dividing it from Europe and Africa, the latter from Asia, uniting their waters on the South of this continent. A great number of new productions in the mineral, vegetable, and animal creation, has become new to mankind since the discovery of this new world. While its mines of gold and silver have poured forth their treasures for our use, our gardens, parks, and green-houses are crowded and adorned with trees and flowers never before known to us. The fruits and animals brought us

thence are no less various and valuable. It is difficult, being so numerous, to speak of these productions separately, till we come more particularly to describe the separate states in which they are produced. Unlike the other districts of the world, that have already risen to their height of greatness, bequeathed their arts, their literature, and their legislation to succeeding generations, and sunk again into ignorance and barbarism, all here is new and in its infancy—about to begin a world that has already been exhausted by its eastern competitors. Of course it has yet no literature and scarcely a history; neither any manufactures of importance, though immensely rich in natural productions; all they know having been taught them from Europe.

---

TO IGNOTA.

Madam,

We are sorry that any uneasiness should have been occasioned to you by the sentiments expressed in a former Number of this work on the subject of Emulation. When we risked the opinions there given, we were fully aware they stood in opposition to the practice of the best and most experienced teachers, and therefore expected they would be disputed and possibly condemned. But the wisest and the best do sometimes without examination, what, if they examined, they would not do; for which reason the discussion of established practices is always useful. If, on the experience of three or four years you are convinced no evil passions have been excited in the bosoms of your pupils, far be it from us to say you are in error. The fruit you have gathered is a sufficient test of the tree you planted. But certainly the contention for a prize is exactly the stimulus to which our objections applied. In what does this stimulus consist? In desire to possess the prize? If so, why not offer the reward simply on the attainment of any given point of improvement—here would be the purpose answered without risk. If this would not do, is it not plain the contest is not for abstract success, but for superiority? Whether such a contest can be carried on without the excitation of dangerous feelings, we must leave to the judgment and experience of those who observe the movements of the human heart, and know of what stuff it is made. But we know, and you we are sure must know it too, that rivalry makes the sin and misery of our lives. No matter what

be the object, be it wisdom or vanity, an idea or a reality, the contest for superiority is the source of all the heart-burnings, and bickerings, and animosities, that destroy the peace and discompose the tempers of females in particular. You will say that a strong religious principle will correct this evil propensity—but, alas! Madam, religion has enough to do, we need not make her work—we need not put fire to our mansions, because we have water to put it out. It will not of course be disputed that every time we call a passion into action, we strengthen it—the only question therefore is, whether by the excitements alluded to, we do or do not risk the calling forth of any unchristian feeling, any emotion of envy, rivalry, or jealousy, or other unkindly temper. Of this we have ventured our opinion, drawn from the study of our own and other hearts; but should not be sorry to be proved mistaken; and if we are not right, there may be individual exceptions. The remaining part of your letter will not be disregarded.

Madam,

Your obliged,

The Editor.

---

## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

---

### ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,

*Some time after the death of her pious Sister.*

Why bends my Emma still, with ceaseless plaint,  
O'er the sepulchral urn of such a Saint;  
Does not the spirit of sweet Mary rest,  
With full contentment, on her Saviour's breast?

What is there here, for which she would exchange  
The soul's beatified, unfettered range?  
What is there here, of equal worth, to trace,  
With the full vision of a Saviour's face?

Is thy sky, Emma, so serene, so light,  
Thy cup of earthly bliss so full, so bright?  
Is life to thee so joyous and so blest,  
That thou desirest not another rest?

Ah! no, my love, far other tale than this  
Mine ear hath listen'd to,—while heavenly bliss  
Hath seem'd thy only hope—and thou hast told  
How the life veins of happiness were cold.



Or does my friend contemplate the dear form  
Which now lies yielding to the reptile worm?  
Or, gazing on the half consumed eye,  
Start at the sight, and say 'tis sad to die?—

Not so,—for fairer shall that form arise  
When Christ again descendeth from the skies;—  
Not so—for 'tis *Faith's* privilege to tread  
The cypress down—o'er all the pious dead.

A risen Saviour is her boasted plea,  
“He liv'd—he died—he rose again for me,  
I shall be like Him,—happy, happy hour,  
Death, hell, and sin, lose all their boasted pow'r.

I know in whom I have believ'd and wait  
Not with a presage of uncertain fate,  
But 'till his voice shall raise me from the tomb,  
Come, then, my Saviour, quickly, quickly come.”

This is *Faith's* language, and I trust, my friend,  
Will soon be yours,—the plaintive notes shall end  
O'er Mary's grave—and you will only long  
To join her rapturous and holy song.

And should my spirit bear the summons first,  
I will admire her, faithful to her trust  
Of watching your's,—which, with a dying smile,  
She pledg'd should be her care in Heaven awhile.

And then, my Emma, when you too are free,  
And you unite with Mary and with me;  
And all the ransomed of the fallen race  
Join in ascriptions to the God of grace,

No plaintive parting note shall meet the ear,  
Nor eye be moistened with the parting tear;  
But love and life, in sweetest union blend,  
Without cessation—or alloy—or end.

REST IS NOT HERE.

*A Song—For the Tune of "Robin Adair."*

WHAT'S this vain world to me,  
                     Rest is not here—  
 How false the smiles I see,  
                     The joy I hear.  
 Where is the grateful mirth  
 I once conceived on earth?  
 'Tis gone as shadows flee,  
                     Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine  
                     So blithe and fair?  
 Or why should tints so fine  
                     Now disappear?  
 Does not the vision say,  
 Faint, ling'ring heart, away;  
 These changing scenes betray  
                     The hand of care?

Where souls angelic soar  
                     Thither repair—  
 The world's bright beams no more  
                     This heart ensnare—  
 The heaven I love so well  
 In all my thoughts shall dwell,  
 Oh! I can ne'er forget  
                     Rest is not here.

A.



REFLECTIONS ON A VIEW FROM OARE CHURCH.—

Oct. 16, 1824.

I LOVE the sun for the cheering beam  
 That gilds yon lovely scene,  
 That browns the woods with its passing gleam,  
 And brights the valley green.

I love the Sun for the ray so bright  
 That plays on the waves afar,  
 Till it glistens in splendour, a field of light,  
 And the billows diamonds are.

Beautiful ever, but now awhile  
 E'en more beautiful it appears ;  
 As the eye that we love, illumed by a smile,  
 A lovelier lustre wears.

Yet the same sun shines upon Afric's sand,  
 And drear is the desert plain ;  
 The same sun shines on the Dead Sea strand,  
 But the wave ne'er smiles again.

Grace to the beauteous and joy to the gay,  
 In the sunbeam e'er is given—  
 But its warmth ne'er charm'd despair away,  
 Or chang'd a hell to heaven.

And I am barren as Afric's wild,  
 And vile as the poison'd wave ;  
 And Despair would hold me enchain'd as her child,  
 And sink me to death in the grave.

Then, Sun, shine on with thy cheering light,  
 Or play on the changeful sea—  
 But my soul would never emerge from night,  
 If it look'd for its morn from thee.

There is One I adore for his fulness of love  
 That he sheds on his church below—  
 That steadies the heart too prone to rove,  
 And kindles affection's glow ;

For that holy, happy, chast'ning light,  
 That gilds my all on earth,  
 'Till its trifles of old are chang'd to delight,  
 And its treasures have richer worth.

O! I would not possess a beloved friend,  
 But from out his promis'd store ;  
 That the closer our hearts in unison blend,  
 We may praise his name the more.

But I love him best for the witness within,  
 That tells me my guilt is forgiven—  
 And his truth that proclaims me, though stained with sin,  
 The bride of his glory in heaven.

Should I doubt such bliss? Oh no—for his own  
Is the heart that with him would rest;  
And the soul that is willing to share his crown  
Shall never be torn from his breast.

D. C.



THE WITHERED HEATH.

INCONSTANT favorite of my bower,  
Why art thou chang'd to me?  
Whence do I find thee so unlike  
To what thou used to be?

Unlike, and yet thou art the same—  
Thou seem'st still growing on—  
The leaf is still upon thy stem,  
The flower is not gone.

Thy place is the same, thy form the same,  
And the sun shines on thee now,  
And the breezes upon thy foliage play,  
As they were wont to do.

But gone is the blush of thy waxen bud,  
And gone from thy leaf the green—  
And what can I now but mourn to tell  
Of all thou once hast been.

Ah! would the tear that falls for thee,  
Might fall for thee alone;  
And thine were the only form that stays  
When the life in its veins is gone.

But I look on thee, and thou tell'st me true  
Of scenes that once were fair—  
Of things that hover round me now,  
Shades of the bliss they were.

I seek the path I lov'd to tread,  
The path goes winding on—  
I look for the tree I sate beneath,  
And the tree it is not gone.

I cull the flower, and still 'tis like  
 To the flowers that used to be—  
 Nor ought is changed of the happy scene,  
 So brilliant once to me.

The sun shines on me all as bright,  
 The moon-beam all as clear—  
 The stars on high I lov'd to trace  
 Forget not their places there.

But like to thee, my wither'd Flower,  
 Is this cold world to me—  
 Of all I once remember it  
 A mournful mockery.

For gone is the bliss it yielded me,  
 And false the tale it told—  
 And broken are the promises  
 It whisper'd me of old.

It seems as if the things I knew  
 But stay to mock me now—  
 Since the hope that gilded them has set  
 To rise no more below.

Ah! wherefore did my folly prize  
 A world so false, so frail,  
 That e'en while the worthless form remains,  
 The brilliant hues may fail.

And wherefore did my soul repose  
 On charms of one brief hour,  
 That parting leave a lifeless form,  
 Like thine, my wither'd Flower?

#### THE SABBATH.

THIS is thy day, my God, and may it be  
 A day of peace, and rest, and joy to me!  
 O may my soul shake off each earthly care,  
 And rise to thee in penitence and prayer;  
 Bemoan the past transgressions of the week,  
 And through a Saviour's merits pardon seek.  
 Much do I sorrow that to earth confined,  
 I cannot raise or elevate my mind;

Would that like Israel's Psalmist I could fly,  
 Upborne upon the wings of ecstasy!  
 Would I could soar above this world of woe,  
 And taste the joys that heavenly spirits know;  
 Be with Seraphic hosts in courts above,  
 With them to sing thy might and praise thy love!  
 But though I cannot join th' angelic throng,  
 Nor with redeemed spirits swell the song;  
 Though not to me the Prophet's ear is given,  
 Whereby to climb the sacred gates of heaven;  
 Yet to thy earthly temple I'll repair,  
 And breathe my soul aloud in fervent prayer:  
 Yet in thy courts my grateful song I'll raise,  
 And with a holy joy confess thy praise.  
 Whene'er my soul with sorrow has been stung,  
 And painful thoughts the bitter tear have wrung;  
 If like the wounded hart my side has bled,  
 And e'en thy peace my guilty conscience fled;  
 Let me but in thy temple bow the knee,  
 There drop the tear, and heave the sigh to thee;  
 Thy dove descends with healing in his wings,  
 And to my soul celestial comfort brings.  
 Oh blessed hours! and earnest of that joy,  
 Which heavenly courts afford without alloy;  
 When, disencumbered of its earthly load,  
 Swift soars the soul to heaven's blest abode;  
 There sees its God and Saviour face to face,  
 And quaffs the fountain of eternal grace.  
 Speed then the time, when, earthly Sabbaths past,  
 Th' Archangel's trump shall usher in the last;  
 When, free from sin and undisturbed by fear,  
 Our God himself shall wipe away the tear;  
 The spirit fly to everlasting day,  
 And taste those joys that never fade away.

I. P. H.

### THE OFFERING.

A WREATH of wild flowers, Lord, I bring,  
 And lay the humble tribute at thy feet—  
 I would indeed they were more fair, more sweet—  
 They should be strew'd, my great and glorious King,  
 With grateful heart before thy mercy-seat—  
 For well I know the fairest were unmeet

To crown thy sacred brow or deck thy throne—  
 For thou art Lord of all and God alone:  
 Upon thy head is many a diadem,  
 All power in heaven and in earth is thine—  
 To thee all hearts are open—look on mine—  
 And if it beats for Thee, do not condemn  
 The lowly mite of love that would assign  
 Her all an offering to thy grace divine.  
 Lord Jesus, let thy grace so rest on me,  
 That endless glory may revert to THEE.

IOTA.

## REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS, AND NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Nouveaux Cantiques Chrétiens pour les assemblées des  
 Enfans de Dieu.*—Par César Malan.—Londres:  
 Nisbet, Berners Street.—Price 2s.

WE have much pleasure in naming this little volume to our young friends, not doubting they will find much pleasure in committing to memory these pious and simple songs, in a language that necessarily occupies much of their attention. If the French is not particularly elegant, it is easy and correct; and if there is no very great pretension to poetical beauty, the words are well appropriated for singing, which is the purpose for which they are written. If our readers desire the musick also, (with which we are not acquainted,) we quote for their information the following sentence in the author's preface; and need only further add one or two of the Cantiques as a specimen of the work.—“La musique de plusieurs de ces cantiques a déjà paru dans les Recueils gravés à Paris et à Londres. Jè me propose, si le Seigneur bénit cette œuvre, d'en publier la Psalmodie.”

### CANTIQUE XXXIX.—CHANT 32.

Non, je ne t'aime, Jésus, comme tu m'aimes,  
 Pour Toi mon cœur ingrat est rempli de tiédeur.  
 Ton éternel amour et tes bontés extrêmes  
 Me trouvent languissant. Ah! change mon cœur.

Ah ! si toujours ce cœur se montrait insensible !  
 Si pour le monde aussi s'éteignoit son ardeur,  
 Mais pour un vain amour tout lui devient possible :  
 Pour toi seul est mort. Ah ! change donc mon cœur ?

Si pour ton nom, Seigneur, sur sa route rencontre  
 Quelque léger ennui, quelque foible douleur,  
 Il s'étonne ; il se plaint ; hélas ? même il se montre  
 Rebelle au châtement. Ah ! change donc mon cœur !

Ah ! qu'il est dur encore à croire ta parole !  
 Qu'il est lent à prier ! Qu'il a peu de ferveur,  
 Il refuse en ses maux que ta voi le console,  
 Et se repaît d'orgueil. Ah ! change donc mon cœur.

Et cependant, Jésus, tu demeures le même.  
 Rien n'altère envers moi la fidèle douceur  
 C'est pour me rendre heureux que tu veux que je t'aime :  
 Et si je m'endurcis, rien ne change ton cœur.

## CANTIQUE XCII.—CHANT 91.

Un pauvre voyageur, absent de sa patrie,  
 Par ses ardens désirs dévance le moment  
 Qui verra son retour à la terre chérie,  
 Où près de ses amis un doux repos l'attend.

O ! qu'il est consolé, lorsque le jour arrive  
 Où tout est préparé pour cet heureux départ !  
 De son pays enfin il va toucher la rue :  
 Ses vœux impatiens repoussent tout retard.

Pourquoi donc sentons-nous, qu'en traversant la vie,  
 Nos cœurs n'ont pour le ciel que des soins languissans ?  
 Pourquoi notre âme, hélas ! n'est-elle pas ravie,  
 En voyant du départ s'approcher les instans ?

Ces cœurs n'aiment donc pas la patrie éternelle  
 Où notre Redempteur règne au milieu des siens !  
 Cette âme, en s'y rendant, ne trouve donc en elle  
 Que de tristes dégoûts pour les célestes biens !

O ! gens de peu de foi, cœurs charnels que nous sommes  
 Qu'attendons-nous encore pour aimer notre Dieu ?  
 Vivrons-nous donc toujours comme vivent les hommes !  
 Pour nous le vrai repos est-il donc en ce lieu !



Ah ! bientôt fuira ce rapide passage :  
 Bientôt nous rougirons des coupables lenteurs  
 Que nous mettons encore à saisir l'héritage  
 Que Jésus nous acquit au prix de ses langueurs.

Hâtez, Enfans de Dieu ! hâtez donc votre course,  
 Le terme est près de vous, c'est la porte des cieux.  
 Votre âme en y tendant remonte vers la source  
 D'où descendit sur vous le salut glorieux.

*The Private Journal of Capt. C. F. Lyon, of H. M. S. Hecla, during the recent voyage of discovery under Capt. Parry.*—John Murray, 1824.

OUR intention in noticing this work is not to recommend it to our *younger* readers, for whom we do not know that it is calculated, but to compose from its pages an amusing article, and give them information of a race of people with whom probably they are hitherto unacquainted.

Our readers are doubtless aware, that the Discovery Ships left England in May, 1821, to attempt a passage into those Polar Seas which have hitherto seemed to forbid the approach of man by their ice-bound waters, and the inclemency of their almost perpetual winter : a winter so nearly perpetual, that in the last year of their stay in those regions, the vessels remained fixed by the ice from the 27th of September to the 9th of August following.

Prepared to meet the utmost rigours of the climate, by being provided with every possible means of artificial warmth, the Fury and Hecla sailed to the Northern extremity of America, the coast they were destined to explore, where they remained upwards of two years, during the greater part of which the vessels were imprisoned in ice, surrounded by a prospect of unvaried snow, cheered by no symptom of vegetation but the mustard and cress reared by their own stoves, and visited by no living creatures, except now and then a bear, or a wolf, a seal, or a walrus, and the Esquimaux, the native possessors of this unenviable region. These people seem placed at the

lowest extreme in the scale of human beings: we could have imagined nothing so gross in human form; the savages of the southern seas seem to us highly intellectual beings in the comparison with these: another proof, perhaps, of the effect of climate on the faculties; for we are still to remember that the race of man at first was one, and that these Esquimaux must have some time or other descended from creatures of more civilized habits. The hard necessities of their situation, the grossness of their food, and their entire separation from other nations, have probably made them what they are; for we should hesitate to say these creatures are in a state of nature, if that expression means the state in which man was formed by nature without human cultivation—they seem to us sunk far below it by habit and the causes we have named: we mean as intellectual beings; for they are by no means vicious or disposed to crime. We shall form the description of them by various extracts from different parts of this work.

“The Esquimaux may more properly be termed a small than even a middle-sized race. For though in some few instances and in particular families, the men are tall and stout, yet the greater portion of the tribe are beneath the standard of what in Europe would be called small men. The tallest I saw was five feet nine inches and three quarters in height, the shortest only four feet ten inches; and the highest woman was five feet six inches, while the smallest one was four feet eight inches only. Though when dressed they appear stout, yet taking them in a body, their figures when uncovered are rather weak than otherwise. Their bodily strength is not so great as might be expected in people, who, from their infancy, are brought up in hardy living and labour. Of this I had sufficient proof by matching our people with Esquimaux of equal sizes to lift weights, and it invariably happened that burdens, which were raised with facility by our people, could scarcely be lifted by the natives. They are active wrestlers among themselves, but can neither run nor jump. The women, from the peculiar form of their boots, of which I shall have occasion to speak, have a gait like that of a fat Muscovy duck, and they run unlike any creature I ever saw, with their legs spread out and toes turned in, so as to avoid being tripped up by their boots. The complexion of the Esquimaux when clearly shown by a previous washing, is not darker than that of a Portuguese, and such parts of the body as are constantly covered, do not fall short in fairness of the generality of the natives of the Mediterranean. A very fine healthy blush tinges the cheek of females and young children, but the men are more inclined to a sallow complexion. The features

of the face are diversified in an extraordinary manner, yet, like the Jews, they have, even when their countenances are shaped like Europeans, an expression altogether peculiar. This may be attributed to the remarkable formation of the eye, which is in all alike. The inner corner points downwards, like that of a Chinese, and the carunculus lachrymalis, which in Europeans is exposed, is covered by a membrane which passes over it vertically. The skin over the upper part of the nose between the eyes, is frequently, particularly in the women, stretched as tight as the covering of a drum. The eyes are small and black, expressive and sparkling when animated, and in most infants and a few young girls, really very beautiful. Even in middle-aged, and indeed young persons, the corner of the eye is marked by that dreaded figure, the crow's foot; but in old people, the wrinkles are so abundant as to cover the temples, and to stray down the cheek to a degree we never see in Europe. Another peculiarity, though not so evident in all faces, is the prominence of the cheek bones, which frequently presents so flat a surface, as to give to the women in particular the appearance of having faces as broad as they are long. It is in consequence of this form that the noses of such as are full faced, are literally buried between the projections; one of our chief belles was so remarkable in this way, that a ruler, when placed from cheek to cheek, would not touch the nose.—The mouth is generally kept open with a kind of idiotic expression, so that the teeth of either jaw are generally shown. The hair of both sexes is straight, coarse, and of a raven black."

"The propensity to ramble is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Esquimaux, who, in this particular, resemble the Arabs of the desert, preferring the most desolate and inhospitable countries to those which are clothed with wood and vegetation. It is true that the sea animals are found in abundance in the icy ocean, yet there are some stations which have also rein-deer, musk-oxen, and birds, in addition to these, but which are rarely visited, though in nearly the same parallel of latitude. There are no regularly-established settlements along an immense extent of coast, at which the Esquimaux can be said to have a fixed habitation; but there are three or four that are considered as general mustering places, and are, from year to year, changing their population. Thus, for instance, Igloodik, in consequence of our known intention of visiting it, proved the most attractive wintering quarter, and at least half the dwellers along the coast hurried to assemble there. In travelling, the Esquimaux are entirely guided by well-known points or objects on the shore; and therefore, though they know the cardinal points of the compass, and are acquainted with particular stars, they have, as far as I can learn, but little occasion to depend on the clearness of the heavens or the presence of the sun. At night the snow-huts are speedily constructed, warm skins are spread, and the lamps are lighted for cooking and heating their dwellings. In the morning, the travellers pursue their route.

We need not insert the description of these snow-villages, the winter residence as well as the occasional resting place of these savages, it being nearly the same

as we have before given from Capt. Franklin's account. But it is curious to remark that ice and snow, the last material we should have thought of for the purpose, supply in those regions all that is required to construct a town and furnish a house, and is an effectual shelter from the cold, to which they are indebted for the supply of those necessities—more effectual, probably, than houses of wood or stone could be.

"Our astonishment was unbounded, when, after creeping through some long, low passages of snow, to enter the different dwellings, we found ourselves in a cluster of dome-shaped edifices, entirely constructed of snow, which from their recent erection, had not been sullied by the smoke of the numerous lamps that were burning, but admitted the light in most delicate hues of verdigris green and blue, according to the thickness of the slab through which it passed. The natives were evidently in their best apparel and made a very neat appearance; the darkness of their deer-skin dresses affording a strong contrast to the brilliancy of their habitations. Each dwelling might be averaged at fourteen or sixteen feet in diameter, by six or seven in height; but as snow was alone used in their construction, and always at hand, it may be supposed there was no particular size, that being of course at the option of the builder. The laying of the arch was performed in such a manner as would have satisfied the most regular artist, the key-piece on the top being a large square slab. The blocks of snow used in the buildings were from four to six inches in thickness, and about a couple of feet in length, carefully pared with a large knife. Where two families occupied a dome, a seat was raised on either side two feet in height. These raised places were used as beds, and covered first with whalebone, sprigs of andromeda, or pieces of seals' skin: over these were spread deer pelts and deer skin clothes, which had a very warm appearance. Each dwelling was illumined by a broad piece of transparent fresh water ice, of about two feet in diameter, which formed part of the roof and was placed over the door. These windows gave a most pleasing light, free from glare, and something like that which is thrown through ground glass. We soon learned that the building of a house was but the work of an hour or two, and that a couple of men, one to cut the slabs and the other to lay them, were labourers sufficient. For the support of the lamps and cooking apparatus, a mound of snow is erected for each family."

"There were several others constructed of fresh-water ice, which even exceeded in beauty the snow houses I have long since described. Large slabs of transparent ice were arranged in somewhat an octagonal form, as the walls of the building and their joints were carefully plastered with snow. The roofs of some were yet of skins, but others had the regular dome tops of snow. Toolemake's dwelling was a perfect octagon, and so transparent, that even at some paces distance it was possible to distinguish those who stood within it one from another, yet at the same time, it was so completely air-tight as to be perfectly warm. The door or hole of entrance was low down

and protected by a passage of the same pure material as the hut. All the Esquimaux had numerous families of young puppies; and each litter is carefully sheltered by having a small ice house built for its reception, and roofed in, so that the mothers leapt to them over a low wall, which her young ones were unable to pass. These nurseries were as transparent as the other buildings; and the fat little puppy dogs lay with their parents as if enshrined in a glass case."

There is something extremely interesting in these dogs, the only domestick animals possessed by these people, and their only means of conveyance.

"These useful creatures being indispensable attendants on the Esquimaux, drawing home whatever captures are made, as well as frequently carrying their masters to the chase, I know of no more proper place to introduce them. Having myself possessed, during our second winter, a team of eleven very fine animals, I was enabled to become better acquainted with their good qualities than could possibly have been the case by the casual visits of Esquimaux to the ships. The form of the Esquimaux dog is very similar to that of our shepherd's dogs in England, but he is more muscular and broad-chested, owing to the constant and severe work to which he is brought up. In size a fine dog is about the height of the Newfoundland breed, but broad like a mastiff in every part but the nose. The hair of the coat is in summer as well as in winter, very long, but during the cold season, a soft downy under covering is found, which does not appear in warm weather. Young dogs are put into harness as soon as they can walk, and being tied up, soon acquire a habit of pulling, in their attempts to recover their liberty, or to roam in quest of their mothers. When about two months old, they are put into the sledge with the grown dogs, and sometimes eight or ten little ones are under the charge of some steady old animal, where with frequent and often cruel beatings, they soon receive a competent education. Every dog is distinguished by a particular name, and the angry repetition of it has an effect as instantaneous as an application of the whip. When the sledge is stopped they are all taught to lie down, by throwing the whip gently over their backs, and they will remain in this position even for hours, until their master returns to them."

"I found by several experiments that three of my dogs could draw me on a sledge weighing one hundred pounds, at the rate of a mile in six minutes."

*This Review having already exceeded the usual length, the Editor is compelled to reserve the remainder of it for the next Number.*

---

#### TO THE READER.

The Title and Index to this volume will be given in No. XIX.

---

BAKER AND SON, PRINTERS, SOUTHAMPTON.











This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.



3 2044 092 962 125